

# ***RADIO*** *and TELEVISION* ***MIRROR***

*April*

25¢

JACK BENNY  
and  
MARY LIVINGSTONE



**RADIO MIRROR AWARD WINNERS** IN THIS ISSUE

**THE LIFE OF JACK BENNY** AMERICA'S FAVORITE COMEDIAN



SHOW THE WORLD  
A LOVELIER SKIN!

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MORE LATHER!

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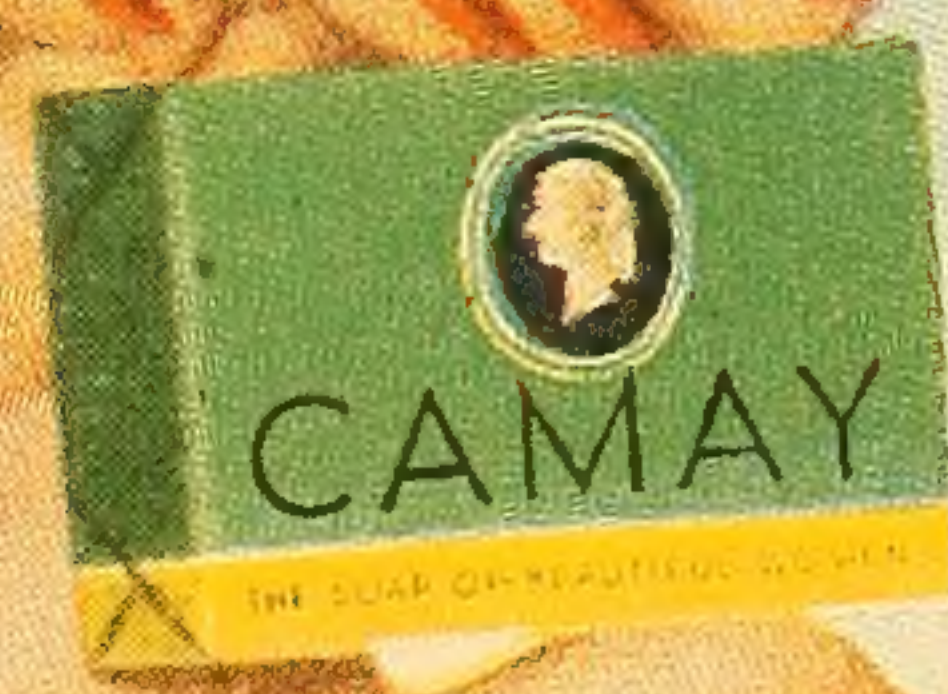
DELICATE,  
FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME!

BE LOVELIER—  
HEAD TO TOE!

BEVIES OF BEAUTIES  
ARE SINGING  
ITS PRAISES!

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## Bath-Size Camay

FOR YOUR  
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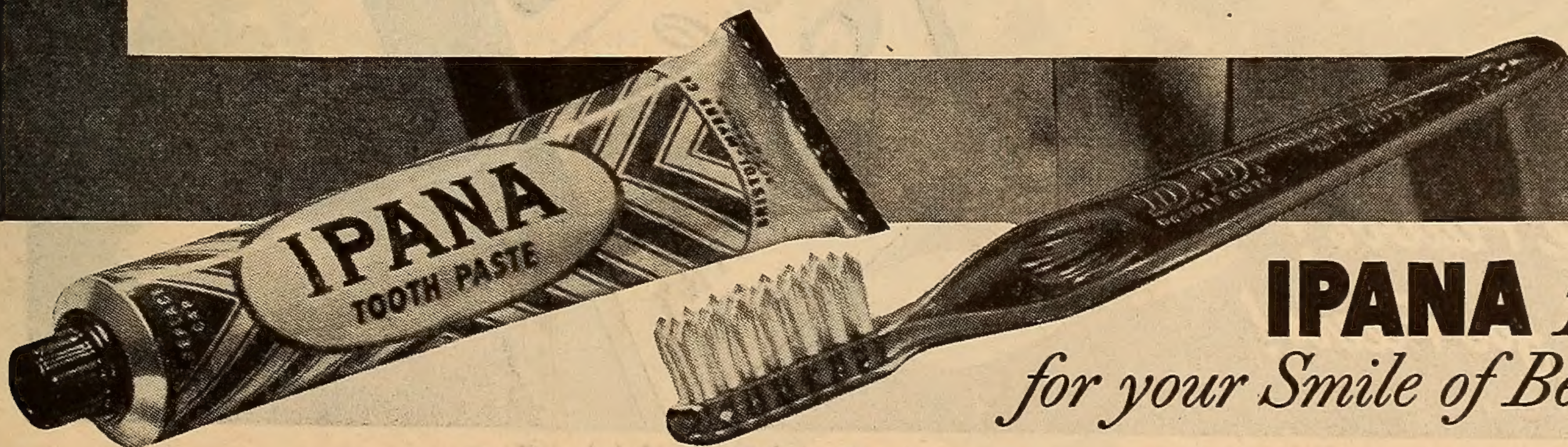




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*for your Smile of Beauty*



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IT'S AN ENERGY-BUILDER THAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

GOT A DATE? THEN HERE'S A HINT: FLEER'S KEEPS YOUR BREATH AS FRESH AS MINT!

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Candy Coated  
**GUM**  
PEPPERMINT

*Want More Flavor?  
Ask for Fleer's!*

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.

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*Now!* Keep your hands  
as kissable as your lips...



with really new,  
wonderfully different

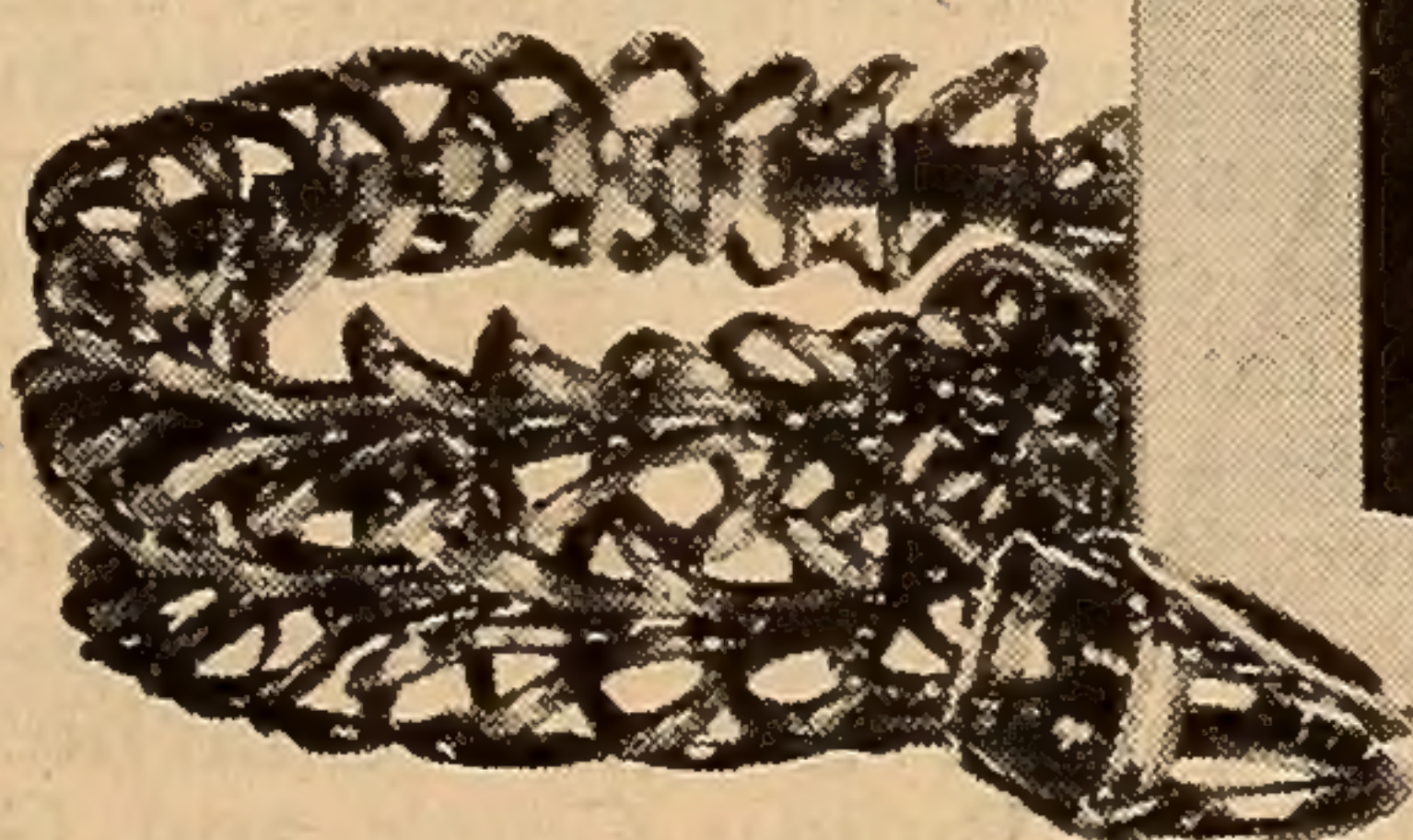
## Woodbury *Beauty-Blended* Lotion

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PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS . . .  
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Let your own hands tell you, in *one* week, that Woodbury Lotion is really new, wonderfully different.

Mail to Box 56, Cincinnati 14, Ohio  
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.) (5032)

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)



# RECORD-ROTATING

## Duke



When a Lena Horne interview highlighted Duke's program.



WMCA's record-spinning stars, Bea Wain, Tommy Dorsey and Andre Baruch, gave a cordial welcome when Duke joined them.

**R**EFERRING to his newest venture with quiet humor as "record-rotating," Duke (Edward Kennedy) Ellington—bandleader, composer, pianist and arranger—put another notch in the already dazzling Ellington career at the close of 1947 with the introduction of The Duke Ellington Show, a nationally syndicated disc-jockey series. The Ellington turntable sessions are being aired by WMCA Sundays through Saturdays from 12:03 Midnight to 1:00 A.M.; Mondays through Fridays from 9:03 to 10:00 A.M., and on Sundays from 5:03 to 5:45 P.M.

Ellington occupies a unique position in the musical mores of our times. Audience comment on an Ellington recording, an Ellington composition or an Ellington concert ranges from the hep-cats' "solid" to the warm approval of the concert hall intelligentsia who gravely compare his creative work with such contemporaries as Stravinsky and Ravel.

The turntable style of the newest star in the disc-jockey firmament is as rare as his musical style. Trained as an artist, Ellington's between-record comments reflect the imagery which lends the Duke's musicianship its captivating quality.

The Ellington glossary pervades the show. Gleanings from recent record-sessions turn up such Ellingtonisms as "lady of pastel tones" (Jo Stafford); "the man with the sequin-studded trumpet" (Harry James); "serpentine and opalesque quality" (Sarah Vaughn); "singer of gossamer moods" (Mel Tormé), and "caresses a song with satin and gives it a back-porch intimacy" (Vic

Damone). On the other hand he frequently salts his introductions with such phrases as "real gone" and "super-Leviathanic." When the Duke rates something particularly high, it has "scope," or he may occasionally ascribe a "pear ice-cream" quality to a record he likes—a reflection of the fact that the Duke loves food of the gourmet class.

The Ellington sessions also provide listeners with innumerable anecdotes and "behind the scenes" stories about recording artists and compositions. There is probably no artist in the business he doesn't know and, as one of the top-rated composer musicians in show-business, Ellington is uniquely equipped to comment on the music and performers' style.

A good many Ellington fans on the "solid" side may be somewhat surprised to learn that the Duke's taste runs the musical gamut. For example, he definitely goes for the sweet dance rhythms of Guy Lombardo and Vaughn Monroe, both of whom get top-ratings with him.

On the WMCA disc-jockey sessions the Duke features music in quarter-hour blocks—that is, fifteen minutes of a particular band, vocalist, composer. He also likes to play the classics—those popular tunes which have come down through the years as "steadies" in the music business—"Stardust" or "Begin the Beguine" are two of his favorites. In addition, he spots the shows with guest-interviews with such luminaries as King Cole, Charlie Spivak, Frank Sinatra, Charlie Barnet, Stan Kenton, Mel Tormé, Buddy Clark and Georgia Gibbs, to name just a few.



A weekly "must"  
with women who  
prize their

# Lovely Hair!

Don't wait till there's a shower of unsightly flakes every time you comb your hair!  
Don't wait till ugly little scales begin to dim its beauty and there are great numbers of germs on your scalp. Don't wait till itching irritates and annoys. These symptoms may mean infectious dandruff! Guard against it with Listerine Antiseptic.

To help keep your hair shining and beautiful . . . your scalp healthy and clean . . . treat them to a Listerine Antiseptic "bath" with every shampoo. It's easy. Simply wet hair and scalp with full-strength Listerine Antiseptic. Now . . . massage *enthusiastically*. You'll love the way Listerine Antiseptic makes your scalp feel. Tingling! Fresh! *Extra clean!*

And you can be assured that Listerine Antiseptic is guarding your scalp and the appearance of your lovely hair against the stubborn germ that many dermatologists agree is a causative agent of the infectious type of dandruff. Yes. Listerine Antiseptic kills the ugly, stubborn, hard-to-get-rid-of germ (*Pityrosporum ovale*).

Get Listerine Antiseptic . . . make it a "must" for good grooming, as thousands of fastidious men and women do. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

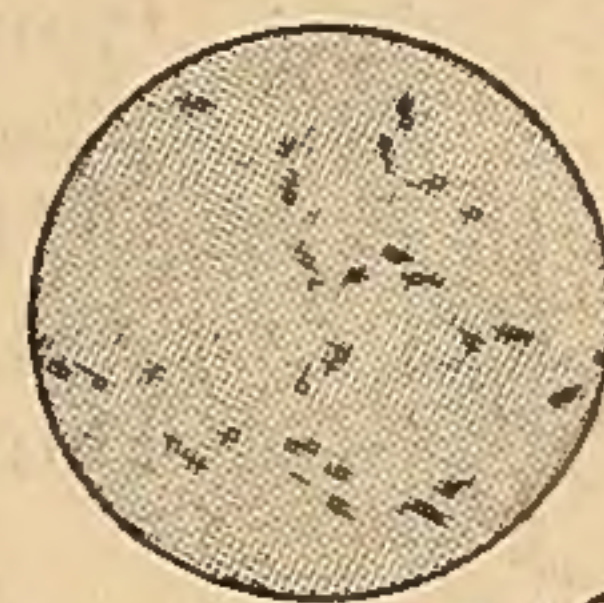
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
St. Louis, Missouri

for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



## Telltale Flakes

They are often Nature's warning . . . may be the first symptoms of distressing, embarrassing, infectious dandruff! Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic regularly . . . an easy, delightful way to help keep your scalp healthy, your hair beautiful!



## The "BOTTLE BACILLUS" (*Pityrosporum ovale*)

### Meet the Villain!

Many dermatologists agree that the nasty little germ (*P. ovale*) is a causative agent of ugly infectious dandruff. This tough, stubborn "bottle bacillus" is hard to kill but . . . Listerine Antiseptic kills it and hosts of other germs!



## Before Every Shampoo,

douse your hair and scalp thoroughly with Listerine Antiseptic. Massage vigorously. Listerine Antiseptic not only kills germs, but leaves your scalp refreshed, tingling clean and cool! As an added precaution against infection, wash comb and brush with Listerine Antiseptic, also.

Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of the NEW Listerine TOOTH PASTE?



**You can  
say "yes"  
to Romance**



*because*

**Veto says "no"  
to Offending!**

**Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor!** Soft as a caress... exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

**Veto says "no"—to harming skin and clothes!** So effective... yet so gentle—Colgate's Veto is harmless to normal skin. Harmless, too, even to filmy, most fragile fabrics. For Veto alone contains Duratex, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. No other deodorant can be like Veto!

**TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO  
IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!**

## Look at the RECORDS

By Joe Martin



Who but Louis?

### DANCING OR LISTENING

**LOUIS ARMSTRONG** (RCA Victor)—Louie sings and plays in his truly inimitable fashion. "I Want A Little Girl" is a famous old McKinney Cotton Pickers hit, while "Joseph And His Brudders" is a lilting version of the ageless Bible story. A wonderful record.

**JIMMY SAUNDERS** (Rainbow)—You may remember that Jimmy sang with Harry James, Charlie Spivak and Jan Savitt. Here he is doing "The Things You Left In My Heart" based on Drigo's Serenade and "I Can Dream, Can't I?" You'll get a kick from the mandolin orchestra directed by Joe Sgro.

**FRANK SINATRA** (Columbia)—Frankie sings Irving Berlin's old "What'll I Do" and a new cutie, "My Cousin Louella." We like the Berlin tune better. We like The Voice singing most anything at all. He always sings *to* you, not at you.

**MEL TORMÉ** (Musicraft)—The Velvet Fog does some neat covering on "I Cover The Waterfront," but it's the reverse side of this 12" platter that is so excellent. It's Mel singing a folksy piece of music which he wrote along with Bob Wells. Don't miss "County Fair."

**FREDDY MARTIN** (RCA Victor)—The Martin Men combine a beautiful ballad with a daffy ditty; it makes a delightful disc. Beautiful is "If Winter Comes," and daffy but cute is "The Dickey Bird Song."

**HORACE HEIDT** (Columbia)—It's the same old Horace playing the same style of music on "The Trumpets Have Triplets" and "Dance Of The Blue Danube." Donna and Her Don Juans do the singing.

**MIGUELITO VALDES** (Musicraft)—Definitely danceable are "Cubalou" and "Elube Chango." The former is swing with Latin-American flavor, the latter is good rumba tempo.

**THE SQUADRONAIRES** (London)—The former R.A.F. dance band gives out with "You Don't Have To Know The Language" and "My Blue Heaven." Both sides are tastefully done and definite proof that English bands can and do play mighty fine music.

**JOHNNY MERCER-KING COLE TRIO** (Capitol)—This team just couldn't make a bad record. Please remember that "My Baby Likes To Re-Bop" is a novelty, not a lesson in progressive music. Reverse, "You Can't Make Money Dreamin'" is a fine bit of vocalizing.

**LOUIS PRIMA** (RCA Victor)—From Broadway's "Angel In The Wings," Louis really hokes-up the "Thousand Islands Song." Wonder if he ever did find Florence? "I'm Living A Lie" is a new ballad that may go places.

\* \* \*

### SPECIAL SPINS

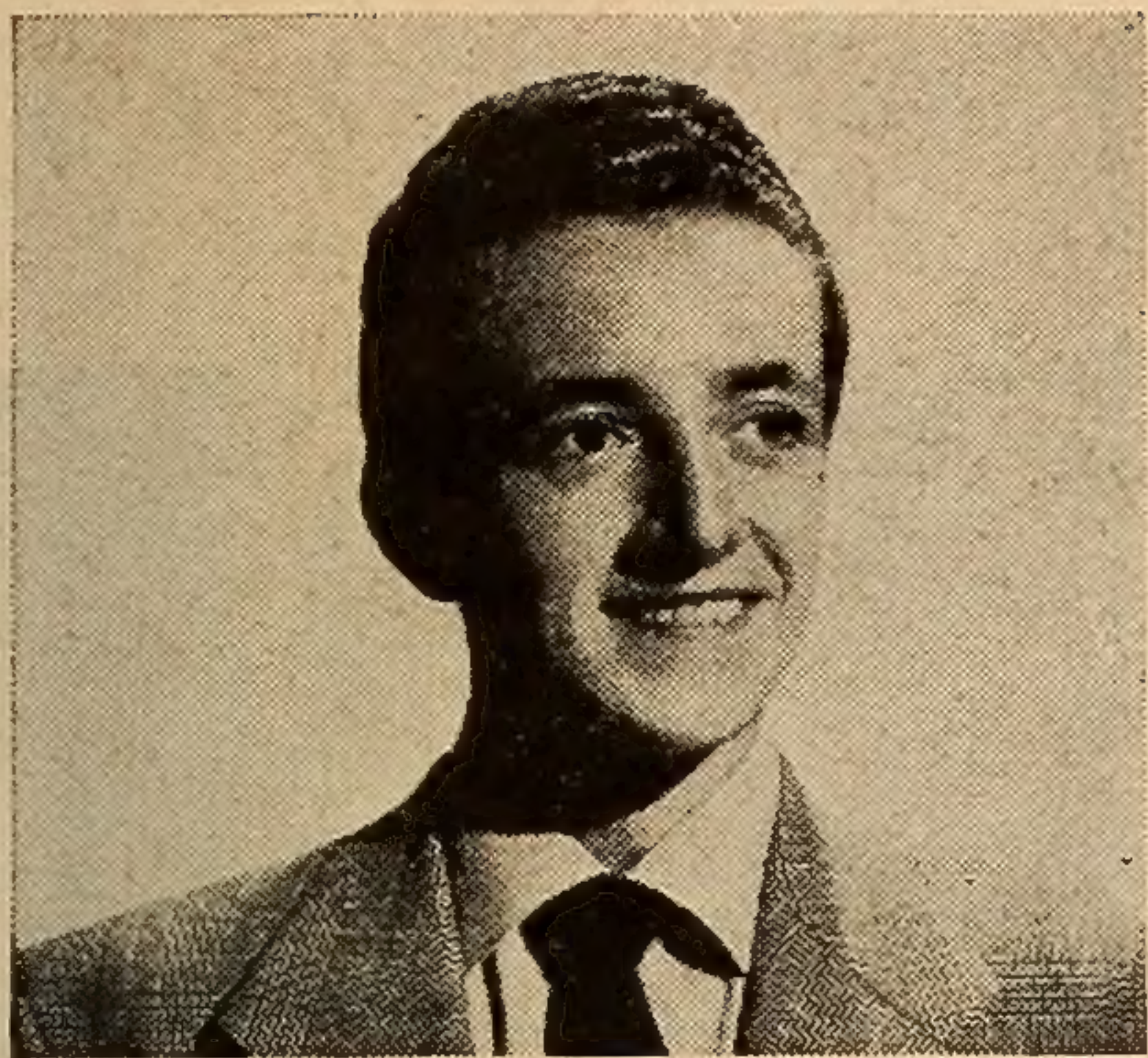
**SIR CHARLES ALL STARS** (Apollo)—Most interesting bit is the excellent be-bop baritone sax solo by Leo Parker on "Mad Lad." Joe Newman on trumpet is featured on "Tunis In," obviously written for Jersey's disc-jockey, Hal Tunis.

**JACK PARNELL QUARTET** (London)—Excellent be-bop combined with a tasty vocal by Parnell himself on "Sweet Lorraine" and "Old Man Re-Bop." Drummer Parnell and guitarist Dave Goldberg are soon to emigrate to America from England.

FACING the MUSIC



# Collector's Corner



By VIC DAMONE

Guest collector this month is the 19-year-old Mercury recording artist and star of the CBS Saturday Serenade. Vic is an avid jazz collector.

Want to build a collection of records that will trace the development of the jazz idiom to its present "progressive" position? Before you start searching through old attic wardrobes and musty cellar closets, get a set of four albums released by Capitol Records just a year or so ago. It's "The History of Jazz," edited by Dave Dexter, Jr.

None of the platters in the "History of Jazz" set are "old masters," but they have captured much of the flavor and feeling of the famous New Orleans, Chicago, and Kansas City jazz groups.

Be-boppers among you may be able to find an old Bluebird biscuit, vintage 1937, of Teddy Hill's band playing "King Porter Stomp." The trumpet solo, sounding like Roy Eldridge, is actually Dizzy Gillespie!

More of Dizzy can be heard on a 1940 Okeh record of Cab Calloway's group playing "Bye-Bye Blues." The first of the "new" Dizzy can be heard with Les Hite's band on Hit Records. Look for one titled "Jersey Bounce." During 1943 Dizzy made some fine discs for Apollo with Coleman Hawkins. My own favorites would be "Woody You" (dedicated to Woody Herman) and "Feeling Zero."

Harder to find than hen's teeth are four twelve-inch Comet records of the Red Norvo All-Stars. Titles to look for are "Congo Blues," "Get Happy," and "Hallelujah." The group that made these specials included Dizzy and Red plus Charlie Parker, Flip Phillips, Teddy Wilson, Slam Stewart, J. C. Heard and Specs Powell.

If you find "Congo Blues," let me know! I'll buy it!

Lionel Hampton fans might look around for an old Okeh record by Louis Armstrong called "Confessin'." On it you'll hear the then 17-year-old Lionel on drums.

Goodman gourmets should be particularly interested in Benny's Brunswick album by "Benny Goodman and His Boys." On a platter called "Blue" you'll hear BG play alto and baritone sax, and, on "Jungle Blues," a cornet!

Most difficult Goodman disc to locate is probably "Clarinetitis" and "That's A-Plenty." It's on the Melotone label. With Mel Powell's band on the Commodore label you can hear Benny—but it won't say so. He's listed as Shoeless Joe Jackson.

The famous Boston Common... one of the most outstanding attractions of Boston, of any city in fact, is this great park of nearly fifty acres in the very heart of the city. To every native son and visitor this is Boston, viewed from famous Beacon Hill near the front of the State House.

## Since earliest Colonial days Boston has been the Hub

...the hub of everything of interest and worth while to Bostonians and New Englanders alike. No other city in the country is so conscious of its place in American history—bronze markers everywhere attest to its Colonial and Revolutionary past. Yet it is a modern, solid and up-to-date city whose people like and enjoy good things—their overwhelming preference for Beech-Nut Gum is one example of their good taste.

## Beech-Nut Gum

It has the flavor  
you enjoy



Beech-Nut  
BEECHIES  
—good too—  
Peppermint,  
Spearmint  
and Pepsin.

"THE HOME OF THE BEAN AND THE COD." Thousands of these small fishing vessels bring the cod in countless numbers to the busy Boston Harbor.

TREMONT STREET along the Common. The famous Bulfinch dome of the State House is visible in the upper left corner. Subway entrance in foreground.

THE SWAN BOATS in the Public Gardens are where romance began for thousands of girls and boys of Boston—since the middle of the 19th century.

OLD STATE HOUSE in downtown Boston, built in 1713, now contains a marine museum and many historical relics so dear to Bostonian hearts.





Movie-making in England: with Anna Neagle, in a part that—of course—called for singing.



Another British movie, with Margaret Lockwood: romantic interest was heavy.

I'M firmly convinced by now that an entertainer can never retire. Not really.

Once having smelled grease paint and tasted of success, show people can never remain at any other work for any length of time. I've made enough money to live comfortably, I've been a successful real estate man and builder, and now I'm once more ready to come "round the corner and down your way."

"What ever happened to The Street Singer?" That's a question I've often heard while riding on a train or sitting in a restaurant. The last time I heard it, I made up my mind that singing will always be my life's work. It was the day I walked into a hotel restaurant in Washington, D. C., and accidentally ran into a friend who was playing the piano. He greeted me and immediately started to play "Marta" without saying a word to his audience. As I stood by the piano reminiscing about

FACING





Street Singers sometimes wander into cafés; that's where this one found himself in an early "big broadcast" film. Now, thirteen years after his last program, radio's on his mind again.

the "old days" two women walked over and asked, "Isn't that the theme song of Arthur Tracy?"

It was almost twelve years since I had last sung "Marta" to my radio audience here in America. Twelve years and the people still remembered! That was almost as big a thrill to me as getting my first radio program back in 1931.

I went home that night and argued with myself about the advantages and disadvantage of returning to my first love. The next morning, as luck and the fates would have it, I received a phone call from the producer of *We, The People*. He wanted to know whether or not I would be willing to come out of retirement and make an appearance on the program. This, I thought, would be just the way to find out if I really wanted all the *work* that went with radio work. So I accepted the offer, and broadcast from New York. That one appearance settled it.

Returning to Washington, I signed an agreement that had been lying on my desk for many months. I put my name on the bottom line of a London Records contract, permitting them to release some recordings that I had made in England while I was over there making movies.

Did I make a mistake? No, I'm now firmly convinced that *The Street Singer* would never be truly happy as a real estate man, although I gained a great deal of inner satisfaction from building my one-thousand-garden-apartment development in Brentwood Village in the nation's capital.

Oh, yes, that night I stopped in at the hotel restaurant was the 13th of the month. Why the importance of the date? That's my lucky number. It looks as though just thirteen years after I signed off my last radio show, I'm back where I started because there are plans afoot now for a new *Street Singer* program—which makes me really happy.

By  
ARTHUR  
TRACY  
as told to  
JOE  
MARTIN



*Guess We're Just  
Brothers Under  
the Skin!*



THIS KIND OF  
TREATMENT GETS  
UNDER A GUY'S HIDE,  
JANICE! SO QUIT  
STALLING! WHAT'S  
IT ALL ABOUT?

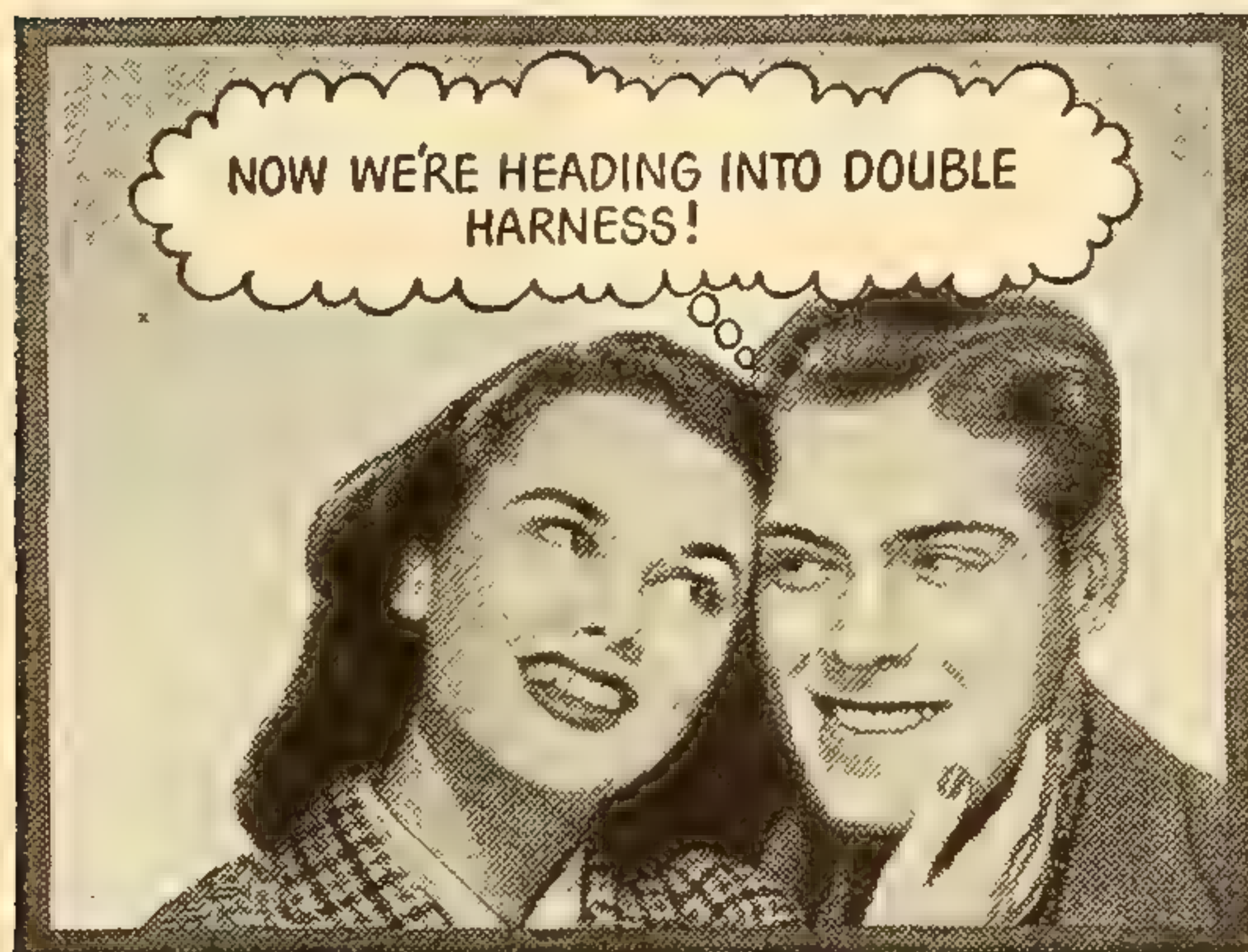
JACK, YOU'RE TOO  
STUBBORN TO TAKE  
A HINT! OR YOU'D  
HAVE GONE TO YOUR  
DENTIST FOR SOME  
BAD BREATH  
SCHOOLING  
LONG AGO!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND  
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC  
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,  
COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH  
THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth — helps clean out decaying food particles — stop stagnant saliva odors — remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

**LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream**



NOW WE'RE HEADING INTO DOUBLE  
HARNESS!

• **COLGATE  
DENTAL CREAM**  
Cleans Your Breath  
While It Cleans  
Your Teeth!



Always use  
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM  
after you eat and before  
every date

## Facing the Music

That "leapin'" trumpet player and bandleader, Ray Anthony, is creating quite a stir in musical circles; his band is quietly breaking attendance records set by the "big" bands around the country. Ray runs pretty much the same band he had while in the Navy. Could be that his Tune Disc platter of "Gloria" with youthful Ronnie Deauville has something to do with it. Then again, the fact that Ray's a pint-sized double for Cary Grant could have something to do with his popularity among the younger set.

\* \* \*

March 21st not only marks the first day of Spring, but also the date of Nat "King" Cole's marriage to singer Marie Ellington. No, Marie is not related to the Duke. Nat recorded a children's album for Capitol Records that is just terrific.

\* \* \*

It's no secret that the band business has not been a financial heaven this year, for many of the well known orchestras that travel about the country on one night stands. A complete exception, however, has been Elliot Lawrence. The young Philadelphian and his band have been playing an extended string of college dates. In just 45 days they played at such campus clambakes as those held at Purdue, Illinois, Washington and Lee, Cornell, Clemson, Vermont, Bucknell, Syracuse and Yale. That's covering quite a piece of geography!

\* \* \*

Thinking about geography has little or nothing to do with the following "gimmick". Of course you've heard about Dream Pillows. Think of it. You can dream about your favorite swooner or swoonerette by simply buying a Dream Pillow affair with an excellent likeness of your favorite stenciled right on the pillow slip. Take your pick from among a list that includes Perry Como, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Duke Ellington, Bob Hope,

Ruth Ashton, Ned Calmer, Douglas Edwards, Gerald Maulsby, of CBS Public Affairs, foster parents to four war orphans, get the papers from Giuseppe di Lillo.



Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour, Vaughn Monroe and scads of others.

\* \* \*

By this time the Sinatras should have completed furnishing their new Palm Springs home. They moved into it last January, but it wasn't nearly complete. Frank just couldn't wait.

\* \* \*

In a survey taken for DuMont Television it was conclusively proved that sporting events were the most popular type of program, even among the women listeners. Second and third came dramatic shows and movies. The survey also showed that the most important thing looked for in buying a television set was the size of the picture and that although the men had more to say about the brand of set to be purchased, the style of the cabinet was determined by the women.

\* \* \*

Would-be tunesmiths will be interested in a forth-coming MGM super-spectacle called "Words and Music." It's the story of the fabulously successful song-writing team of Rodgers and Hart. Just about everyone on the MGM lot will be in it—especially Lena Horne. Lena, by the way, has some very nice things to say about the Ted Heath band, which supported her on her recent tour of England.

\* \* \*

Arturo Toscanini refused a box at Carnegie Hall offered for the use of his family for the benefit the maestro and the NBC Symphony were giving for the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. Instead, he bought it for \$250, making an additional contribution to the cause.

\* \* \*

Judy Canova had an offer from the manager of London's Palladium Music Hall to appear there this summer. Salary, Judy says, was breath-taking, but she turned it down—she's taking daughter Tweeny on a vacation trip this summer instead.



Now...evening-soft hands all day long! ☆



Because this amazing lotion is magic  
here...  as well as here... 

HERE'S THE wondrous thing about Trushay—it's *double-beauty* magic for your hands.

First—it's the most wonderful softening lotion that ever touched your skin. So delicately fragrant—so creamy-rich—so extra-soothing without a trace of sticki-

ness. A joy to use *any time*. And yet . . .

Trushay's magic doesn't stop there. For it also has a fabulous "beforehand" extra.

Smoothed on your hands *before* doing dishes or light laundry, Trushay protects them even in hot, soapy water. Actually

helps prevent drying damage. So your hands stay evening-soft, delightfully smooth, all day long!

Once you discover Trushay's *double-beauty* help, you'll never again be satisfied with *halfway* lotions.

Begin today to use Trushay.



**TRUSHAY**

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



the lotion with the "beforehand" extra

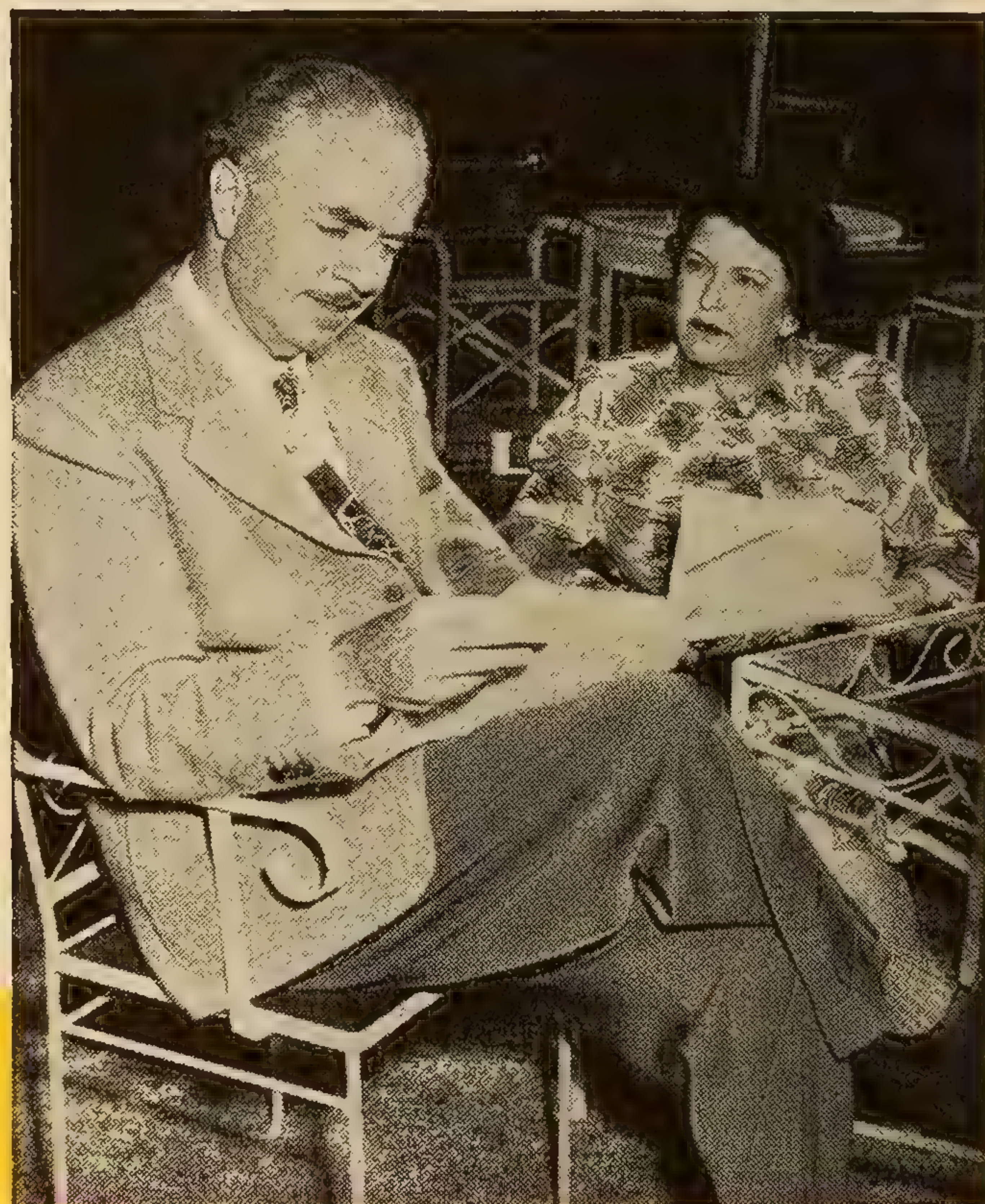




# WHAT'S NEW



Like all Louella Parsons' guest stars, William Powell is first her house guest, for rehearsals.



"Mrs. Aldrich" turns up at NBC in costume Thursday nights; right after the broadcast Katherine Raht whisks to Broadway for her part in "The Heiress."



Kay Kyser (left) and Margaret Whiting say thanks to the Beverly Hills Hotel's director, Hernando Courtright, for one of his wonderful parties.

**T**HE trouble with stories about Hollywood is that you don't always get the straight of them; the people who "know" don't always "tell." For a guide to reliable and exciting inside events in the screen city, nothing could be safer than Photoplay—and that's what you get these Saturday mornings on ABC when Photoplay's Editor, Adele Fletcher, offers intimate glimpses of star-life; Cal York, Photoplay columnist, shares the news he's picked up around town; and Les Tremayne tells the biggest human interest story of the Hollywood week. It's all together under Hollywood Headlines. Time: 10:30 A.M. EST, ABC.

Have you noticed how often you've been hearing from your Congressman these days? Independent stations throughout the nation report a tremendous increase in the flow of recordings being sent them from local Congressmen. The 80th Congress has become extremely radio conscious and the legislators are busily cutting discs to get their views to their constituents. This is especially nice for listeners who remember it works both ways. They want you to listen to them, and they want to know how you feel about what they have said.

We always wonder how people get the ideas which



# FROM COAST to COAST

By  
DALE  
BANKS



Well met in Minneapolis: Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, planning benefit appearance with Minneapolis Symphony's director Fabien Sevitzky, and Virginia Mayo.

catch the public's fancy and keep their popularity for years. Take an idea like *Passing Parade*, John Nesbitt's brainchild, which is familiar to all radio listeners and movie goers. John says he got it from an old trunk willed to him by his father, the late Dr. Norman H. Nesbitt, a Unitarian minister, world traveler, author and lecturer. When John opened the old trunk, he discovered in it hundreds of notes, stories, anecdotes, facts about people in all walks of life in every country on the globe. It was from these pieces that John Nesbitt got the idea of writing his commentary on the activities of other human beings.

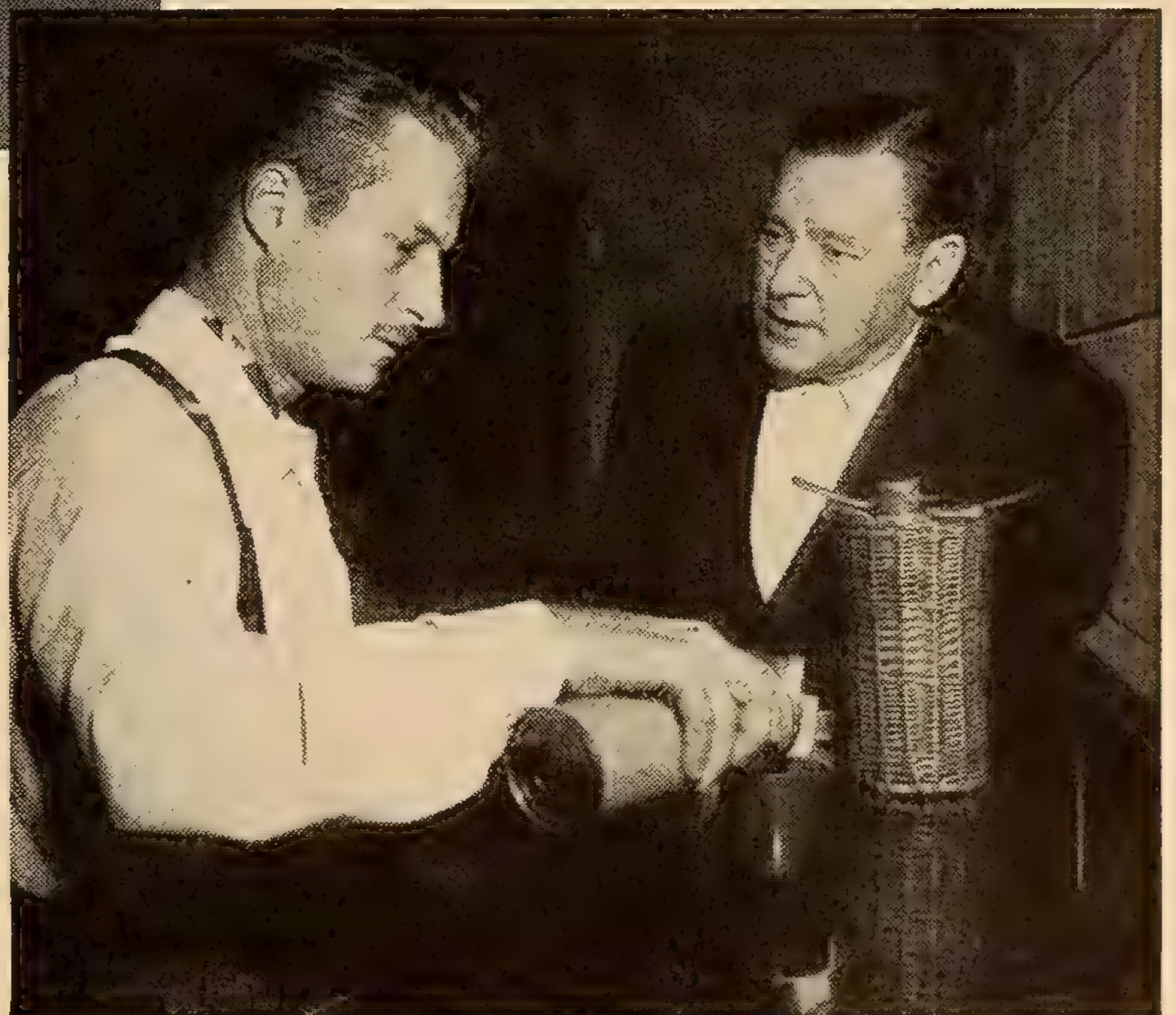
\* \* \*

Burl Ives, the nation's Number One folk singer and balladier, did the musical arrangements of the Civil War folk songs which are featured in the new Irwin Shaw play, *"The Survivors"*. Burl, never one to be too commercial with his friends asked as his fee—and got—two bottles of Scotch!

\* \* \*

If you're an Abe Burrows fan, be sure to get the record album he's made, called, *"The Girl With The Three Blue Eyes."* It's wonderful nonsense with a lot of the material he's done on his shows.

(Continued on page 74)

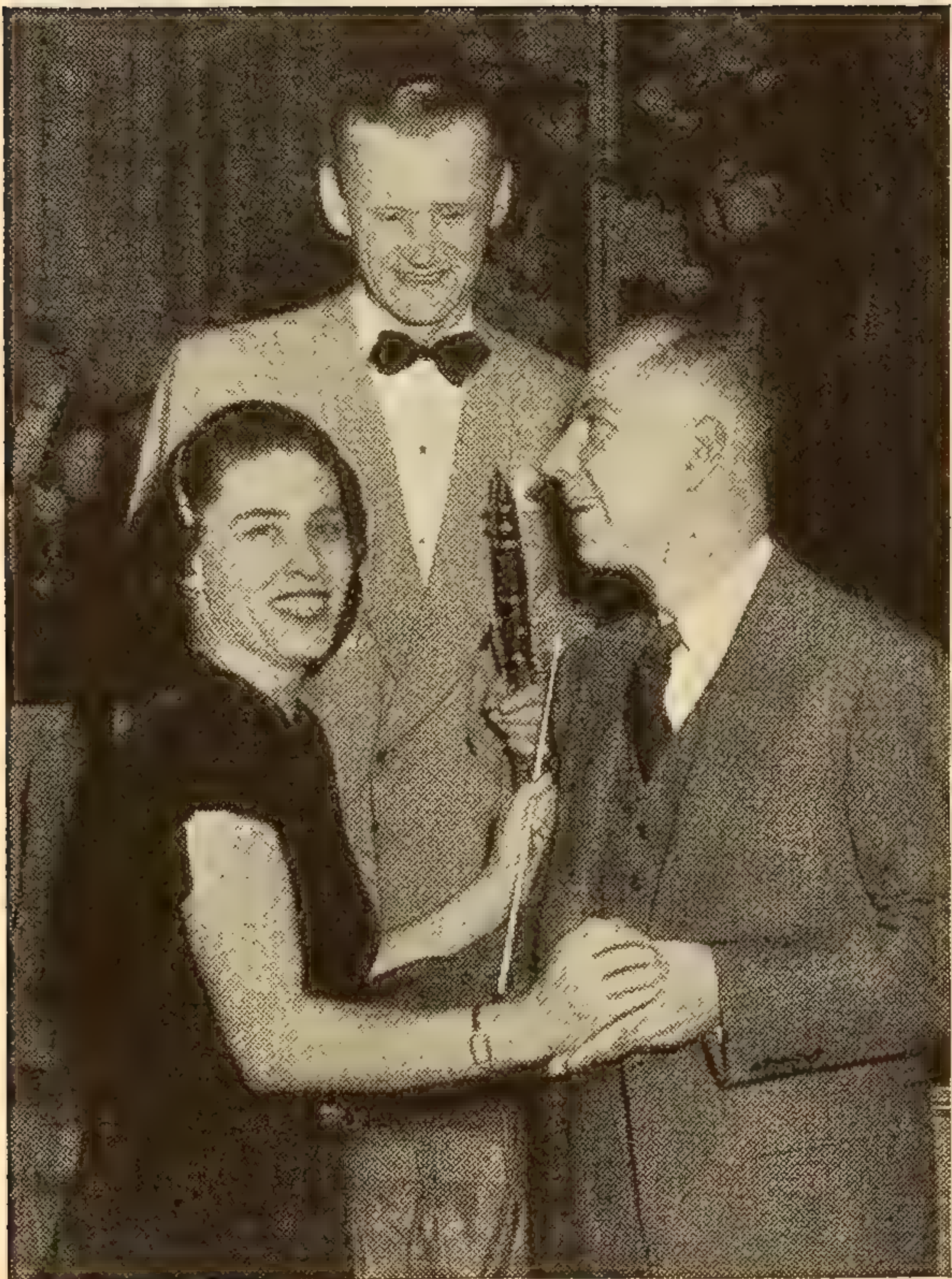


The Man Called X is no mystery to the man who produces the program for CBS: Jack Johnstone just calls his star Herbert Marshall, off-mike.

R  
M



# Cinderella WEEKEND



Cinderella Mullan and her husband, dancing to Sammy Kaye's music at Hotel New Yorker.

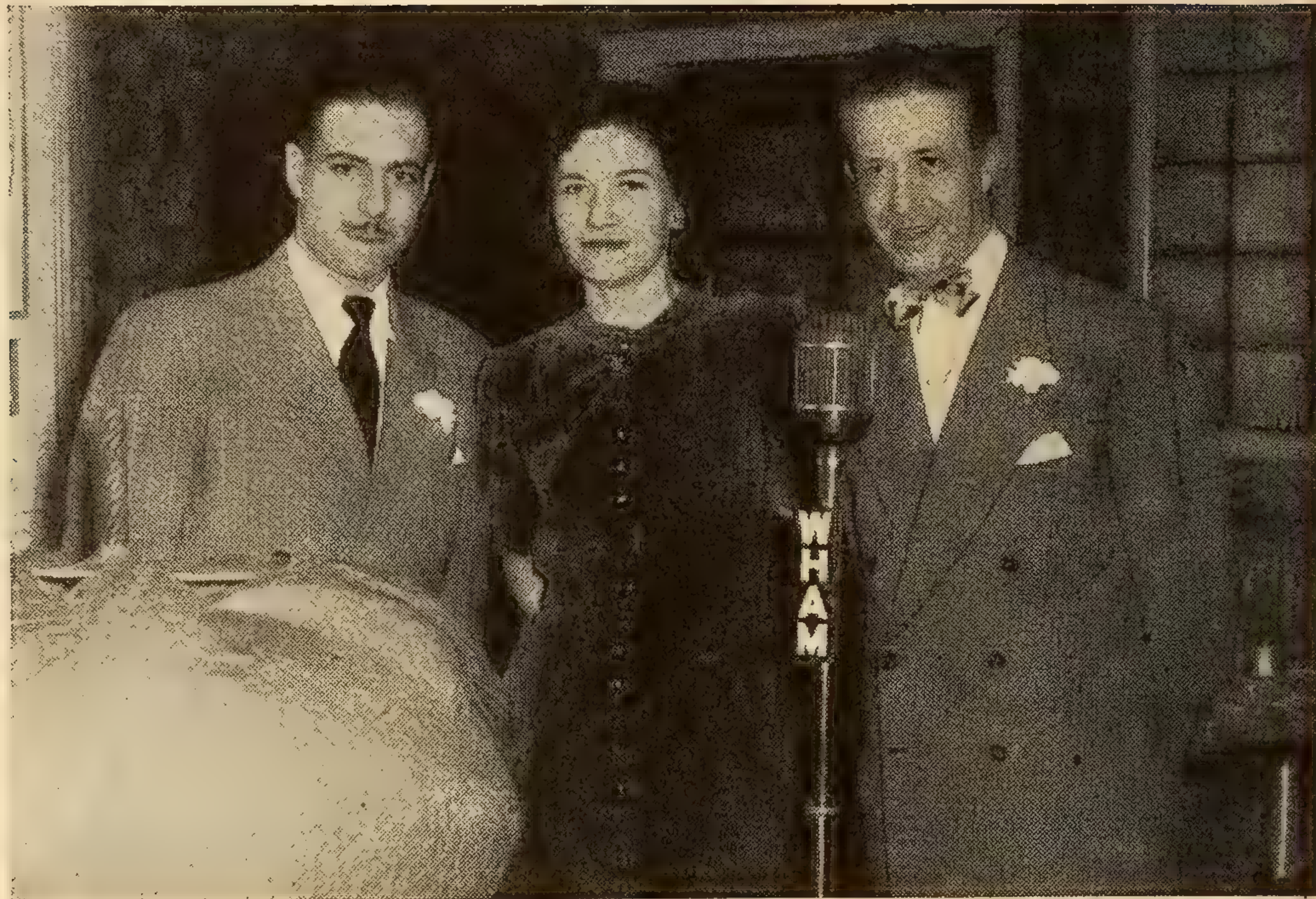
**A**LTHOUGH there isn't any fairy godmother to wave a magic wand, the fairy story plot is the very idea of the new WHAM program that all Western New York radio listeners are talking about—Cinderella Weekend. The modern counterpart of the delightful fantasy is a radio program that offers, each week, a weekend in New York City to the lady who is named Cinderella of the week.

Cinderella Weekend, a comparatively new feature on WHAM, started on December 1st, 1947. It is broadcast from Rochester's popular Triton Hotel, 1:30—2:00 P.M., Monday through Friday, before approximately 150 enthusiastic spectators.

A huge friendly pumpkin from which to draw the lucky participants' numbers; a giant battery of electric timers to record the winners; microphones, control mechanism and many other colorful gadgets are all set up each noon in the Marine Dining Room of the Triton.

The ladies, who usually come early for the show, sit around small tables, sip coffee, compliments of genial host Sam Imburgia, and otherwise enjoy the "warm-up" period in the cozy atmosphere of the Triton.

The m.c. of the program is Mort Nusbaum. Mort has



Ralph Collier, Cinderella (Mrs. Donald) Bellis and Mort Nusbaum with the big pumpkin which plays such an important part in each week's broadcast.

always been interested in radio. One of his earliest recollections is building a crystal set which had only one earphone and using an oatmeal box for a coil form.

After several years with a Rochester station Mort moved to New York City to serve as National Radio Director for 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation. Later he operated his own Public Relations office. Just before returning to Rochester he was Commercial Manager of the much publicized Blue Book Station, WQQW, in Washington, D. C. Serious illness of his father was the reason for Mort's return home.

His favorite sports are swimming and boating. He also gets a big kick out of meeting orchestra leaders. In Mort's opinion the greatest band leader of all time was Glenn Miller.

It was shortly after Nusbaum's return to Rochester that he had the opportunity to m.c. WHAM's Cinderella Weekend. He also does a two-hour platter program seven nights a week, starting at midnight: Meet Me at the Triton.

Ralph Collier, the announcer on Cinderella Weekend has had an extremely exciting life. His parents, both American citizens, were traveling in Germany at the time of his birth and Ralph was born in Berlin. His elementary education took place in Germany so it is only natural that he speaks German fluently and French, quite well. Many years before World War Two broke out the Colliers were back in America. During the war, Ralph was affiliated with SHAEF, the psychological warfare unit which carried public address systems right up to the front lines and talked to the enemy. Ralph's command of German of course made him a valuable member of SHAEF.

In New York City, Ralph has worked at WNBC, key station of the National Broadcasting Company, and at Mutual. He likes up-state New York and is getting a great kick out of his association with Station WHAM.



YOU'RE LOVELY . . . YOU'RE LOVABLE . . . WITH

*that Always-Fresh look*



GEORGE BURNS; GRACIE ALLEN

*Coming Next Month*

If you were Gracie Allen, why would you love George Burns? No need to guess at the answer: Gracie tells you, in her own words, in the May RADIO MIRROR. And it turns out to be one of the best true love stories we've ever read.

\* \* \*

Tough? Not Duff (Howard, that is). Or maybe you know him better as Sam Spade. It's detective Spade, you'll learn, who's the tough guy; when Howard is away from the microphone he's one of Hollywood's gayest, untoughest, most eligible bachelors. It's a new, true line on the young actor whose career is going up like a rocket—with a full page, full-color portrait of him that shows why he can't keep Effie out of his arms.

\* \* \*

More color, blazing and bright, on a two-page picture of Saturday Night Serenade. Here, just for the looking, you give yourself two front-row seats to one of CBS's most glamorous programs, starring sensational Vic Damone and exciting blonde Hollace Shaw. And wait till you see Hollace's gown!

\* \* \*

RADIO MIRROR's new Television department settles down to serious reporting after its introduction in this issue. You'll want to know what's doing in television from now on—everybody will. And here's where to find out.

\* \* \*

Also in May: all about Claudia; two very different Mother-and-Daughter stories on Joan Davis and Dinah Shore, with color you won't be able to keep from framing. And for a bonus, Pepper Young's Family.

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FRANCES GIFFORD

soon to be seen in  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's  
"LUXURY LINER"

Try Frances Gifford's beauty-glow cleansing



Morning glow—"Spring!" sing the perky hats. "Spring!" echoes Frances' fresh skin! "For my day's beauty start, it's a Woodbury deep-cleanse Facial!"



Dinner drama—Frances' "Always-Fresh" look! "But my first date is—a Woodbury glamour treatment! Cleanses and softens. Skin looks romantically smooth!"

ONE! Cleansing-massage with Woodbury Cold Cream. Rich oils cleanse deep...loosen make-up. Tissue, and—TWO! Cream on more Woodbury. Four special softening ingredients smooth dry skin. Tissue, and—THREE! A cold water splash for rosy color! Your skin's clear-clean, silky-soft...has that Always-Fresh look!



*Woodbury Cold Cream*



# Mrs. MILLER'S *Bad Little Boy*



The remarks of a very young audience at the Philadelphia Zoo may make a startling program. LeRoy crossed his fingers.

**T**HE best step LeRoy Miller ever took was the one down off his ice wagon in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, and into that community's radio station. In a way, the move was inevitable; you can't keep talent like LeRoy Miller's on ice.

Now, far away from that ice wagon and in his twelfth year of broadcasting in Philadelphia, WFIL's early morning disc jockey has more people listening to his show than tune to any other Philadelphia program broadcast at the time he is on the air. In 12 years in the Quaker City, Miller has risen from a \$25 a week staff announcer to become one of the highest paid radio personalities in Philadelphia. His morning program has developed from a 15-minute sustaining show into an hour and three quarters of solidly sponsored time, broadcast weekdays at 7.00.

Like a great many others in radio, LeRoy got his break by accident rather than design. After graduation from high school in Elizabethtown, he formed a three-piece band, which played for dances in nearby Lancaster. One night the local 100-watt station needed a program when the orchestra they scheduled didn't appear. As a last resort, they threw a broadcast line into the ballroom where LeRoy and his two side-kicks were giving their music all they had and, against the better judgment of all station officials concerned, introduced a new orchestra.

On those first broadcasts, LeRoy played the piano, doubled on the saxophone and, when he wasn't doing anything else, tripled as master of ceremonies—managing to sound very much like Ben Bernie. After two broadcasts—the radio people liked the first one—the station manager called LeRoy in. "Miller," he said, "you have a good radio voice and talent for ad libbing,



Weekdays at 7 A.M., WFIL brings you LeRoy Miller.

but will you please forget you ever heard of Ben Bernie!" Miller forgot.

It wasn't long before the station needed a part-time announcer to do two afternoon shows. That was just right for LeRoy, because the same ice business that kept him busy in the morning left him unemployed in the afternoon. As a matter of fact, LeRoy had an idea that he might use one job to make the other more profitable. Subsequent events proved him right. By mentioning the names of all his ice customers on the air—a great social distinction in those days—LeRoy soon forced the only other iceman in Elizabethtown out of business.

Williamsport, Pa., was the next stop in his radio career. For \$20 a week, Roy became program director, announcer, copy-writer and m.c. for five shows, including a two-hour morning program, a newscast, a woman's program, one children's show and a sportscast. One more year in Allentown, Pa., and LeRoy felt he was ready to try for a staff announcer's job.

The transition from staff announcer to disc jockey was easy for LeRoy. He soon started spinning platters and has been whirling them ever since. After 10 years on one Philadelphia station, Roy moved to WFIL.

Last November, LeRoy added another program to his long list of successes—Breakfast at The Click, broadcast every Saturday morning at 9.30 A.M. over WFIL. A constant flow of requests for reservations keeps the show sold out weeks in advance.

Roy is the father of a baby girl, Lois Anne, born in July, 1947. She doesn't see enough of her busy father, nor he of her.

Which is the reason why Roy sometimes thinks it might be better in some days if he were still selling ice.





## Paula Winslowe

Life of Riley: NBC, 8 P. M. EST, Saturday

Patience, charm, wit, and even temper under adverse conditions, all these are among the myriad virtues required of the script-wife of William Bendix in the Life of Riley series. Since the program was inaugurated, Paula Winslowe has been conveying these virtues to an ever growing audience. But very few of the listeners to the Saturday night (8 P. M., EST) NBC show have ever suspected that it takes a bit of patience, wit and even temper for Miss Winslowe to make like a radio wife every Saturday night.

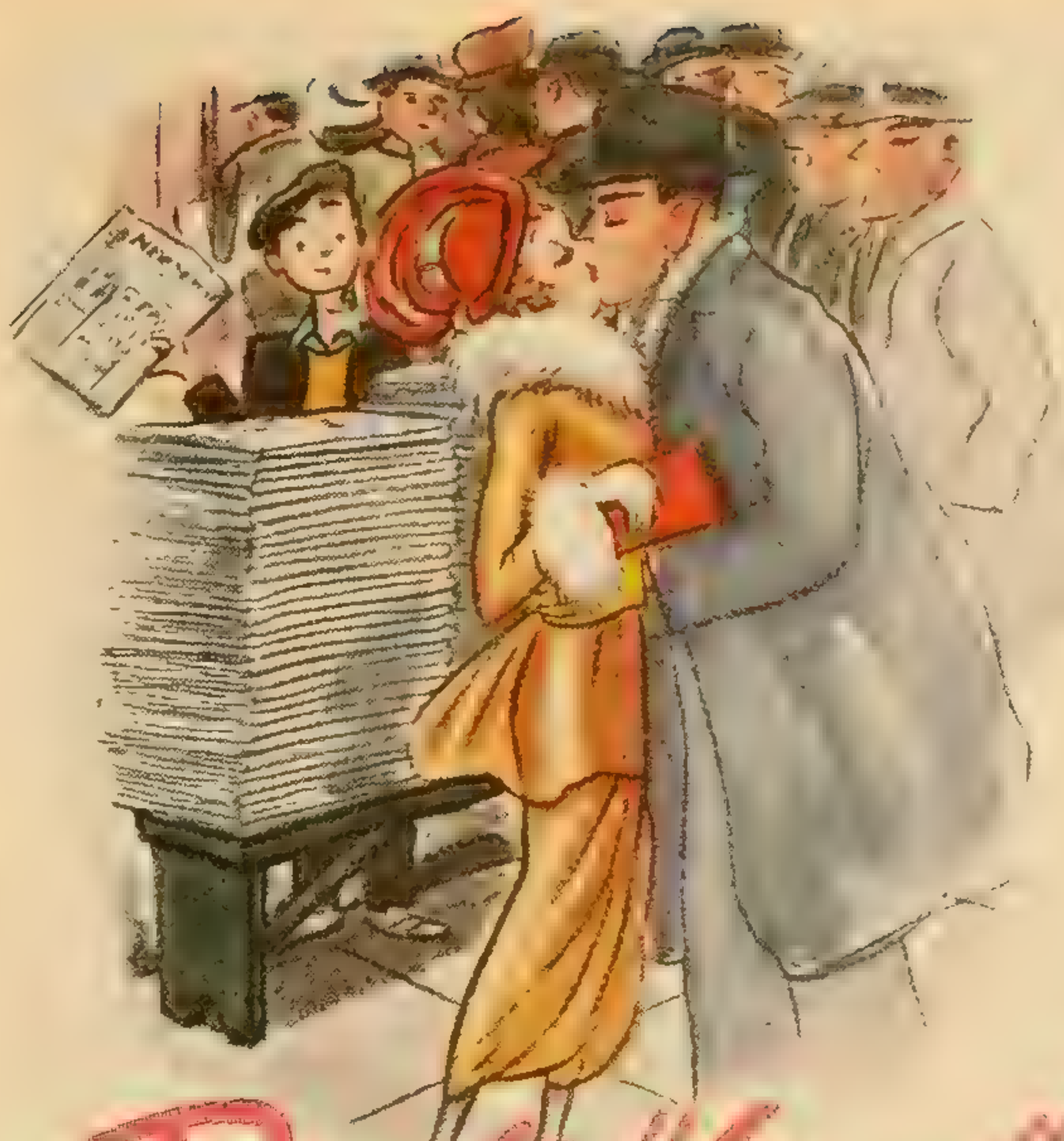
But it does. That's because a short while before NBC asked her to take on the role of Peg Riley, Miss Winslowe was making plans to retire from radio and settle down to a happy domestic life with her own husband, John E. Sutherland, a Hollywood businessman. A short spell on the "Riley" show was to be her swan song. Only it didn't work out that way.

Not that Paula Winslowe is of any age that is usually associated with retirement. She was born in 1910, at Grafton, North Dakota, where her father, Winslowe Reyleck, was a leading merchant. While Paula was still a little girl, the family moved to California.

The acting bee stung her early. All schools give plays and the ones she attended were no exception. Paula got her first taste of acting at the age of six and her mind was made up right then that everything she did in the future would lead to that one goal—the theater.

Limiting herself mainly to touring with theater companies in the West and to steady runs in major Western cities, Paula accumulated a fine backlog of experience in acting. When the radio networks began to establish outlets in California, Paula was among the first "regulars" to be hired. In more than a decade of radio in Hollywood, Paula has appeared in nearly every major radio show to originate in the movie capital. She has been a frequent performer on the Jack Benny series, with Burns and Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly and on the Radio Theatre.

Attractive, brown haired, brown eyed, Paula would really like to settle down to a simple home life. She has one son, John, and would like to spend more time with him. Unlike so many Californians, Paula isn't much on outdoor exercise and sports. She'd much rather curl up on a comfortable sofa with a mystery story than go swimming and horseback riding. And for amusement outside her home, she'd much rather sit at a movie than see a prize fight or a horse race.



*She's got him in a dither with DITHER!*

*Pond's "Lips" stay on...*



*New! Pinker! Sweeter! —that's DITHER!*

*and on...*

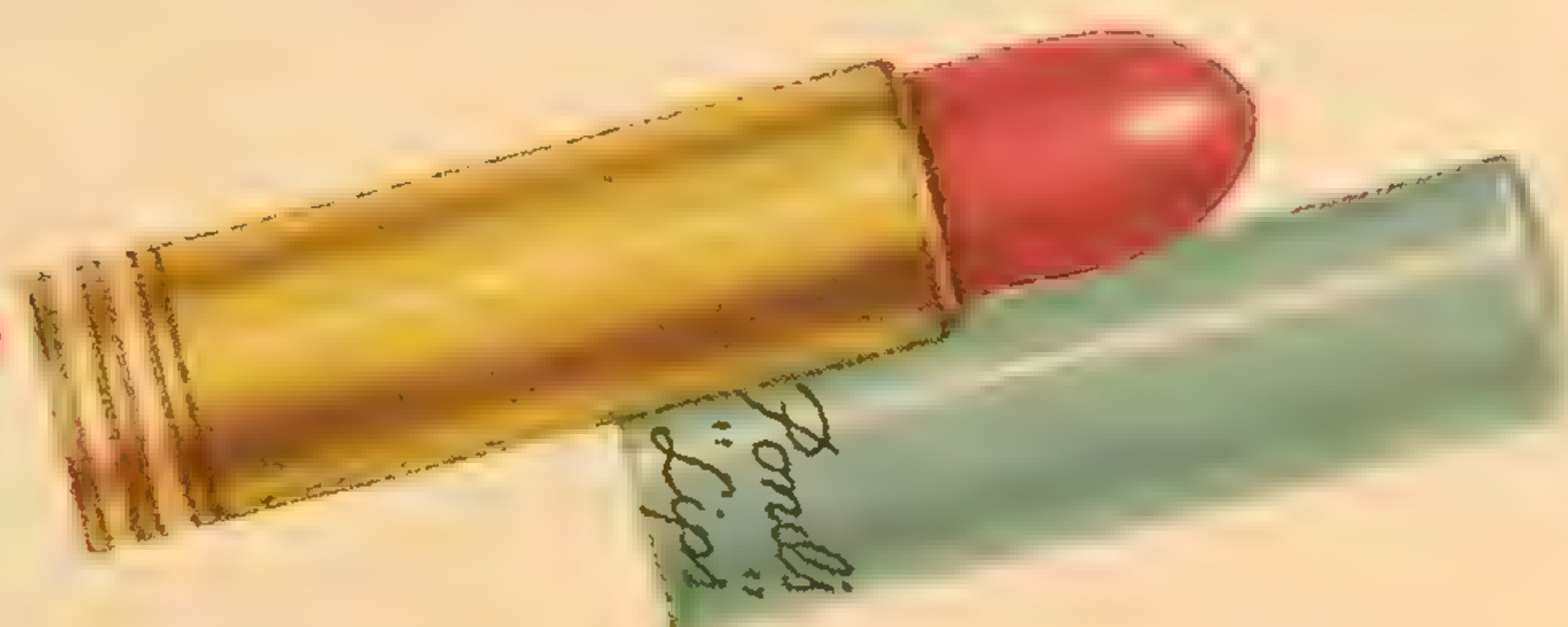


*DITHER "LIPS" are New Look "LIPS"!*

*and ON!*

**POND'S "LIPS"**

*Dither*



The new-pink Pond's "Lips" shade that's perfect for Spring! Handsome swivel case — 49¢, 25¢



# Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



## One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

So soft, so smooth, so natural-looking. You'll say your Toni is the loveliest permanent you've ever had. But, before giving yourself a Toni you will want to know —

### Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

### Is it easy to do?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why every hour of the day another thousand women use Toni.

### Will TONI save me time?

Definitely. The actual waving time is only 2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

### How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent — or your money back.

### Why is TONI a Creme?

Because Toni Creme Waving Lotion waves the hair gently — leaves it soft as silk with

no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness even on the first day.

### Which twin has the TONI?

"My Toni-savings paid for a new hat," remarks Eileen Mary Skillings. "No wonder Edith Ann says, after this we'll be Toni Twins." Eileen Mary, the twin at the left, has the Toni.

### Where can I buy TONI?

At all drug, notions or cosmetic counters. Try Toni today.



## Robert Montgomery

Suspense: CBS, 8 P. M. EST, Saturday

If sixty minutes at a time of suspense don't stretch your nerves too taut, you've probably been listening to one of CBS's most exciting experiments this season: the expansion of its famous Suspense into an hour-long program with Robert Montgomery as narrator. Besides framing each story, Montgomery plays leading roles in some of the dramas, supporting roles in others.

Suspenseful mystery is no new field to actor-producer Montgomery. He escaped from playboy movie roles into meatier ones via his work in Emlyn Williams' "Night Must Fall." The brilliant performance he turned in in that famous study of an unbalanced criminal mind marked a welcome and long-overdue turning point in his career; it emancipated him from frothy comedy roles and established his reputation as a serious, intelligent actor.

Following his wartime service as lieutenant commander in the Navy, Montgomery returned to Hollywood and to "Lady in the Lake," which introduced a revolutionary new technique to the screen. Following this, he directed and starred in "Ride the Pink Horse." He was a frequent guest performer on Suspense and other radio dramatic programs.

Director-producer of Suspense is William Spier, whose work with this program and with the Adventures of Sam Spade has earned him a reputation for outstanding ability with psychological and action radio drama. Under his guidance, Suspense last year won a Peabody award as radio's foremost mystery series. Now, with twice the time in which to develop his effects, Spier believes that aspects of the mystery-drama which a half-hour program must necessarily skimp on can be much more convincingly presented. The motivation of the criminal, for instance, can be worked out understandably, and when the climax comes there is more time in which to tie up the loose ends that a mystery always has lying around. Also, of course, the prime concern of the mystery-drama—the terrifying, mystifying details that keep the real devotee rooted in his chair with *suspense*—can be emphasized.

The stories chosen for dramatization are great classics of old and new mystery fiction, and well worth the careful treatment Suspense is giving them.

Musical backgrounds are composed by Lucien Moraweck and conducted by Lud Gluskin, CBS West Coast Music Director. Suspense is heard Saturday nights at 8 P.M. EST.





**T**HE votes are counted, the returns are in—on this and the following six pages, Radio Mirror announces with a great deal of pride and pleasure the results of your voting in the first annual Radio Mirror Awards.

In September, 1947, Radio Mirror told readers of the Awards, invited them to participate in this, the only polling of the people who really count in the radio business—the listeners themselves. In the November issue was printed a ballot on which readers voted for their favorite stars, in December, a ballot for favorite programs. Radio Mirror's reader-listeners responded overwhelmingly. And now, for the first time, radio stations, networks, advertising agencies, the people who decide what shall be heard on the air, know what the listeners—without whom there would be no radio—want to listen to!

—THE EDITORS

**FOR FULL COLOR PICTURES OF THE WINNERS—SEE FOLLOWING PAGES**



# The



*Dinah Shore*

The girl with most potent voice-appeal



*Jack Benny*

Checks highest in Comedian category



*Orzie and Harriet*

As Husband-and-Wife team, top honors



*Karl Swenson*

As Lord Henry, Lorenzo: best Daytime Actor

Everyone—the people who put programs together and the people who listen to them—has read, with varying degrees of pleasure or annoyance, the results of previous polls concerning radio—polls which have indicated the preferences of radio editors, critics and other admittedly prejudiced persons who are professionally involved in the big business of radio.

How do these choices compare with the preferences of the listeners themselves? Radio Mir-



# Winners



*Bing Crosby*

And still champion: best-loved Male Voice



*Arthur Godfrey*

Wins a double: both CBS shows voted "best"



*Betty Winkler*

Rosemary: top Daytime Actress



*Bill Stern*

Led Sports-Announcing field by large margin

ror editors wondered. If we conduct a poll, will Radio Mirror reader-listeners vote for their favorite stars, their favorite programs?

The only way to find the answers was to try. Would readers vote? They would and did! And from those votes came the results given here.

The first ballot counted preferences in the field of radio personalities. Here, in the order in which the categories appeared on the ballots, are the first-place winners on the poll for favorite stars:





*William Keighley*  
producer-host on best  
drama show, Lux Theatre



*Mita Mack*  
whose hand guides Let's  
Pretend, best juvenile.



*Basil Loughrane*  
produces top religious  
show, Light of the World.



*Don Wilson*  
wins first place in the  
announcer division.

# More

**Woman Singer.....Dinah Shore**  
Dinah's songs and Harry James' music, heard Friday nights, CBS

**Man Singer.....Bing Crosby**  
Bing's songs, with John Scott Trotter and his orchestra, and guests. Wednesday nights, ABC

**Orchestra Leader.....Fred Waring**  
With The Pennsylvanians, Glee Club, Gordon Goodman, Stuart Churchill, Jane Wilson, Joan Wheatley, Walter Sheff, Mac Perrin, Gordon Berger, Joe Marine, Joe Sodja, and Daisy Bernier, Monday through Friday mornings, and Monday nights, NBC

**News Commentator.....Lowell Thomas**  
His own views of world happenings, heard Monday through Friday nights over CBS stations

**Announcer.....Don Wilson**  
Heard on the Jack Benny Show, Sunday nights, NBC

**Sports Announcer.....Bill Stern**  
His own program, with special sports-world guests, Friday nights on NBC stations

**Comedienne.....Joan Davis**  
The Joan Davis show, comedy-drama, with Ben Gage singing. Saturday nights on CBS stations.

**Comedian.....Jack Benny**  
The Jack Benny Show, with Mary Livingstone, Dennis Day, Rochester, Phil Harris' orchestra, Sportsmen Quartet, and guests. Sunday nights, NBC

**Daytime Serial Actor.....Karl Swenson**  
Heard as Lorenzo Jones, lovable and funny inventor of amazing gadgets, Monday through Friday, NBC, and as Lord Henry Brinthrope, husband of Our Gal Sunday, Monday through Friday, CBS

**Daytime Serial Actress.....Betty Winkler**  
Title role, Rosemary, the story of a small town girl's search for happiness and her reluctance to accept it at the expense of her family responsibilities, Monday through Friday, CBS

**Quizmaster.....Joe Kelly**  
Leads the remarkable Quiz Kids through their paces Sunday afternoons on NBC

**Husband-and-Wife Team...Ozzie and Harriet**  
Domestic comedy: Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard, Tommy Bernard, Henry Blair, Janet Waldo, Billy May's orchestra. Friday, CBS

**Most Promising Newcomer to Radio**  
.....Vic Damone  
Saturday Night Serenade, with Hol-lace Shaw, Gus Haenschen's orchestra,



# Winners

Emil Cote's Serenaders, Saturday evenings, CBS

**Favorite Recording**....."Near You"  
As played by Francis Craig's orchestra, Bob Lamm, vocalist; recorded by Bullet

In the December issue of Radio Mirror appeared the second ballot, on which readers chose favorite programs. Here are the results:

**Comedy**.....Red Skelton  
With Verna Felton, Pat McGeehan, and David Rose's orchestra—on Tuesday nights, NBC stations

**Daytime Serial**.....Right to Happiness  
Claudia Morgan, Gary Merrill, Les Damon, Rosemary Rice, Anne Sargent, Ginger Jones, Louise Barclay, Helene Dumas, David Gothard. Monday through Friday, NBC

**Drama**.....Lux Radio Theatre  
William Keighley, producer-host, Lou Silvers' orchestra, Hollywood guest stars in moving picture dramatizations. Mondays, CBS

**Mystery**.....Mr. District Attorney  
Jay Jostyn as Mr. D.A. with Vicki Vola, Len Doyle, and Peter Van Steeden's orchestra. Heard Wednesday nights, NBC stations

**Audience Participation**.....  
**Breakfast in Hollywood**  
Tom Breneman with breakfast prizes, and surprises for his guests. Monday through Friday, mornings, ABC stations

**Best Program**.....Arthur Godfrey  
Talent Scouts Monday nights on CBS brings talented but unknown performers to light. Daytime typical Godfrey "little bit of everything" is heard Monday through Friday mornings, CBS

**For Children**.....Let's Pretend  
Nila Mack's dramatizations of fairy tales, with Pat Ryan, Sybil Trent, Miriam Wolfe, Albert Aley, Gwen Davies, Michael O'Day, Jack Gaines, Maurice Brown's orchestra. Saturday mornings, CBS

**Best Musical Program**.....Fred Waring  
Heard Monday through Friday, NBC, and Monday nights, NBC, with full Waring musical aggregation

**Educational**.....American School of the Air  
Monday, Liberty Road; Tuesday, Tales of Adventure; Wednesdays, March of Science; Thursdays, Gateways of Music; Fridays, Opinion Please. Late afternoons, CBS

**Religious**.....Light of the World  
Dramatizations of familiar Old Testa-



*Leon Levine*

produces prize educational show, School of the Air.



*Vic Damone*

most promising newcomer to radio, this "serenader".



*Lowell Thomas*

news commentator whose views are most interesting



*Joe Kelly*

best quizmaster—for his work with the Quiz Kids.



*More*



*Fred Waring*

Named readers' Favorite Orchestra Leader



*Marie Wilson*

Irma of My Friend Irma: Best New Program



*Jay Costyn*

Mr. District Attorney of the Favorite Mystery



*Red Skelton*

Star of his own—and best-liked—Comedy

ment Bible stories. Monday through Friday afternoons, NBC  
*Best New Program*.....*My Friend Irma*  
Marie Wilson is Irma, with Cathy Lewis, Leif Erickson, Hans Conreid, Gloria Gordon, Lud Gluskin's orchestra. Heard Monday nights, CBS

And there they are, your favorites for 1947. How did the final choices of listeners all over the country compare with your personal votes?



# Winners



*Ralph Edwards*

M.C. of Truth or Consequences: Quiz choice



*Joan Davis*

Readers' choice in Comedienne category



*Tom Breneman*

Of Breakfast in Hollywood: Audience Participation

Radio Mirror Magazine is happy to cite these programs and stars as examples of good listening fare. We know they're good because you, the radio audience, have told us so. We know, therefore, that they are good by the best possible standard: they fulfill their function of providing the entertainment they are designed to give.

Radio Mirror thanks you for sending in your vote, invites you to vote again next fall, in the Radio Mirror Awards for 1948!



*Claudia Morgan*

Star of Right to Happiness: top Daytime Serial



# CHARLIE'S GHOST

As the moans got louder,  
Charlie and Bergen got paler.



*If All Fools' Day wasn't*

By

IRENE

HOLLY

"WELL, well—it's you, isn't it, Mortimer?" Edgar Bergen settled himself before the living room fire, beside his small friend, who was sitting and gazing vacantly into the flickering logs.

"Yup," drawled Mortimer Snerd sadly. "It's me. Ain't thet jest my luck?"

"Why, Mortimer—" Bergen leaned forward. "Where did you get that black eye? And how come you're down in the dumps this evening?"

"Well," Mortimer began, "there I wuz, enjoyin' myself somethin' awful out in thet empty lot down the street, with Charlie and Skinny and some other fellers and Charlie he had a stick in his hand and he wuz wavin' it and everybuddy was yellin' at him to hit it and then there wuz this one feller kept sayin' 'strike,' so the nex' time I saved him the trouble 'cause I was standin' closest to Charlie and I yelled 'strike' and he did. He struck me."

Bergen sighed. "I don't know what is going to become of Charlie. He and Skinny and that gang of theirs



amed for Mortimer, it should have been. It's the only lucky day he has all year



Talking to Charlie didn't get Bergen anywhere. The only thing to do, he decided, was to coach Mortimer well, and go ahead with that plan of theirs to teach Charlie a lesson.



are getting to be the terror of the neighborhood. I get complaints all day long—breaking windows with their baseballs . . . teasing the girls . . . playing hookey from school . . . teasing the girls . . . digging tunnels into old Mr. Campion's back yard . . . teasing the—

"Ole Cross-Patch Campion?"

"Mortimer! I'm surprised at you. You're as bad as Charlie. It's not respectful to call that cross, mean old man a 'cross-patch.' Anyway, he came storming over here the other day and said Charlie's been driving him crazy with his pranks. Says his doctor told him he's heading for a nervous breakdown and advised him to hire a nurse to keep him calm. Says he's going to sue me. Oh, my! The trouble that Charlie is causing me. If I could only think of some way to teach him a lesson."

"Me, too. He ain't goin' to make a fool outa me—I got a headstart on him!"

"Fool—fool . . . that's it, Mortimer! It's April Fools' Day tomorrow. We'll play a trick on that young scamp

that will take him down a peg or two. If we can get a laugh at his expense—and then we'll tell all his friends about it. Then he won't be able to lead them into those scrapes of his."

"Mister Bergen—that's a wonderful idee!" Mortimer guffawed. Then his face fell. "What idee?"

"You! All dressed up in a long, white sheet and pretending to be a ghost. Walking through the house, moaning out loud! And what's more—we'll do it tonight, before he's expecting any April Foolery."

"But I'm sceered of ghosties, too."

"This time you'll be the ghost, so how could you get scared? Right after twelve o'clock you put the sheet on over your head and start walking through the house. Moan and yell. We'll get that dog's chain from the toolhouse and you can drag that behind you."

It took some time for the idea to percolate through Mortimer's head, but finally he nodded. His face brightened. "Har! That's a good one, Mister (Continued on page 91)

This story was written especially for Radio Mirror around the characters heard with Edgar Bergen, Sundays at 5 P. M. PST, 8 P. M. EST, on NBC stations.



# Woman, In Spring

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

There was warm wind and the quick spring  
thunder  
And a rain that turned the gray snow under.  
A drenched sparrow swung on a budded bough  
And Martha Ann thought of the idle plough.  
If Jeb were here, he would count each second  
Until planting time, but now Martha Ann reck-  
oned  
That he wouldn't be back till rebuilding was  
through  
And there was much too much for a woman  
to do  
To fret at the seasons and fume and splutter  
So she baked fresh bread and churned some  
butter  
And busied herself at a hundred chores,  
Never once looking at the out-of-doors.  
But first thing she knew her ordered mind was  
going  
Down a furrowed field and the wind was  
blowing,  
Kind of sing-song like as she mind-scattered  
seeds  
For raising a crop against next year's needs.  
So she chuckled to herself and wished for the  
ending  
Of Spring's first rain—and couldn't start her  
mending  
For staring through windows at rain-soaked  
lands  
And for the urge to plant that was itching her  
hands,  
Knowing that this hour had ever-proofed her  
from the blunder  
Of scoring Jeb's impatience with her own small  
thunder!

—Anobel Amour

## The Shopper

Madam Sparrow bargains hard,  
With other birds in our backyard.

She flips her skirts and hurries along,  
Never a second to waste on song,

Always careful with her cash,  
She hunts for bargains in the trash.

Today the trash is full of dust,  
Her bosom heaves in frank disgust.

But a lady must think of her family's needs,  
So she settles for most of our garden seeds.

I ought to chase her but I just can't,  
She acts so much like somebody's aunt.  
—Hayden Rogers

## UNDERSTUDY

He does not know that I have memorized  
Her lines, her arias, her postured grace;  
He does not know that I have dreams devised  
To capture every mood upon his face.  
I stand within the wings and watch her star  
In the dramatic role of his great love.  
My eyes scan every move lest I should mar  
The act I've learned and planned to place  
above  
My own familiar world. He does not know  
My hungry arms are waiting to partake  
Of April's dream and leave this undertow  
Of loneliness. I must make no mistake.  
The night shall come she cannot play her  
part  
Then I'll be leading lady in his heart!

—Ruby Diehn

## Rodeo

Love is a bronco  
Come blossoming spring,  
But a lasso the shape  
Of a wedding ring  
Can circle him round  
And draw him in  
To trot to the tempo  
Of Lohengrin.  
—Jessie Farnham

## INSPIRATION

I sing the worth of ugliness,  
A twisted, naked tree,  
The tatters of a beggar's dress,  
A gray unruly sea!

My pretty days contributed  
No fragment to my art.  
I got the worth of all I've said  
From scars across my heart!  
—Geraldine Ross

## RADIO MIRROR will pay fifty dollars

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.

Light words, mostly—to go with the fresh new April air,



## *Just In Case . . .*

She always kept one thing she would  
not use—

One lovely thing that stayed forever  
new;

We often teased her, but she would  
refuse:

"It's just in case," she'd smile . . .  
"I have so few."

(A slip, a gown, perhaps a satin spread)

"I like to know it's there, all fresh  
and bright;

As long as I have one," she tossed her  
head—

"One thing untarnished, free of age  
and blight—"

Now, when she uses her celestial things,  
Does she still set aside one pair of  
wings?

—Mae Winkler Goodman

## ELEGY

Now with the last of sun on the backyard  
city walls, the rubic bled

by time and shadow, now is the hour  
to drink to your departed head.

I drink to your black hair tossed in heaven,

I drink to your green and blazing eyes:

you who could spit like a humped-up kitten  
are not less wicked in paradise.

I drink to your heart, strong-built for singing;

I drink to your laughter and your wit;

I drink you home to a starry rafter

and cannot weep because of it.

—Frances Frost

## *Window*

A window is so small a thing

To hold so broad a view in it:

Hoop-skirted apple tree in Spring,

And long look to the infinite

Blue sky, and close regard of sparrow;

A window is so frail to hold

A mountain, and so low and narrow

To frame a river flecked with gold.

So much there is that's beautiful

One may, through square of window, see—

But this becomes its miracle:

My true love coming home to me.

—Elaine V. Emans

## By TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted  
Malone's morning program,  
Monday through Friday  
at 11:45 EST, over ABC.

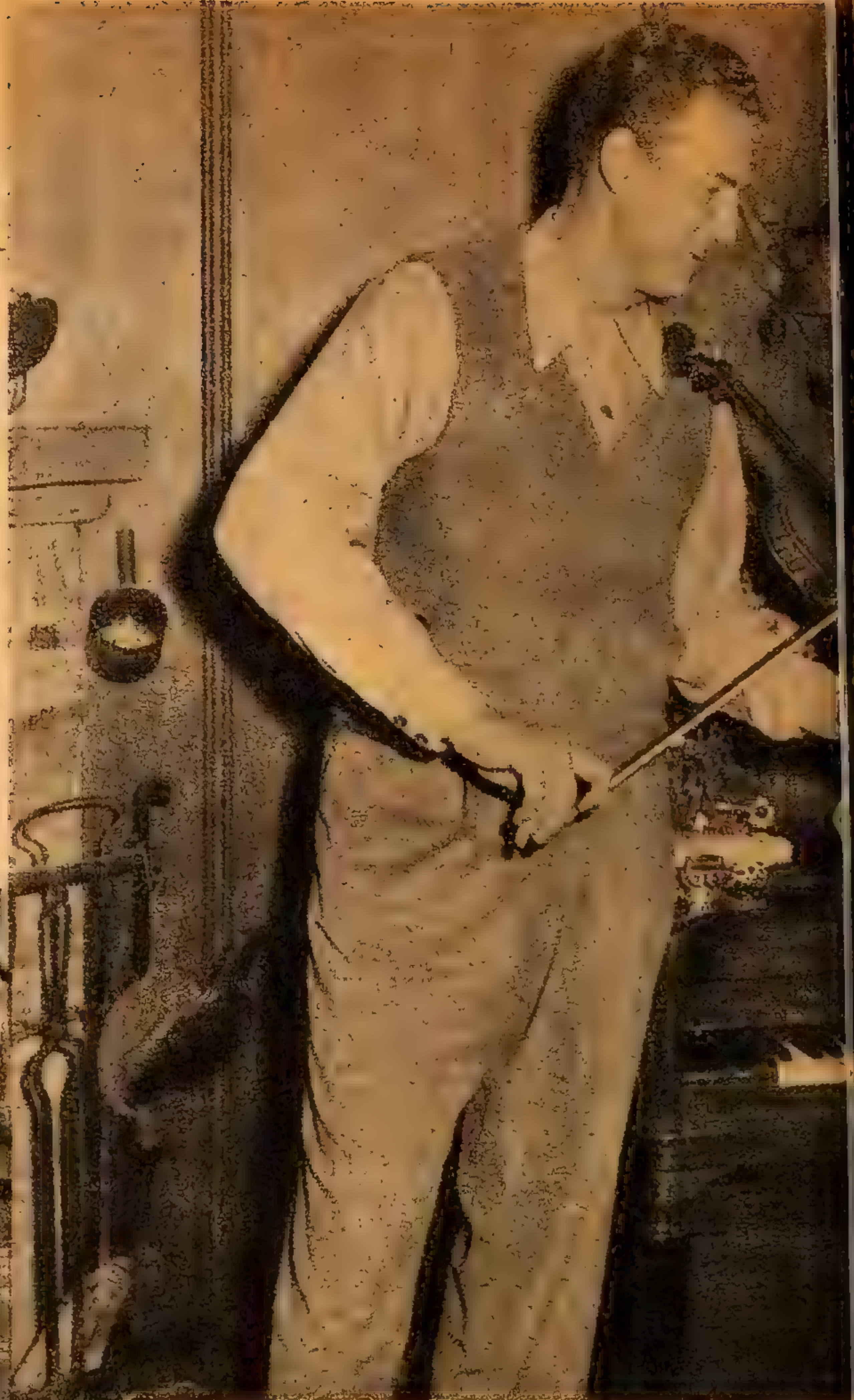


# BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS

and the optimistic stirring in the earth



# "Hello, Sweetie!"



The fiddle. Ben plays for his own amazement. It's Ben's real career—radio—that's the important one in their family, Esther says.

By  
ROBBIN COONS



**E**STHER WILLIAMS was in her hotel apartment in New York City, engaged in interviewing schoolboys to take part in her local personal appearances, when the telephone rang.

"Los Angeles calling," said Melvina McEldowney, her friend and traveling companion.

"It's Ben!" cried Esther. "I'll take it in the bedroom."

The conversation that ensued was as lugubrious, tear-moistened, and heart-wringing as any this side of a tent-show performance of "East Lynne" with the orchestra playing "Hearts and Flowers."

"Es, darling," said Ben Gage huskily, "the weather is terribly lonely out here in Hollywood. . . . Gee, honey, I'm missing you. . . . Can't stand it any longer. . . . The

house so empty. . . ."

Esther's heart bled with the pity, the sweetness, the sadness of it all. She saw visions of her giant blond husband pining away to a shadow, lost without her, and she already gone a whole week.

"I'm so sorry, dearest, so—"

*Click!* They were disconnected. Esther jiggled the hook frenziedly, but nothing happened. She sat down and bawled.

Five minutes later, after she had dried her eyes, she returned to the living room. The schoolboys were still there.

Melvina said: "And here's another boy, just came in."  
(Continued on page 79)

The Ben Gage-Esther Williams marriage, like their home, is fun and informal—





Angie always wags joyously when she hears Ben's voice, on records or on the Joan Davis show, which is heard Saturday evenings over CBS.

that "be yourself" pair would tease formality into a nervous breakdown!





GIL WHITNEY, prominent West Coast attorney, makes his home in San Fernando Valley, and is thus within easy reach of Hollywood and Helen, whom he loves. But Gil and Helen are both so dynamic and attractive that the pattern of their romance is constantly being interrupted by other people who are drawn, often explosively, into their activity-filled lives.  
(played by David Gothard)

CYNTHIA SWANSON, wealthy and, in a studied, sophisticated way, very striking, is doing her best to draw Gil Whitney away from Helen. Her bitterness against Helen dates back to a time when Cynthia and Gil were engaged, and Helen inadvertently came between them. Now the neurotic Cynthia is dominated by twin desires: to re-involve Gil, and to hurt Helen.  
(played by Mary Jane Higby)

# *The Romance of* HELEN TRENT







HELEN TRENT demonstrates in her looks, personality and mind the advantages that a clever woman can develop as she approaches more mature years. Poised and talented, Helen is chief gown designer at a major Hollywood picture studio, International Artists. Intelligently, Helen orders her activities into smooth-running routine, but in the larger emotional aspects of her life, there are often complications. And, very frequently, these complications are caused by men—men who, like Curtis Bancroft, are strongly attracted by Helen's wit and womanly, vital charm.

(Helen Trent is played by Julie Stevens)





CURTIS BANCROFT is something of a man of mystery. Handsome and attractive, he is generally shy and ill at ease with everyone but Helen. Curtis is a man of great wealth—his money having come from Oklahoma oil fields. What Helen, who is definitely attracted to Curtis, does not know is that he is married. That he has kept a secret, for he has fallen in love with Helen. AGNES and NICK COLLINS are Curtis Bancroft's housekeeper and chauffeur. In their early sixties, both have been with the Bancroft family since Curtis was a child, and jealously guard his interests. Both are genuinely fond of him, and constantly are alert for predatory females who are interested not in Curtis alone but in the money and position that go with Bancroft. (Curtis is played by Bartlett Robinson; Agnes is Linda Reid; Nick is Klock Ryder.)

Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, *The Romance of Helen Trent* is heard Monday through Friday, 12:30 P.M., EST, over CBS.





JEFF BRADY is Helen's boss at International Artists Studios—Curtis Bancroft owns fifty-one per cent of the stock and Jeff the remainder. Very fond of Helen, Jeff has known her for many years. He is an astute business man, and is well known and well liked in Hollywood motion picture circles. LYDIA is Jeff Brady's wife. A few years older than Helen, she is Helen's assistant at International Artists, working because she disliked spending so much of her time alone in the big Brady home. Lydia Brady likes Helen, admires her not only as a friend, but for her creative talent as well. (Lydia is Helene Dumas; Jeff is Kenneth Daigneau)

AGATHA ANTHONY is a charming and sympathetic elderly woman who shares Helen Trent's attractive apartment on Palm Drive in Hollywood. Agatha has lived with Helen for many years, sharing not only her home but her troubles and good fortune as well, for she is Helen's closest friend and her confidante. She knows, with her perfect natural instinct for the right thing, when to advise and when to withhold her opinions concerning the men whom Helen attracts. Much older than Helen, of course, Agatha relives her own younger days in the vicarious enjoyment of Helen's exciting life. (played by Bess McCammon)





# Life can be

## THE RIGHT MOMENT

### Radio Mirror's Best Letter of the Month

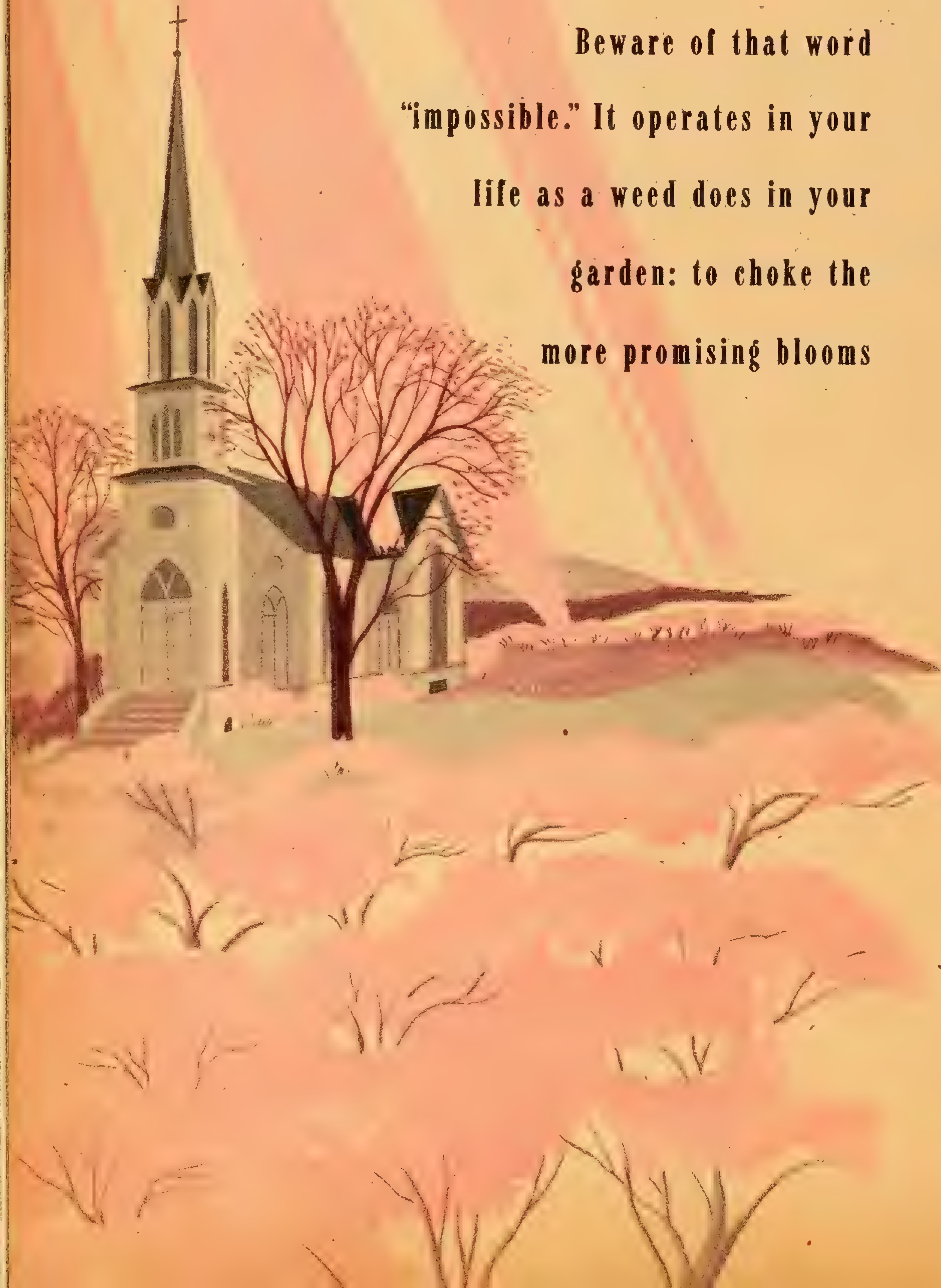
Dear Papa David:

I guess most of us know what the housing shortage has done to the famous American standard of living. But I really believe that those of us who have small children, and are not financially able to own our own homes, feel it far the most.

I grew up on a ranch in the west, with acres of outdoors to roam about and explore, and with all the cats, dogs, and ponies my heart could desire. But I married a city man, and our daughter has never known a home with a yard even as large as a pocket handkerchief. Add to this an intense love for everything outdoors and a passion for every stray cat or dog she sees and you can begin to appreciate the slow heartbreak of seeing a little snub nose pressed for hours against the neighborhood pet shop window, and of hearing my little girl ask, "Mommy, couldn't I even have the littlest puppy? Just until he gets growed too big for our apartment, then I'll give him away." How many times I've swallowed hard and hugged her tight when we would walk through quiet, residential sections of the city and see children romping with their pets, and I could see the desperate longing in her eyes.

Finally, Patsy got her dog. Not very long before her Daddy came back from overseas, we were living with his sister and her two children in their cute little suburban cottage. Her oldest son owned a beautiful black spaniel. One day, her nibs presented us with five cuddly little offsprings. The children were wild with delight. Dotty and I weren't so delighted—a balky furnace, three

Beware of that word  
"impossible." It operates in your  
life as a weed does in your  
garden: to choke the  
more promising blooms





# Beautiful

children, six dogs, and the myriad tasks of holding jobs, while our men were away, and running a house, well, it was more than a bit of a chore.

Then, when Dotty received word her husband was on his way home, I knew that I would have to begin the heartbreaking search for an apartment all over again. After all, the little house would burst at the seams with just one more occupant.

This morning a man drove up in a nice, shiny auto and asked to see the puppies, saying he'd pay ten dollars for his pick of the litter. Patsy stood very quietly watching him as he looked at first one, then the other. But when he picked up her favorite, the little black feller, and said, "I'll take this one," she turned and ran to our room, her shoulders jerking in silent sobs. My heart heavy, I followed her. I tried to explain that when Daddy came home, perhaps we could buy a house, then she could have a puppy.

She looked up at me with tears rolling down her cheeks, and I'll never forget that resigned despair in her childish voice as she answered, "But by the time Daddy's home and we can buy a house, I'll maybe be grown so big I won't care for a puppy."

Well, needless to say, I got her the puppy. I just couldn't take it any longer. And a week later I found an apartment that would include one puppy and one very, very happy little girl.

I learned then that often the things we think are impossible are sometimes so in our minds only. And from my baby, I have learned that if life would be beautiful, we must grasp happiness at the moment it presents itself.

Mrs. L. B.

Radio Mirror's ten-dollar checks have gone to writers of the following letters:

## A LUCKY BREAK

Dear Papa David:

When I was ten years old I was an orphan in an orphanage and not very happy although they were good to me. Besides being unhappy I must have been slightly wayward because I was soon transferred to a reformatory. Life really was tough and miserable there. The guards were big, rough, brutal fellows, our living quarters were unsanitary, the food was bad, and we had no clothing worth mentioning. But we did have plenty of work,—hard, backbreaking work.

On Sunday we always had church service which was held by a preacher from a different church almost every time. So we never got to really know any of them.

After a few years of this kind of life, I began to think there was nothing worth living for, and by the time I had given up all hope of anything better, a very old preacher came to hold services for us. His sermons made me feel better and he sounded so kind I wanted very much to talk

with him personally. I wondered how I would get the chance as we rarely saw the preacher after the services were over. One day I got a lucky break. As we marched out of the chapel the preacher was standing by the door shaking hands with every boy. When my turn came, I said, "Sir, I enjoyed your sermon, and will you please let me talk to you privately?" I was shaking all over and my heart was thumping like our old corn mill because the guards tried to keep us from talking to any outsiders alone. After what seemed ages he said, with a surprised expression on his kindly old face, "Why yes, son, I'll be glad to talk with you. Just wait here with me." After all my worry, it was as easy as that!

No one interfered, so I told him all my troubles, hopes and fears. He seemed to understand what I needed because it wasn't too long before I was out of that place, working at a job I enjoyed and living at his home.

That grand old man is gone now, but he taught me to live the way that makes life beautiful.

M. M. W.

(Continued on page 96)

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## RADIO MIRROR OFFERS \$50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.

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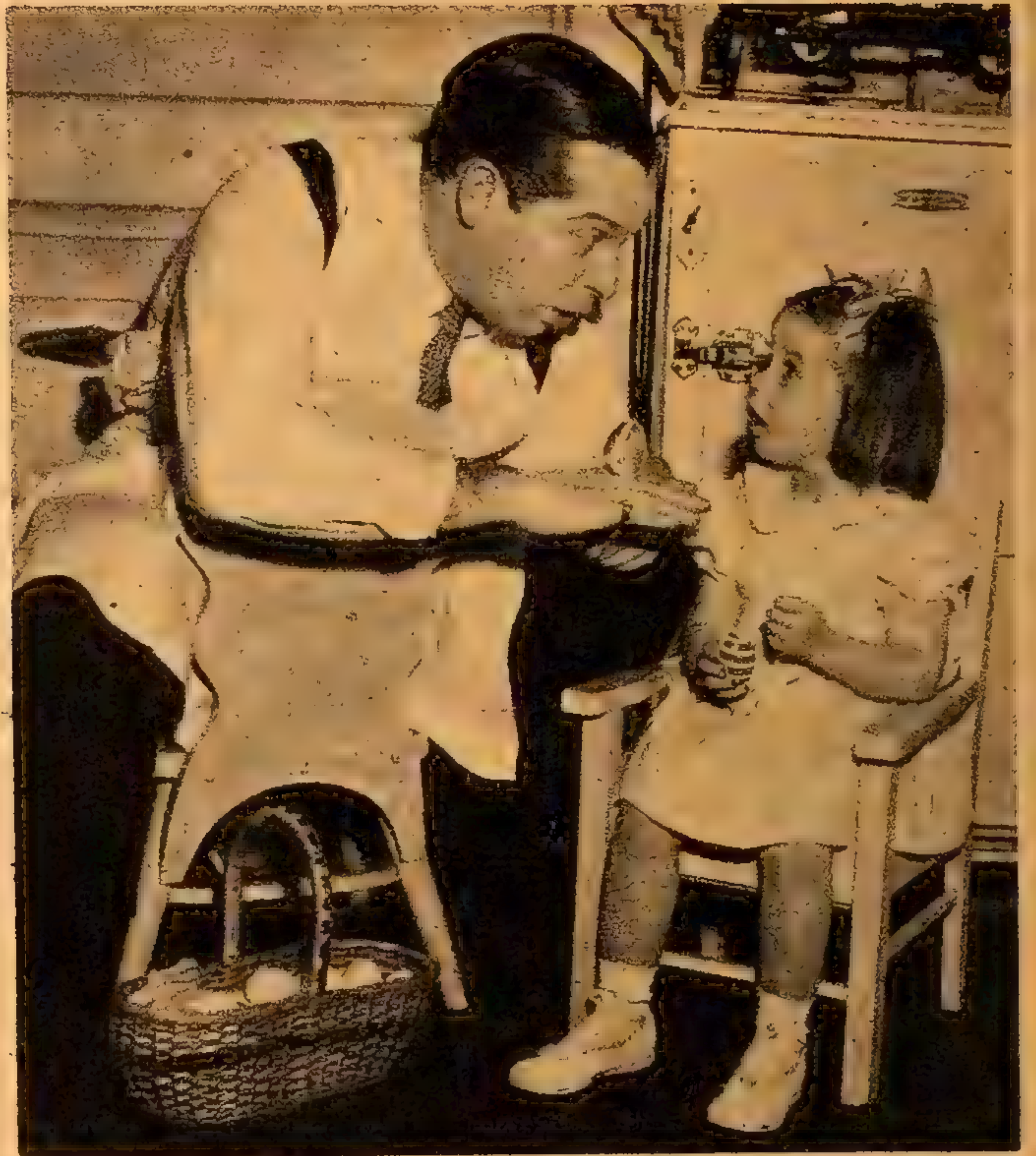


# Happy

Bunnies and colored eggs are for children,

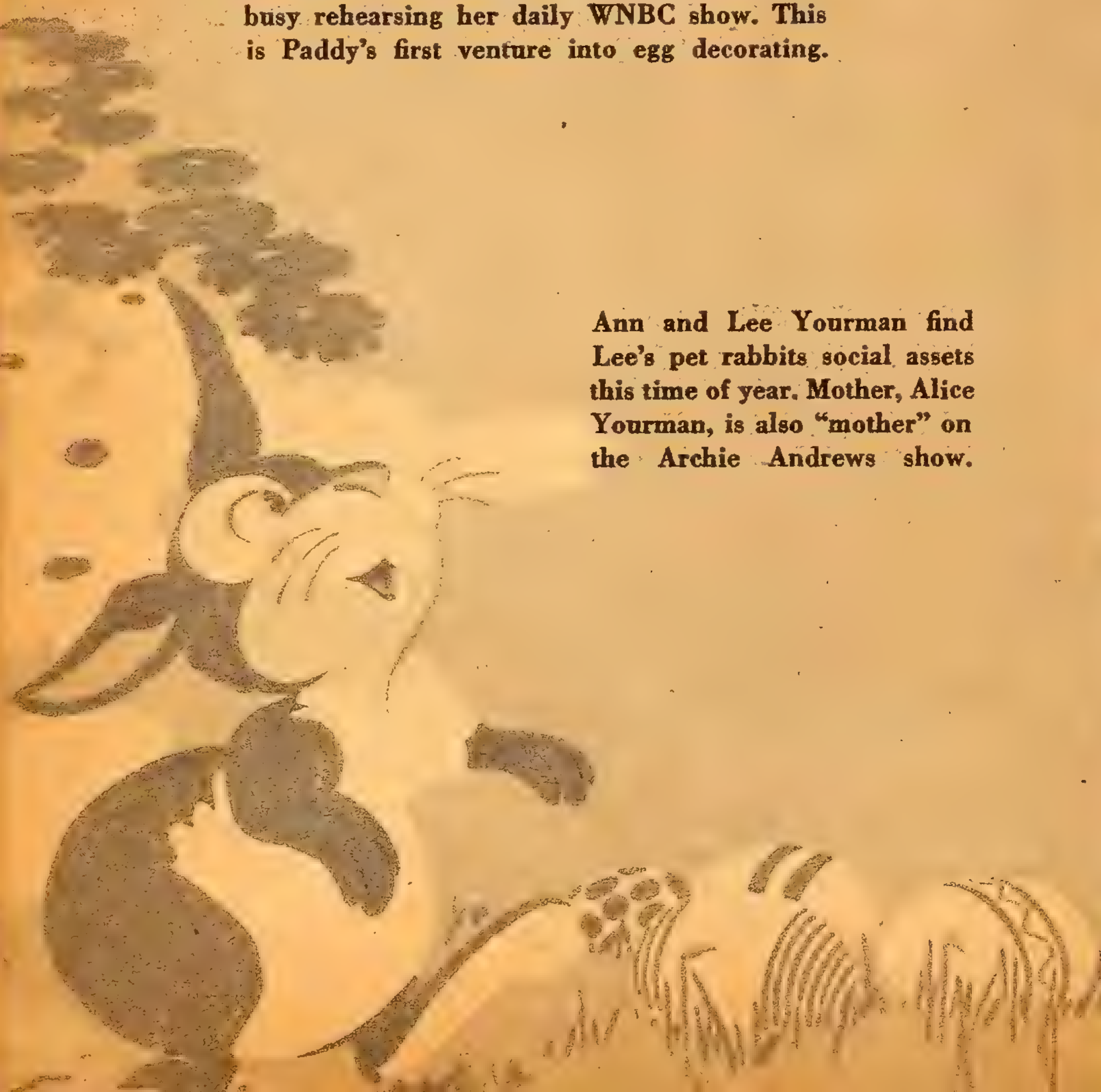


Jinx Falkenburg can always take time out for her young son Paddy McCrary, even when she's busy rehearsing her daily WNBC show. This is Paddy's first venture into egg decorating.



Milton Berle's two-year-old daughter Vickie seems to feel that Daddy, who's always playing jokes anyway, has a trick way of making that egg stand up. She can't manage it at all!

Ann and Lee Yourman find Lee's pet rabbits social assets this time of year. Mother, Alice Yourman, is also "mother" on the Archie Andrews show.





# Easter

but these NBC parents share the fun, too!



Before you can color eggs you have to have eggs to color, Jonnie, son of Jack Berch, discovers. Fortunately, among Berch family pets is a handy egg factory, producing like mad.



Making out a guest list for an Easter egg hunt takes the concentration Len Doyle learned as "Harrington" on Mr. District Attorney. The young Doyles are Lee, 8, Dennis, 3, Terry, 9.



Jonnie, having procured his eggs from the factory, explains the art of egg dyeing to his sister Mollie, while Jack Berch takes time from his daily show to help Mrs. B. do the work.





On the *Bride and Groom* program (daily, 2:30 P.M. EST, ABC) Martin and Vickie spoke with John Nelson before their ceremony, came back later for gifts.



# *Bride and Groom* AND THE MILLION



The Major cost Vickie a fortune—

but he had love, and a ghost, on his side



**F**IVE WEDDINGS a week—that's two hundred and sixty a year—and this is your third year on the air!" exclaimed a recent visitor to *Bride and Groom*. Then, inevitably, he asked the question that's heard so often around our program office, "Where in the world do you find that many engaged couples to appear on your broadcasts?"

Roberta Roberts, hostess and all-around "Gal Friday" for our program, smiled at the familiar question, and, in answer, pointed to the stacks of letters on her desk. "We receive an average of a thousand letters a week," she explained, "and an impressively high percentage of them are from engaged couples wanting to be the 'Bride and Groom' of the day on one of our broadcasts. There may still be a post-war shortage of some things—





The Major or the millionaire?  
Vickie's going-away smile proves  
she made the right choice.

## DOLLAR MARRIAGE



By

JOHN NELSON

but definitely not of good, old-fashioned romance!"

When these letters are received from an engaged couple, they are answered by the mailing of an application, and a request to tell us about themselves and their romance. These details, accompanied by a photograph of the couple, are then submitted to a board of judges—a clergyman, an attorney, and a radio executive—whose decisions are final; and whose identities are not revealed, so that their selections will be on a completely impartial basis.

After a couple is chosen, we are always particularly interested in one point; what prompted their application to Bride and Groom?

Occasionally the reason is an objective one. So many young couples have to count the pennies carefully when

planning marriage—and there have been several cases in which they just couldn't have afforded a wedding except for the many gifts which are presented to each Bride and Groom couple. When the two are sincerely in love, and are approaching marriage with an adult understanding of its importance and responsibility, we have a good feeling about our gifts making it possible for their dream to come true.

Or perhaps they have chosen Bride and Groom as the only way in which their friends and relatives—living in many different parts of the country—can "attend" the wedding.

But there are even more unusual reasons. The one that stands out in my memory most vividly was offered by Major Martin Kadetz when he and his fiancée, Vickie



# Bride and Groom

## AND THE MILLION-DOLLAR MARRIAGE

Lang, came to talk with me about their approaching marriage. Here is the Major's reason for their Bride and Groom appearance:

"I'm so head-over-heels in love with Vickie, and so unbelievably happy that she's really going to be my wife, that I want the whole world to know about it. Being on Bride and Groom gives me a chance to shout it from the roof-tops on a coast-to-coast basis!"

When a man is that much in love, there must be something special about the girl. And there is. At nineteen, Vickie Lang—tiny, blonde, and blue-eyed—rated just about at the top of the cute brides-to-be who have visited our studio at the Chapman Park Hotel in Hollywood.

Vickie is an aspiring actress, and motion picture studios were the lure that brought her to California from her home in Minneapolis. She lived with relatives in Los Angeles during her opening campaign in what she calls "the battle of the casting agencies." A fairly successful campaign, too, though she bemoans the fact that "most of my best scenes wound up as only decorations . . . on the cutting-room floor!"

But hopes are high when you're young and beautiful, and Vickie's enthusiasm for California increased so much that she finally convinced her family that they, too, should exchange Minnesota for the Pacific Coast.

Major Kadetz—a regular Army officer in the Medical Corps, who was then stationed at nearby San Bernardino—came into the picture about then. "Purely on a conversational basis at first," he admits. "We had a mutual friend who probably bored Vickie to tears (though she insists he made me sound interesting) by singing my praises to her. And whenever I'd see this friend, he'd go into almost poetical descriptions of the girl 'who was just made for you!'"

The only factual things the Major could discover from his praise-singing friend was that Vickie was an expert swimmer and spent a lot of time at the Beverly Hills Club, which had a beautiful pool. "By that time, my friend had me so built up about Vickie that I started combing my acquaintances for mem-

bers of the club, and then badgering them for an invitation."

Finally he saw her. "I'll always remember that first meeting with Vickie for two reasons," the Major said. "First, she was the most attractive girl I had ever seen—tailor-made for all the dreams my heart had ever had of The Girl. The second reason wasn't a happy one—I saw that she had a boy-friend, and a very attentive one."

It took a bit of maneuvering for Major Kadetz to arrange an introduction, but what's a little maneuvering for a military man who's found the girl who fits into every dream?

"I liked Martin from the first moment of our meeting," Vickie said. "If he had only guessed how much I liked him, what a lot of needless worry he'd have escaped."

The worry came about through the "very attentive boy-friend." Whenever the Major and Vickie would casually swim off together toward one of the less-crowded corners of the pool, there'd be a loud splash, and there'd be the boy-friend. Finally the Major determined to face the situation out, and asked Vickie how important the boy-friend was in her present and future plans.

"That's difficult to answer," said Vickie. "We've known each other for almost a year now; and for the past few months we've been going pretty steadily together."

But she hadn't said anything about "engagement" or "wedding plans," so the Major's hopes and heart soared high again. That is, until he said casually to the member who had invited him on his twentieth visit to the club, "I was afraid Vickie was already spoken for, the day I first met her, but now that I know I've got a chance there isn't any kind of competition that could impress me."

The friend looked at him doubtfully. "Not even a million dollars?"

"Of course not! Why. . . ." the Major's voice lost some of its assurance as he saw that the other was not joking. "You mean that boy-friend. . . .?"

The club member nodded. "He's very definitely a millionaire. Why, didn't you know you were battling in that kind of league?"

But the dazed Major didn't answer—he was walking away slowly, trying to take in what he'd just heard. "Oh, I know," he laughed later, "in all the stories it always turns out that the poor but proud hero sweeps the heroine off her feet while billionaires plead in vain for her hand in marriage. But this was real life, not a scenario. If the fellow had been a heel or something, I wouldn't have worried so much. But he wasn't. He was a good guy, popular with everyone—and he was a millionaire. I was just too stubborn, though, to give up. That, and the fact that I knew Vickie was the one girl I could love with all my heart."

He did make one concession to the millionaire competition, though—whenever he managed to bring up the subject of marriage, in his talks with Vickie, he very carefully kept it on a teasing basis. "I saw through that from the first," laughed Vickie. "He was sort of propagandizing me about marrying him, but by doing it in a kidding way he was side-stepping the chance of being coldly rejected." (Cont'd on page 70)

Deeply in love, Martin and Vickie made their vows straight from the heart.





# TELEVISION

The year 1948 marks the same exciting phase in the development of television that her coming-out ball does to a debutante: it is an entrance into the world of larger affairs. Television felt its way experimentally in previous years. Now, with major networks ready to start construction on video stations all over the country, with large-scale advertisers convinced that television has come of age as a practicable advertising medium, with lower-priced receivers increasingly available, both the industry and the public have come to feel that this, at last, is the year in which television will become an operative part of everyone's life. Radio Mirror, therefore, enlarges its service to readers by launching, with these statements from the four chief chains, the new Television Department. Check it every month for a reliable guide to television's progress.

NBC, which has pioneered in television since 1930, operates the nation's first video network. Anchored on NBC's New York outlet WNBT, the stations are WPTZ in Philadelphia, WRGB in Schenectady and WNBW in Washington. Soon to be added are WBAL-TV in Baltimore and WBZ-TV in Boston.

Meantime, NBC is constructing stations in Chicago and Los Angeles. Each of these will be the focal point for regional networks in the midwest and far west. Predictions are that coast-to-coast facilities will be available by 1950 to interconnect these regional networks in the three sections of the country to form a nationwide network.

Frank E. Mullen, NBC executive vice president, says that by the end of 1948 there will be fifty stations on the air, 1,000,000 receivers in the homes of viewers, and a potential audience of 40,000,000 persons for television in this country.

## NBC

## ABC

For ABC, 1948 marks the end of an era of program experimentation over the facilities of other video transmitters, and the construction of its own stations in the important population centers. The network plans to put five completely equipped television stations on the air before the end of the year. All will be ABC-owned and operated.

WENR-TV, in Chicago, will probably blaze the trail. Scheduled to open in September, the Chicago transmitter and studios will be located in the Civic Opera Building. In November ABC will telecast the first pictures from its Detroit station, and later in the year Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York will enter the fold.

New York's ABC station transmission towers will be on the Chrysler Building. The Los Angeles site will be on Mount Wilson. Coincidental with the opening of the five stations, steps will be taken to create a national video network.

In the past year CBS Television expanded its operations substantially and nearly doubled its scheduled "on the air" hours. Approximately 50% of the total was commercial time. Both figures should increase in 1948 when, in all probability, programming will reach a regular seven-day basis for the first time. All network spokesmen agreed in anticipating that television will reach a billion-dollar industry status within a very few years.

CBS Television coverage in 1947 brought viewers many colorful sports events. These sports exclusives will be continued in 1948, together with expanded television coverage in all types of programs.

An application by CBS for Chicago and Boston television outlets are pending before the FCC. These stations will be part of the CBS Eastern Seaboard network, forerunner of a national chain.

## CBS

## MBS

In 1948, Mutual plans considerable expansion of its television activities, an expansion for which groundwork has been laid by research and experimentation.

Mutual is a member of the Television Broadcasters Association. Jack R. Poppele, president of TBA, is a director of Mutual and several key executives of MBS have been individually active in pioneering developments of television.

Also, Mutual affiliated stations hold construction permits for two television stations and have applications pending for eight others. In addition, dual affiliates have construction permits for four stations and an application pending for one, all pointing to Mutual's participation in television on a network scale. Mutual's Chicago affiliate, WGN, already has a commercial television station on the air, and Don Lee's pioneer station in Los Angeles operates on an experimental permit.





Aquatic fashion show from Park Central pool: Tex, Jinx, Lee Cooley and model.

Not all lost dogs appear on the "Lost Dog" section; Jinx couldn't resist this fellow.



## HOME-SERVICE

# Club

**T**EX and Jinx McCrary's Swift Home Service Club, NBC Television's first regular commercial daytime program, is patterned after a woman's magazine with weekly features including fashions, cooking demonstrations, home decorations, interviews, "shorts"—everything that could appear in a woman's magazine.

The two regular "experts" who appear with Tex and Jinx each week are home economist Martha Logan and home decoration expert Sandra Gahle. Then, through guests, the McCrarys m. c. specialist-eyeviews of other aspects of the woman's world. You can even play games; guest experts have demonstrated Charades as an extra-special feature.

NBC execs Alley and Wade helped McCrarys, agency man Cooley scoop on British wedding.

Special feature day: columnist Earl Wilson and wife, radio writer Elaine Carrington.



Home economist Martha Logan supplies Tex with samples from NBC's complete kitchen.





# People in TELEVISION



**B**ETTY RHODES, blue-eyed singing star, is known in Hollywood as "First Lady of Television," a title given her by television engineers in the early nineteen-thirties, when she began working with them on video makeup.

Coming west with her parents at the age of nine, she sang on a small station in Berkeley, California, but after a few months moved to Hollywood with Al Pearce and his gang to join the staff of radio station KHJ, and sang on a long list of glamor radio shows (Al Jolson, Tony Martin, Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney and Spike Jones) although she was a youngster in pigtails. It was the quality of her voice even then that attracted attention. Now, Betty is concentrating on her Victor contracts. According to disc jockeys, the vivid blonde Betty is as much an audience favorite as an engineers'.

**G**IL FATES, all-round video master-of-ceremonies and producer at CBS Television Station WCBS-TV, currently broadcasts special events, sports and other program features, with a sense of humor that is bringing him to the forefront in the new medium. Fates has been identified with CBS Television since May, 1941, except for time out in military service with the Coast Guard. He is heard on such programs as the Circus, Silver Skates, basketball and track. He also produces Scrapbook, Junior Edition.

An actor and stage manager before coming into television, Gil traveled with Alexander Woolcott in "The Man Who Came To Dinner"; Joan Bennett in "Stage Door"; Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in "The American Way." In fact, he made his application at CBS just before going on the road with the "Dinner" show. He didn't expect the quick reactions the application drew. But his response was just as quick—he forthwith left the cast and returned to CBS.



**C**HUCK TRANUM'S business is television; he is a staff announcer at Station WABD, key outlet of the DuMont Television Company. Chuck announces four shows a week, Swing into Sports on Monday nights and Sport Names to Remember on Monday, Tuesday and Friday nights. He also manages the WABD Guest Relations Department.

Mr. Tranum was born thirty-one years ago in Johnson City, Tennessee. Television didn't occur to him as a career until after his Army discharge. He studied Radio Production at the University of Southern California, then switched across country to the Radio Course at New York University. From a page's job at WABD, he graduated to announcing. What happens to announcers? Well, they become m.c.s—and Chuck Tranum hopes he'll be no exception. That's what he's aiming at.



**J**ON GNAGY, an artist who started out with a nervous breakdown and ended up with some exciting new theories about art, demonstrates those theories in one of television's pioneer programs — You Are An Artist, televised Thursday

nights at 9 EST on WNBT.

Born of Mennonite parents in Pretty Prairie, Kansas, about 38 years ago, Gnagy arrived in art the hard way: through advertising. Overwork paved the way for the nervous breakdown which forced him to relax, and gave him time to consider such question as "What is art?" He emerged with a conception of drawing as simple forms that can be grasped by any amateur, and which, it turned out, had therapeutic as well as artistic value.

You Are An Artist makes Gnagy's instructions available to anyone who has access to a television receiver. His easy, friendly manner and simple exposition make the program attractive to the least art-minded listener.





## WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO

**M**ARKET Research Service of New York recently completed a survey for Allen B. DuMont Laboratories, which showed that most New Yorkers and residents of nearby communities who buy television receivers will do so in order to see sporting events. It could be that this leaning toward sports on the part of the majority of people interested in television is due to the fact that up to now sports have been handled better than any other form of video presentation. There's also the fact that television makes it easier for sports fans to follow their favorite teams and players. It costs less and you needn't stir from your hearthside.

\* \* \*

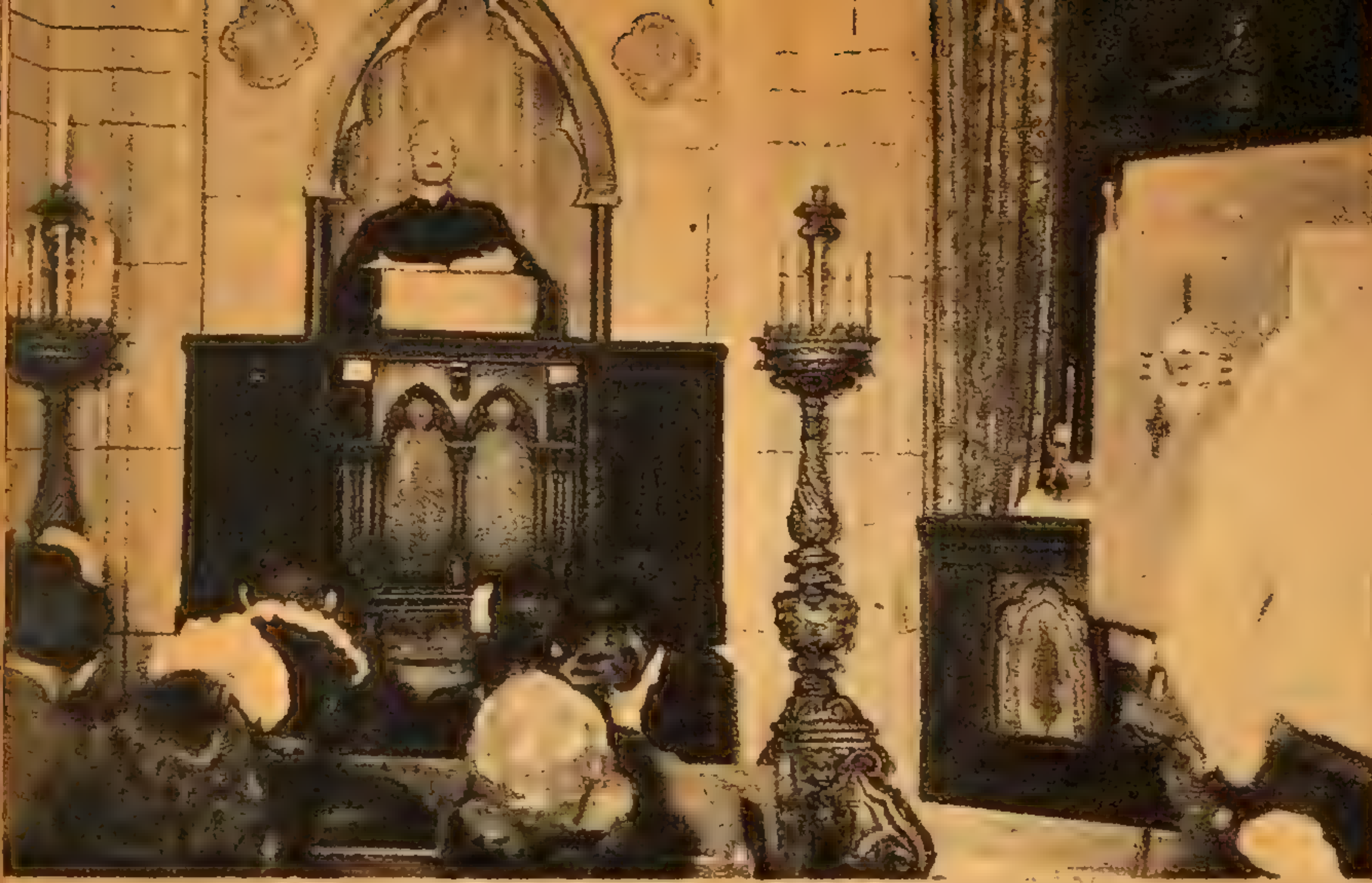
In case you're interested in how much it costs to buy air time on television—WCBS-TV has a new rate card for 1948. Charge for air time now is \$400 per hour. WABD, key outlet of the DuMont network, has a rate of \$800 an hour. No figures yet on other stations.

\* \* \*

Like all fairly new industries, television is now suffering from a kind of scramble for personnel with the necessary training. The competition is terrific. To lessen this competition, Station WBKB in Chicago announced a plan to solve this situation. Ad agencies, labor unions, schools and colleges have been invited to send executives of their staffs to WBKB to gain actual television experience by working with WBKB crews. On the more technical side, NBC has established an 18-month training school for television technicians and engineers. This is for young men with college education, preferably unmarried, with some scientific background. They are paid \$145 a month while taking the course and are trained in all phases of telecasting. After their training is complete they are placed either in NBC's New York outfit, or sent to NBC affiliates all over the country.

\* \* \*

Talk of anachronisms. Those Penny Arcades on Broadway where you can still drop a penny in the slot and turn a handle and see those buxom Gay Nineties ladies being coy with the



WNBT (NBC Television) enacts in its Studio 3-H Easter season services for New York audiences.



Familiar now on television as on radio are Jack Bailey and his Queen For A Day. (Don Lee.)



Eddie Bracken, Jerry Colonna: time out from radio for television movies before Paramount cameras.



WBNT and the Theatre Guild combine to produce "Blithe Spirit".





Burr Tillstrom, above, of Chicago's only television station, WBKB, is the voice as well as the creator of puppets on Kukla, Fran and Ollie, daily one-hour program for children six to sixty.

mustachioed villains are now featuring combination juke box and television receiving sets!

\* \* \*

Nobody can say that film actors' agents aren't up on their toes. They've decided that television is a swell means for drawing the attention of movie producers to the talents of their clients. One top agent is making his own package video shows for this purpose.

\* \* \*

Television is on the upswing, but it still suffers from a lack of that (Continued on page 88)

Feminine rivalry is rife among Fran, Mercedes and Madame Oglepuss, right. Below are Fletcher, Beulah, Kukla himself, and Ollie.





# - And a Little Child

Every child needs home  
ties—every heart needs a  
child. So, for their hearts'  
sake, the Smiths decided  
to become Foster Parents!

By JACK SMITH

**I** FIRST laid eyes on my daughter Johanna in a far different way than most fathers do. Instead of peering at her through a glass window in a hospital, I went out to La Guardia Airport and watched her climb down the steps of an airplane. She was flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, and six years old. And her first words to me were: "Mein pappa Yak Smeeth!"

Johanna is, you see, my "adopted" daughter from Holland. Until she came to America on a visit a couple of months ago, I had only seen snapshots of her, although I had been sending money for her support for four months by that time. She is now back home again, and I will continue to send money to her in Holland, where she lives with her two sisters, one brother, and her grandmother. Not that it dents my wallet much to support her for one month. It costs fifteen dollars! Yes, it is that small an amount—not much to keep a growing six-year-old fed and clothed.

But back to the airport. Johanna wasn't the only "adopted" European child who arrived on that day—there were five of them. A Belgian boy (adopted by Mary Pickford in the same way I adopted Johanna), two English girls (adopted by Ginny Simms and the City of Chicago), and an Italian boy—adopted by Minerva Pious, who is radio's "Mrs. Nussbaum" of the Fred Allen show.

My Johanna was by far the youngest—most of them were between twelve and fourteen. And what a six-year-old is Johanna! She has more pep than any twelve kids, and she came down from the airplane talking a blue streak (in Dutch), chewing gum like mad—she'd only discovered gum for the first time on the plane, and she loved it—and telling anyone who'd listen about how she had thrown snowballs when the plane stopped at Newfoundland. Fortunately for me, the Netherlands ambassador was there to meet the plane, and he translated Johanna's garrulous conversation. Meanwhile I presented her with a doll as big as she was—I'd known ahead of time that a doll was her heart's desire.

She almost dropped her gum in her excitement. For a minute she stood silently staring at the doll's blonde hair and lacy clothes and then she screamed in Dutch, "Dolls like this we haven't in Holland!" At this point (Continued on page 84)

Jack Smith stars in a fifteen-minute musical program every weekday night, Monday through Friday, at 7:15 EST, on CBS network stations.



To little Dutch-blond Johanna,  
America was oranges, new clothes,  
my wife Vicki and "mein pappa Yak Smeeth."







With her housekeeper's help, Barbara Jo keeps the Morrell ranchhouse under control. She takes all her responsibilities—including Elmer the ringtailed monkey—very seriously.



# Meet

**H**ER honor, the Mayor of Woodland Hills, stepped from the door of her spacious ranch home into her waiting station-wagon. A little frown creased her brow as she cogitated on affairs of state: the new postoffice—the newly planned community center—the bus lines—the tin can pick-up service for the housewives—new homes. She stopped the car at the first door down the winding street and rang the bell of one of her many constituents.

When the door opened, she almost said —“How do you do? I’m Mrs. Norman Morrell. May I come in?” That’s what she’d naturally say.

Then she remembered.

“Yoo hoo! It’s me!” she caroled.

“Vera Vague—it’s Vera Vague!” The delighted neighbor, unconsciously paraphrasing the welcome that Bob Hope gives to his frantic, frustrated old-maid character every Tuesday evening on the National Broadcasting Company’s Bob Hope Show, ushered Her Honor the

Hear Barbara Jo Allen as Vera Vague with





triple life, when she was inaugurated.



# *the Mayor*

Mayor into the house. Actually he was welcoming Barbara Jo Allen, actress, who is in private life Mrs. Norman Morrell; but to the whole community of Woodland Hills and to her millions of devoted radio listeners, she *must* always be Vera Vague. They will have no other.

This, in spite of the fact that she doesn't—in real life—look like Vera Vague. Nor act like Vera Vague. Can you see Vera as The Mayor of anything—the fluttery, simpering, man-crazy spinster, who blights her own elegance with her frequent lapses into the language of the fish-wife?

The mayoralty proves that the creator of Vera Vague is everything that old gal would like to be and isn't. Barbara Jo is elegant. She has charm and poise and is gladsome to the eye—her dark hair has shiny copperish glints in it and her eyes are a lovely blue. She is happily married. She is well-read, intelligent, cultured. Her voice is low and musical, in decided contrast to Vera (*Continued on page 71*)

*Meet the keeper of the keys  
to Woodland Hills—and find  
out how wrong you can be  
about Bob Hope's Vera Vague!*

By IRIS NOBLE



# THE AMOS



*The more it  
changes, the  
more it's the  
same: as good  
for a half  
hour as it was  
for a quarter*

**T**HE AMOS 'n' Andy Show is your destination tonight. RADIO MIRROR has made you a present of two front row seats for this perennially beloved program, which, in January, started its twenty-third year on the air. You'll be going to the NBC Studios in Hollywood's own Radio City, to see Amos and Andy in person, and all the

rest of the cast, playing their parts just as you hear them on the air.

This is the second of a new series of features, designed for readers who have protested that the people who live in New York or Chicago or Hollywood are the only ones who ever get to see the big radio programs as they are broadcast. Here in Studio B



# ANDY SHOW

# SO

# TE



you're part of an audience of about three hundred, but RADIO MIRROR has seated you so close to the stage that you have an excellent view of, left to right:

John Lake, announcer; Glenn Y. Middleton, producer; Ray Ferguson, engineer; Art Gilmore, announcer; Charlotte Crandall, script secretary; Ed Max, actor; Lou Lubin,

who plays Shorty the Barber; Ernestine Wade, who is Sapphire Stevens; Eddie Green, who plays Stonewall, the lawyer; Jeff Alexander, musical director; Amos—Freeman Gosden; Andy—Charles Correll; the choral group, and the Jubalaires. The Amos 'n' Andy Show is heard every Tuesday night, 6 P.M., PST, 9 P.M., EST, on NBC stations.





Why not cake for dessert? Your favorite variety reaches the oven in a few minutes via the quick-mix method.



# QUICK and EASY

SOMETIMES I think that we are all in too much of a hurry. We hardly have time to stop and breathe these days. During the war many of us got into the habit of pushing ourselves just as far as we could and now that there is peace to work for and try to keep—we have just never let down. But with all the things we must cram into one day it's good to have a few short-cut recipes up our sleeves. That is why I chose these particular cake recipes for you. They always seem to fit into my day.

In these recipes there is no creaming the shortening and then gradually adding the sugar, then the eggs and dry ingredients alternately with the milk. No, sir! Just measure the ingredients into a large bowl—stir a certain number of times and before you know it the cake batter is ready to pour into the pans and bake. One thing to remember, though, is that shortening, eggs and milk must be at room temperature. So I just set these things out of the refrigerator to warm up a bit before I start. Another thing I do is to always count the strokes out loud when I am stirring the cake. An electric beater makes the job even easier, if you have one. But, believe me, the trump card is that beautiful light, feathery cake—truly an ace from the cake bowl.

## Rich Layer Cake

- $\frac{2}{3}$  cup shortening
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 eggs

Soften shortening in a large bowl. Measure flour, baking powder and salt and add to softened shortening. Stir in combined milk and vanilla until flour is dampened. Beat until batter is smooth (100 strokes by hand). Add eggs one at a time and beat just until it disappears. Pour into two prepared 8-inch layer cake pans. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Frost with Caramel Fluffy Frosting. Garnish with walnuts, sprinkle with coconut. Makes 1 (8-inch) layer cake.

## Caramel Fluffy Frosting

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water
- 1 tablespoon corn syrup, light
- 2 egg whites
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

By  
**KATE SMITH**

**RADIO MIRROR**  
**FOOD COUNSELOR**



Listen to Kate Smith Speaks, heard Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EST, on Mutual network stations.

Place 1 cup sugar in a skillet over very low heat and allow to melt slowly until it turns to a rich golden brown. Place remaining sugar in a saucepan with water and corn syrup. Stir in caramelized sugar and boil to the soft ball stage (238°F.). Beat egg whites and salt until stiff but not dry. Gradually pour in a thin stream of hot syrup, beating continuously until frosting is cool and of spreading consistency. Makes frosting enough for tops and sides of 8-inch layer cake.

## Peach Filled Loaf Cake

Use recipe for Rich Layer Cake and substitute any fruit juice for milk. Pour into a prepared 8x5x3-inch loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (325°F.) for 40-50 minutes. Turn out on cake rack to cool. When cold, cut wedge out of center of cake and invert on rack. Frost sides of cake with Almond Butter Cream Frosting. Fill cake with 1 package frozen peaches or cubed pineapple. Frost cut side of inverted wedge of cake and place on top of fruit. Makes 1 filled (8-inch) loaf cake. Apricots or berries, frozen or fresh, may also be used as filling.

## Almond Butter Cream Frosting

- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup shortening
- 1 pound confectioners' sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk (about)
- 2 teaspoons almond flavoring

Cream shortening and add sugar. Add milk slowly, then beat until smooth and creamy and add flavoring. More milk may be added if necessary to make frosting of spreading consistency. Add only a drop or two of milk at a time. Spread between layers, over top and sides of an 8-inch layer cake. (Continued on page 83)



RADIO MIRROR  
READER BONUS

*The Life of*  
**JACK  
BENNY**

**BY PAULINE SWANSON**

It was Jack Benny's parents who made that date for him at the top. But the way he kept



WHAT makes a winner? What makes a comedian whose grip on popularity grows tighter every season, whose public has just draped him with a wide blue ribbon as "Best Comedian" in RADIO MIRROR'S Awards for 1947?

"It's not enough to be good enough. It has to be as good as you can make it."

If Jack Benny's mother said that to her gangly-legged boy once, she said it a thousand times. She was a gentle, blue-eyed, physically fragile woman—and firm as a rock.

Sometimes it came up over the report cards, and if the grades weren't A's, the homework schedule was tightened.

Usually, it was about the violin, and Mrs. Kubelsky was patient when she said it, sitting at the piano, ready to start from the beginning again of some difficult piece Jack was working up for Saturday's violin lesson at his Chicago music college.

And she nearly always said it as they rode back toward Waukegan in the street car after the lesson was over.

"You'll just have to practice more this week," was her conclusion if the session with Jack's music teacher had been less than triumphant. "You can do it better."

And all the next week Benny Kubelsky was indoors playing the fiddle, improving, polishing, getting it right, while his friends were outdoors playing baseball.

Jack's mother died at forty-seven—and Jack never thinks of it even now without a pang that she saw none of his success—but something that she implanted in him when he was still in short pants goes on ticking away in his machinery, making him the great perfectionist of show business, the man with the million dollar jitters.

Fifty-three now, after sixteen years on the air the best paid and consistently the most popular star in radio, as indigenous a part of Sunday for twenty-five million Americans as ham and eggs and the funny paper, Jack Benny is still improving, polishing, getting it right.

Those early sessions with his mother are half-forgotten now, and he would scoff at any suggestion that his childhood was any more painful or arduous than any other kid's, but everybody who works for him knows that with Jack it's not enough to be good enough. So—like the boss—they make it as good as they can make it.

Education and the arts—what they liked to think of as culture and American "advantages"—loomed particularly large to families like the Kubelskys. Only one generation and one ocean away from a life which was barely more than a cruel struggle for existence, they marveled at the chances to "be somebody" every boy and girl had in this big friendly country, and worked harder than ever to insure their children's future.

Being a boy and the first-born, Jack was the focal point of all of his parents' hopes. By the time his sister, Florence, was born six years after him the fires had simmered down a little, and the little girl could take her time growing up.

But not Jack. By the time he was fifteen, he had quit school to get on with his career. He was what his parents had wanted—a professional violinist—although so far just one of an orchestra in the pit of the Waukegan theater.

Had the elder Kubelskys known that this first job would prove the first step into show business, they undoubtedly would not have permitted it. Jack dreamed of the bright lights and gay times of the theater—envied the carefree vaudevillians to whom Waukegan was just a one-night stand. He confided all this to his one close friend, Julius Sinykin, a Waukegan merchant. But not to his parents.

For them, the job in the pit was the means to another

end—as "educational" as high school, in which Jack, at best, had been disinterested, and lucrative enough to pay for more and better violin lessons. It was to pave the way for his ultimate fame and success as a concert star.

When Minnie Palmer, the Marx Brothers' mother and their business manager, tried to lure Jack—he was sixteen then—away from Waukegan and his family to go on the road with her sons, the Kubelskys were horrified.

Vaudeville! Why, the boy might as well join the circus, or a cheap carnival. Their Jack, who was going to be a great artist!

Frightened now—for Jack had begged to be allowed to go—alarmed that their little boy was revolting at his little boy status and "getting ideas"—they became stricter than ever.

Customers in Father Kubelsky's little store bought their suits and shoes to the rhythm of scales and exercises. Jack was practicing in the family apartment upstairs.

Mrs. Kubelsky was in bed a lot of the time now. She was to die of cancer three years later, but if she knew it then she didn't tell the family. She never tired of the monotonous, repetitious fiddling.

If the boy did, and he frequently did—his father could fix that.

"All right, then," he would say, "if you have no ambition, come on down with me and work in the store."

In actuality it was an empty threat, for his father's business could not have survived for very long the strain of Jack's "help." It was one of his father's favorite stories that Jack, left to watch the store for a single lunch hour, "charged" two expensive suits to a customer but neglected to get his name, and paid another one out of the cash drawer the \$48.93 for which he had been billed.

Secretly, the father was proud that his son was such a bad salesman. Just because he had had to wait on people behind a counter all his life was no reason why his son should. His son was going to do something better than his parents had ever been able to do.

"It's not enough to be good enough," Jack's mother used to say. All his co-workers know that line now, by heart.



it . . . that was strictly his own idea



## THE LIFE OF JACK BENNY

Everybody's son could try for that, in America.

About Jack's withdrawal from other traditions of the family's past, his father was not so philosophical.

He was alarmed at his boy's casual unconcern—the whole younger generation was guilty of apathy, for that matter—for the orthodox religion of his parents.

"Look, I'm not irreligious, Dad," the boy would say after one of their frequent clashes on the subject. "But why do you have to take it so hard? Why can't religion be something you feel good about?"

But for the older man God was still a frightening God. And on occasion, in His name, Meyer Kubelsky did frightening things.

Once, when Jack had failed to show up at the synagogue on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, he came home to find his father in a towering rage.

White and rigid, he barred the door to the boy, and crying out that he would teach him to make light of serious things, he struck him twice across the face with the nearest thing at hand.

Then he saw what it was—his sacred prayer book.

The rage receded as fast as it had boiled up, and he stood there stricken. He had struck his child, and with a prayer book. His father's visible remorse cut the boy much deeper than the punishment.

The older man disappeared for several hours after the incident, and the whole family suffered for him. But when he came back, he had made his peace. He had found a rationalization.

"You probably don't know it, son," he said—and he hadn't known it himself until that moment—"but it is a blessing to be hit in the head with the Holy Book."

The happy holidays, at Passover, were the wonderful ones. Then the whole house smelled good for days from the special cooking. The great feast, the Seder, with his mother lighting the ceremonial candles, and his father—in the traditional black cap—reading from the Haggadah of the emancipation of the Jewish people from Egypt while he, the first-born son, self-importantly read the responses—all this made his family, and more, his People, meaningful to the sensitive boy.

Even after he left Waukegan, to travel with a violin-piano act—it was vaudeville, but it was still serious music, which softened the blow for his parents—he managed always to come home for the Seder.

If his childhood had been more work than play he didn't know it, and home was always a lovely place to come back to, where he knew he was loved and welcome, and where, even if he were broke and jobless, it was taken for granted that the setback was temporary because the Kubelskys' boy had an appointment to meet somebody up there at the top.

**A**CTUALLY, if Jack Benny were headed for the top in those first years of his theatrical career, it was on an almost imperceptible grade.

His vaudeville act was prosperous enough, but it was no headliner. His first partner, a woman old enough to be his mother, had retired and been replaced by another pianist, a young man named Lyman Woods.

They got a comfortable number of bookings, as far west as Seattle—even one series of engagements in England. Jack was relaxing and having fun on his own for the first time in his life, seeing the world, making friends. (It is characteristic of Jack that a lot of these first show-business friends are still his pals and confidants.)

The echo of his mother's voice in his own ambition was not prodding him too hard as yet. He was a young man, and had come a long way. There was plenty of time to cover the rest of the distance.

In 1917, however two things happened which reminded Jack forcibly of the whirling hands of the clock.

One was the death of his mother. The other was

that the United States declared war on Germany.

Called home unexpectedly from the road to find his father distraught, his sister exhausted from twenty-four-hour nursing duty, and his mother—whom he had always thought indomitable, invincible—frighteningly thin and white in her bed, he felt with a shock that he had failed.

"She is going to die," he told himself, "and I haven't made it. I haven't become what she wanted me to be."

She lay half-alive, half-conscious, on her bed for ten days after Jack arrived.

Once or twice, she tried to talk to him.

"You will keep on studying," she said once. It was not a question, but an affirmation.

She was stronger than he was, still the strongest will of them all.

Jack secretly resolved, as he sat there holding his mother's hand, that he *would* study more, work harder, be better, be best. It was what she wanted, and her dying without seeing it happen made it all the more important that he bring it off.

But he was not to be free to do what she wanted—not yet.

With all the other young men of the country he was swept up into the war to "save democracy."

It was just luck that the war—a disaster in so many lives—was decisive in turning the second-rate violinist into a first-rate comedian.

On his Naval registration blank, when he enlisted, after the word "occupation" he wrote "musician."

A few weeks later, the brass took away his deck-swabbing equipment and gave him back his fiddle.

He was assigned to Great Lakes Naval Training Station, specifically to the cast of a revue which Lieutenant Dave Wolf was whipping into shape to go on the road for Naval Relief.

There was a small part for a comedian who could play a violin.

"I'm a violinist who can tell a joke," Jack volunteered. He had been trying out a bit of patter in his act with Woods, and found it comfortable.

Wolf was dubious, but he told Jack to try it. By the time the show opened, the bit was padded and rewritten—by Jack—into one of the fattest parts in the revue. By the close of the run he was Navy's comedy star—big time at last, and chronically ill of stage fright.

The million dollar jitters had set in, and they grew worse as the safe, solid and familiar violin became more and more a prop.

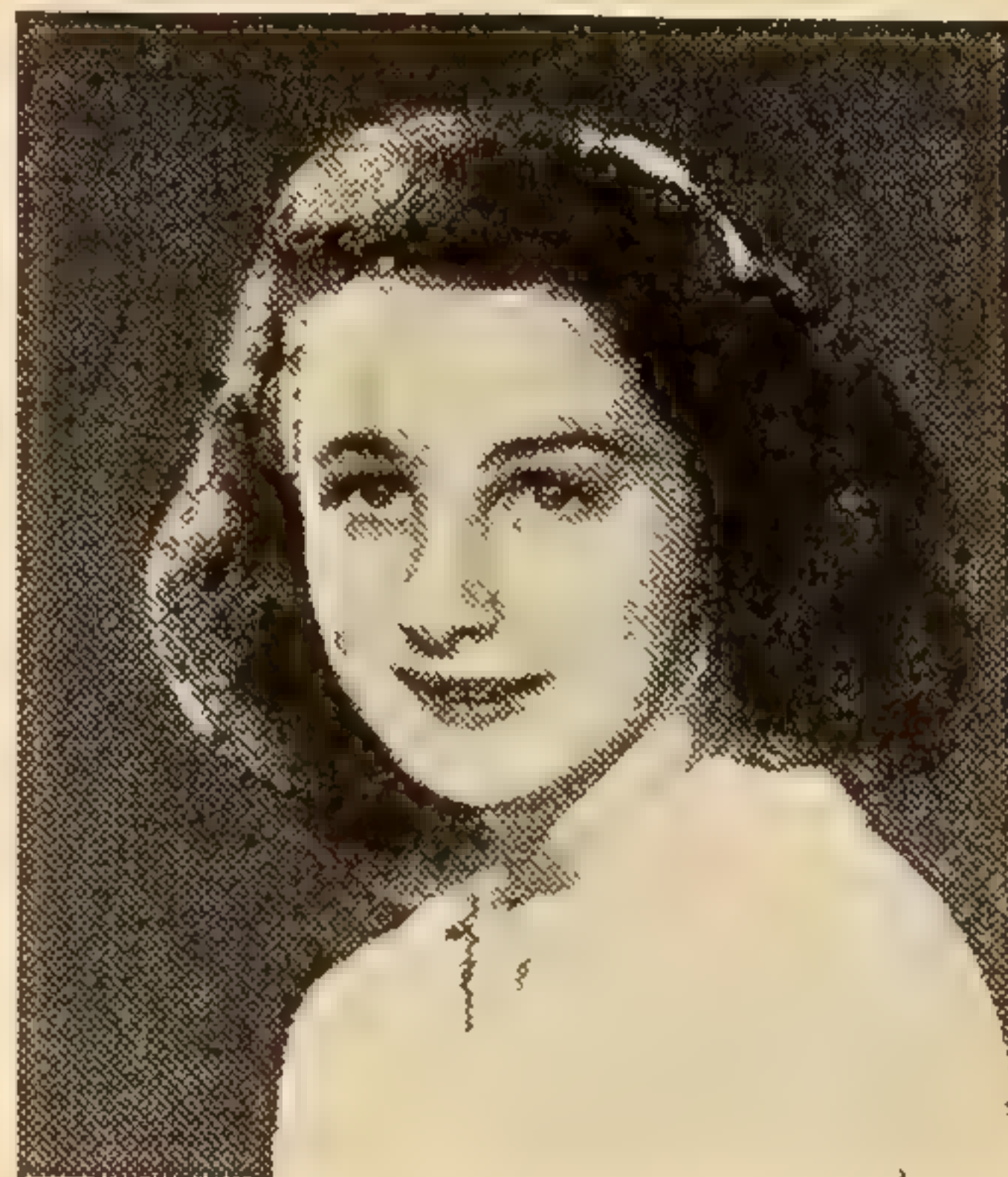
His success as a comedian doomed once and for all his mother's dream of her son in white tie and tails in Carnegie Hall. (And it doomed "Love in Bloom.")

Discharged after the armistice, he went back to his old haunts, but as a "single" now. Jack Benny—and his violin. The qualifying phrase was strictly for moral support. While he closed his performance with a violin solo, still done with some show of virtuosity, the talk was the thing now.

From the first attempt, Jack refined and polished his monologues to a clean, "right," timed-to-the-second precision, and also from the first he went onto the stage for every performance with jumping nerves and a churning stomach.

There was one time when he actually fled in terror from an unfriendly audience. It was shortly after the war, and he was booked into the Academy of Music in New York City, which boasted the most blood-thirsty clientele since Roman "variety fans" threw Christian martyrs to the lions in the Coliseum. The house welcome to each new act was a prolonged raspberry, sometimes accompanied by a shower of not-too-fresh vegetables. Entertainers dreaded to play the spot but egotistically gave everything they had for the applause of the barbarians, as it was equivalent in the theatrical world to a Congressional Medal for Bravery.

Jack sauntered in from the wings for the first performance, apparently relaxed and confident. His nerves never show, out front.



Joan: smooth transit from little girl to sub-deb.



His "hello everybody," was drowned in a resounding bird which swept away also whatever he had planned to say next. Looking the audience in the eye, gripping his fiddle firmly under his arm, he strolled across the stage, paused at the edge, gripping the front border with his free hand. The raspberry subsided, what was left was an ominous, dare-you silence.

"Goodbye, everybody," Jack said, and ducked into the wings, down the stairs to the stage door, and out into the street. He never came back.

Despite this inauspicious beginning, his routines as a monologist—and the master of ceremonies chores for a whole bill of vaudeville for which he qualified next—were rapidly making his name a powerful one on the variety circuits.

Jack Benny was in the big-time houses now—his salary expanded with his fame, and his old pals of the tank-town days moved over to make room in Jack's circle of friends for the headliners of the day, Burns and Allen, the Marx Brothers, Eddie Cantor.

IT WAS through one of the mad Marxes that Jack met the big-eyed little girl he was to marry.

She was still in bobby socks and hair ribbons at the time and to Jack a profound nuisance.

He was playing a date in Vancouver. The Marxes were on the same bill.

He was in his dressing room, wiping away his make-up wondering where and with whom it would be pleasant to have dinner when Zeppo Marx strolled in.

"Have dinner with me," Benny urged.

But Zeppo had a date, with Babe Marks, a girl whose family lived in Vancouver. Why, as a matter of fact, didn't Jack join him—the Markses were hospitable folk, they wouldn't mind.

"Home cooking?"

Heaven.

And what was more, Zeppo promised, with just a hint of a wink, Babe had a sister.

That settled it. Jack eagerly put on his hat and coat.

Babe's sister was a girl named Mary, and she was twelve years old! And to make things worse, she was studying the violin, and proceeded—upon her mother's proud insistence—to perform for Jack.

In the middle of her painful rendition of "The Bee," Jack stood up. Home cooking was home cooking, but this was too much.

"Get me out of here," he begged of Zeppo, with more anguish than tact.

Mary's face flamed. She wasn't then, and she isn't now, a girl whom one could insult with impunity.

"I'll get even with you for this," she shouted after Jack's retreating back, while her older sister and Zeppo roared, and her mother tried vainly to shush her.

She got even.

The next day, at his opening show, Jack came out to face three rows of stony-faced adolescents, captained by Mary.

They were armed with bags of popcorn, which they consumed noisily all through Jack's act. When he finished, they sat on their hands. The audience—the popcorn's crackling had drowned out the jokes—was equally cold. Jack had fallen on his face. He marched off the stage and looked for Zeppo.

"Introduce me to your enemies, from now on, will you, pal?" he barked. "I don't want to know any more of your friends."

Jack left Vancouver that night, muttering that he would stay out of the entire Dominion of Canada until that "Marks brat" grew up or moved away. Nothing in his troubled dreams on the Pullman hop east hinted that he would see more, much more of the "Marks brat." That, indeed, eight years later, he would marry her.

Money flowed freely in the middle twenties, and the show folk—as they always do in a period of lavish spending—got their share.

Like all the other big-timers, Jack found his weekly salary climbing into four figures.

The violin about which his mother had spun her dreams for him was neglected now, and out of tune, but he was a success.

If his father still nursed the old doubts, the conviction that the theater was for wastrels and not for

gifted artists like his son, his opportunity to take life easy at last—a product of Jack's prosperity—must have assuaged them.

Not only was Jack a big star on the variety circuits. His name was in lights on Broadway now, and there were beginning to be nibbles from that new jackpot for actors, the motion picture industry, beginning to feel its muscles in Hollywood.

Things were going great, so Jack's jitters were worse than ever.

His Broadway debut—as master of ceremonies of the Earl Carroll Vanities of 1947—was a triumph.

The critics were unanimously impressed, if grudgingly. Their presence in orchestra seats had frightened so many seasoned stars into fluffs that they were almost insulted by the controlled, "easy" perfection of this brash young man.

They raved about his "masterly timing." They commented, if a little miffed, at his calm in the face of the biggest ordeal an actor could face in those days.

Calm!

Actually, Jack had not eaten or slept for days before the opening. He collapsed from emotional exhaustion in his dressing room after taking twenty curtain calls.

Jack Benny celebrated his thirtieth birthday at home alone in a drab hotel room, nursing a nasty cold.

He suddenly felt very old and tired and sorry for himself.

What had he, after all?

He could answer with the old joke line, "a lousy fortune," but what good was it? He had starred in a series of big revues—a dizzying montage of Temptations, Scandals, Vanities—he had become a New York fixture as master of ceremonies at the fashionable Winter Garden. He could pick his spots on any of the Variety circuits. But the pace was wearing him down.

He was sick of staying up all night, and sleeping until noon, he was sick of talking too much and too trivially to too many people. He wanted some fresh air and sunshine and peace and privacy and although he didn't admit it yet—even to himself—he wanted a family and a home.

"A million people around all the time," Jack told his friend Julius Sinykin at about this time, "and yet I'm lonesome."

"Why don't you get married?" Julius asked him quietly.

"Me?"

It was out of the question. What woman would put up with Jack's life, with the dreadful hours, the string of dreary hotel rooms, the backstage intrigues which were all part of the business?



It's a date, still, when the Bennys eat "out." The secret, Mary says, is to be in the same business.





Mary and Jack watch eagerly as guest-specialists Bacall and Bogart demonstrate. (Jack Benny is heard Sun., 7 P.M. EST, NBC.)

Besides, Jack rather liked—he had thought until this moment—the bachelor life. Pretty girls in lots of towns, fun to know them all.

Better to have one girl, Julius averred, who was there, to be counted on.

But he thought about Julius' advice when he was alone that night, alone and desolate.

During a recent vaudeville engagement in Los Angeles, he had run into Babe Marks again—she was playing at the Hillstreet theater the same week Jack headlined the bill at the Orpheum—and through her had “met” her young and pert sister, Mary.

Jack had long forgotten the Vancouver frost and Mary, who liked him now, despite the fact—as she complained to her sister—that one eye was bluer than the other—didn't remind him that she, too, once had been an aspiring violinist.

Thinking about Mary while he paced up and down in his Chicago hotel room, Jack realized that she was different from the other girls he had dated in his travels about the country.

She had something the others didn't. What was it? He knew, suddenly. She knew how, and when, to laugh.

That's what he needed. Some laughs, to lighten the grim business of being funny for a living.

**H**E telephoned Babe Marks, who also was playing an engagement in Chicago at the time, and with a lack of subtlety which would have horrified the people who paid good money to hear his slick humor every night he made a proposal.

“I've been thinking about Mary,” he began. “Poor kid probably needs a vacation after slaving away all this time in that department store. Why don't you ask her to come and visit you?”

“I'm not sure,” Mary's big sister, who was not fooled for a minute, replied, “but I think the kid's engaged.”

“Oh,” Jack's voice had gone dead. Maybe Mary didn't need a vacation after all.

Babe laughed. “But I'll ask her,” she said.

“Let me know,” said Jack, his spirits bouncing back like a rubber ball.

Mary wasn't fooled either. She knew what the summons to Chicago meant—and she was as eager to go, yet somehow afraid. She had grown very fond of Jack during their brief whirl together in Los Angeles, and had spent the time since fighting it off. She knew about actors. Like sailors—with a girl in every port. She didn't want to be one of a harem—

she didn't want to compete with all of the pretty, flashy show girls a man in Jack's position had to see every day.

He was so sweet, but no—it would never work.

Determined not to be hurt, she had concentrated on liking other boys she knew. Her friends were all getting married, having babies, establishing homes. Why shouldn't she have that, instead of a job back of a hosiery counter, and a torch for a guy who would never settle down?

Babe's hunch had been right. Mary was “engaged” when the relayed invitation from Jack arrived. But her heart wasn't in it. Maybe what she needed was a trip to Chicago, a chance to see Jack in his native haunts. That would cinch it, that would make up her mind.

What she didn't know when she boarded the east-bound train was that the decision had already been reached. Jack had already made up his mind.

On their first date in Chicago, Mary tried to slip back into the humorous small talk she and Jack had found so quick to the tongue on their earlier meetings. But Jack was dead serious and preoccupied.

“What's the matter with you?” she asked at last. “I come half way across the country to see you, and you act as though I wasn't even here. What's eating you? What's on your mind?”

“Nothing,” said Jack, biting his nails.

“Don't bite your nails,” barked Mary, knocking his hand down from his face with a quick gesture.

He looked up at her, startled.

“But I'm worried,” he said.

She noted the hurt surprise in his eyes, the one blue, the other bluer.

“I'm sorry,” she said. “I didn't know.”

She suggested he tell her all about his troubles, get them off his chest.

“I suppose they're not troubles really,” Jack replied, in all seriousness. “I have just been thinking that we ought to get married.”

The Mary-laugh, the mocking yet comradely Mary-laugh, bubbled out at that. And Jack's somber face lit up like a delicatessen sign.

That was Friday.

Jack called Julius Sinykin in Waukegan and made all of the arrangements. They would be married in Julius' house next Tuesday—the first day Jack could take a few hours off from the show.

On Saturday they quarreled. On Sunday they made up. On Monday it was all off again.

But they were married on Tuesday, just as they had planned. After all, Julius had gone to such a lot of trouble.

Marriage to a big star was a tough job for the little hosiery clerk from Los Angeles, worse than Mary had feared and dreaded.

As a non-professional, who “just went along for the ride,” she had all of the heartaches, none of the glamor of show business.

A succession of hotels, a succession of pretty girls explaining, “Oh, I didn't know Jack was married.” Knocking around strange towns, looking in shop windows while Jack fascinated the people, no chance to make permanent friends, not a glimmer of hope for a home, for really settling down. It wasn't so easy.

She told Babe that she couldn't take it. She loved the guy, but it was too tough. Babe had a heart-to-heart talk with Jack.

“Look here,” she said, “you can't do this to my kid sister.”

“Now wait a minute,” Jack said. His nerves too were at the breaking point. “Mary knew what my job was when she married me. She knew it would be a while before we could get out of this racket. Do you think I don't want what she wants—a home, kids, a chance to go to sleep once in a while in my own bed?”

“But how am I going to get all that if I don't work?”

Babe had an answer for that. The movies—which had just found their voice—had been making beckoning motions in Jack's direction. If he went to Hollywood, both he and Mary could have what they wanted most—he could have his work, and Mary could have her home.

Jack was dubious. The early talkies weren't keyed to his kind of humor. All noise and schmaltz—they would overwhelm him.

But it was worth trying—it would be a break for Mary, and let's face it, he had been hankering for an



occasional chance to get a look at sunlight himself.

Their first home was rented, furnished, but it was home, and Mary bloomed with happiness.

Jack's fat contract at M G M brought in weekly checks but involved only occasional work, so he, too, found out how the other half lives. He found out what the morning looks like, and discovered golf—a game which he took up with as much intensity and passion—if not with quite the success—that he had earlier tackled the violin.

Everything was lovely, dangerously lovely as Jack's shrewd business mind soon reminded him.

His early pictures—"The Hollywood Revue," "Chasing Rainbows," and "The Medicine Man"—were fattening his bank account, but they were affecting his career with a creeping paralysis. He was afraid that he would go back to Broadway tan, healthy, happy and forgotten.

Mary, though reluctant to go back to the life which had defeated her, could see the wisdom of Jack's position.

"You'd better go and see Mr. Mayer," she said, "and tell him thanks so much but I quit."

He did, the next morning.

**T**HIS was the first of a series of moves Benny was to make which looked at the time like professional suicide but which turned out to be professional insurance.

Tearing up his lucrative film contract cost him thousands—but getting his name up in lights on the main stem again, being seen again, doing what he could do best—and better than anybody—pumped new life into his career.

It was good to be back, to see his friends, to feel the wonderful rapport with an audience which is *there*, in the dark but there, to know when a line is right from the reaction it gets. Jack, back in the theater, was in his prime again.

And Mary was lonely again.

She could manage in New York, where she had friends of her own, a life of a sort, too—but when Jack prepared at the close of the season to hit the road again in vaudeville, she said she couldn't face it. She would wait here, she said.

"I can't stand life with nothing to do," she explained. "I have to have some reason—besides sitting and waiting—for getting up in the morning."

The way she put it gave Jack the Big Idea.

All that was bothering Mary was that she had nothing to do. She didn't hate the theater—she wanted to be in it.

The act Jack was whipping into shape for his new tour had a small part for a girl, a foil for Jack's quips.

Over Mary's protests, he rewrote it for her. She had stage fright at first, but it didn't last.

The early audiences thought her nervous giggles was planned, and laughed with delight.

"Keep it," Jack encouraged her.

She was in.

A few weeks after her painful debut as a comedienne, Mary was a seasoned performer, loving the theater, forgetting that she had once been on the outside looking in.

Sharing so much more with Jack, she found her insecurities vanishing. There was so much more to laugh at now, no time or occasion for fretting.

Or so they blissfully thought.

But something was happening to vaudeville. The first talking pictures had hit the variety world a staggering wallop, the second and third string circuits had shriveled as theaters all over the country had been wired for sound.

But the big-time houses had survived. After a few months of readjustment—months when Jack had been in Hollywood participating in the first efforts of the screen to adapt itself to talking actors—the variety houses in the big cities hit their stride again. Thousands of run-of-the-mill performers had been wiped out, but the big stars were bigger than ever.

But now, in the early thirties—signs were ominous once more. There was the depression; bad news for all the luxury trades, of course. But there were new factors. The talkies—so embarrassingly brash in their early years—were growing up.

And there was another new factor, immature and amateur like the talkies in their time, but a baby which would grow to an entertainment giant—radio.

Jack Benny, who was still able to get bookings—though fewer—at \$2,500 a week, nevertheless began biting his nails again. A man who could walk out on a long-term movie contract because he could feel paralysis setting in, could walk out again. But where—this time—was there to walk?

Pictures? Jack's flesh was still singed from those first painful musicals. Radio? But this new medium was making its own stars; unknowns of yesterday were big names today—Moran and Mack, the two Black Crows, the Happiness Boys, Gene and Glenn. The big parade of the variety stars off the boards and onto the air had not begun.

Nevertheless, Jack decided that radio was for him.

He promptly told everyone that he was quitting the stage (before it quit (Continued on page 75)



In the days of cheap hotel rooms, Mary's wildest dream didn't approach what's now reality.



# The Magic of the Eyes.

**R**ISÉ STEVENS has her own radio show, The Family Hour, is a first lady of the Metropolitan Opera and concert stage, one of the foremost female recording artists, and has been successful in Hollywood. Besides all this, beautician Eddie Senz considers her one of America's great beauties.

Eddie makes pretty faces for other stars, potential stars, celebrities, models, and many women who seek his expert advice. He says that Risé, by the magic of her eyes and mouth, speaks eloquently without uttering a word.

With Risé as model, Eddie showed us how to achieve more "talkative" eyes and lips.

First, he says, pluck out scraggly brow hairs. Pluck from beneath, never from the top. Clean up area between brows, which should look naturally arched. If too thin, they look harsh and artificial. Center highest brow point above outside edge of iris of your eye. Using tiny brow brush, brush brows up. With short, feather-like strokes, touch brown brow pencil to hairs. Do not touch skin, unless filling in is needed where hairs are sparse. Brow should be darkest at center, fading toward ends. Now use black brow pencil. Then with brush tip, smooth upper brow hairs to a neat line.

Apply mascara to upper lashes only. If brush is too moist, "beading" results. Hold lid up with one hand, while with the other you brush on mascara from side of brush in upward and outward strokes.

Eddie next showed us how lips should be made up to balance with the upper portion of the face. It's part of his "Face Spacing" method. He lipstickked a smile on Risé's pretty lips by making the upper one a wee bit shorter than the lower, so that the lower lip "cradled" the upper.



Make-up magician Eddie Senz touches up a face he considers one of America's most beautiful: that of Risé Stevens.

By  
Mary  
Jane  
Fulton



WASH YOUR MIRROR for Better Living



# INFORMATION BOOTH

Step Up and Ask Your Questions—We'll Try to Find the Answers

**FOR YOUR INFORMATION**—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

## ROSEMARY

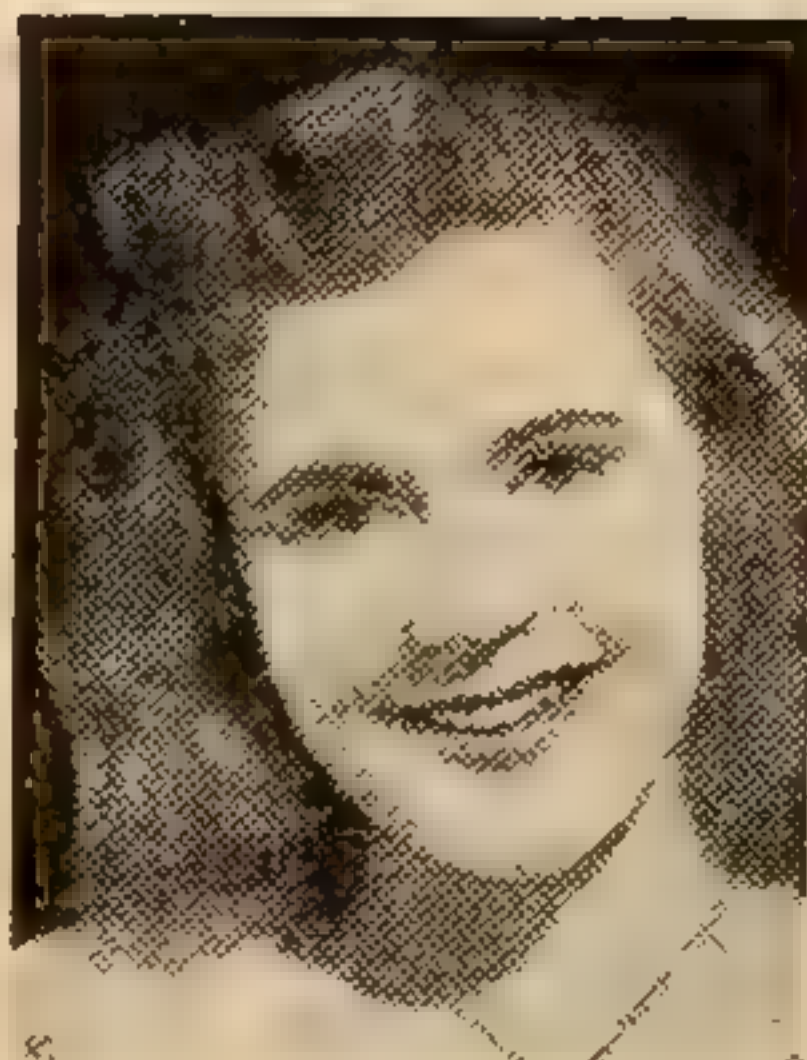
Dear Editor:

I listen to Right to Happiness everyday. I like the program very much and I would like to see a picture of the girl who plays Susan Wakefield. How old is she, and where does she come from?

Miss J. C.

Coraopolis, Pa.

*Susan is played by twenty-year-old Rosemary Rice who hails from Montclair, N. J. She's also Cathy in When a Girl Marries. And here's pretty Rosemary.*



Rosemary Rice

## VERSATILE ACTOR

Dear Editor:

Would you give me the name of the actor who plays Judge Hooker on the Gildersleeve program, and Mr. Anderson on the Dennis Day show? I believe they are played by the same person. Also, who plays Doc Gamble on Fibber McGee's show, and the barber on the Gildersleeve program? I believe their voices belong to the same person.

Miss M. M.

Los Angeles, California.



Arthur Q. Bryon

*You're wrong on the first query, but right on the second. Earl Ross is Judge Hooker, and Dink Trout is Mr. Anderson on the Dennis Day show. Arthur Q. Bryon is Doc Gamble who flings those caustic remarks at Fibber McGee on Tuesdays; on Wednesdays, he's the garrulous barber on the Great Gildersleeve show.*

## COOKIE

Dear Editor:

One of my favorite programs is Blondie. Could you tell me something about the person who plays Cookie? Is she the same girl who plays in the Blondie movies?

Miss G. J.

San Juan Batista, Calif.

*The youngest member of the AFRA, and probably the highest paid radio moppet in Hollywood, little Norma Jean Nilsson, age ten, has been on the air since she was five, when she played a little Filipino girl in one of Arch Oboler's gripping dramas. Since then she has chalked up more than 35 appearances on top network shows. (You heard her as "The little girl next door" on Jack Carson's show.) At home, Norma Jean is just a normal child. Her room is strewn with books, knick-knacks, and dolls. She loves to masquerade in odd garments, including some of mother's. Cookie, on the screen, is played by Marjorie Kent.*



Norma Jean Nilsson

## THE VALIANT STOOGEE

Dear Editor:

We get such a kick out of the It Pays to be Ignorant show. Will you please have a picture of Lulu McConnell in your magazine? Also, who's the singer at the end of the program?

Mrs. J. M. F.

Minneapolis, Minn.

*Here's Lulu, who during her colorful*



*vaudeville career appeared with Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Lillian Russell, Anna Held and many other great personalities of the theater. Lulu, who hails from Kansas City, acquired her acting experience traveling with a repertory company, learning all kinds of roles. She enjoys radio work now, although at first the microphone threw her into a panic. The wacky theme song is tortuously rendered by Al Madreu.*

## FAVORITE SINGER

Dear Editor:

Bob Hannon is my favorite radio singer. I hear him on Waltz Time on Friday evenings. I would like some information about him, and if he is on any other program.

Mrs. A. F.

Geneva, Iowa



Bob Hannon

*Bob started to sing at the advanced age of four, and has been at it ever since. While still in his teens his yen to become a singer was so strong that he quit school to become a song plugger. You may not know it but Bob used to be a bandleader in Chicago before he became a top radio singer. Besides Waltz Time, he can be heard on the American Melody Hour, Wednesdays on the CBS network.*

## SURPRISE!

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me who plays the part of Teena on the Fibber McGee and Molly show? My husband and I rate this program as one of the top comedy shows, and I think we know who all the players are except Teena.

Mrs. C. P.

Ivanhoe, Calif.



Marian Jordan

*Teena is (surprise) Molly—Marion Jordan, herself. She's a talented mimic.*

## GAY NINETIES

Dear Editor:

About five years ago, I listened regularly to Joe Howard and Beatrice Kay who teamed on a radio program; I think it was known as The Gay Nineties. Then, suddenly, I just couldn't find them anywhere on the dial. Can you give any information as to whether or not they are still on?

Mrs. S. S.

Myerstown, Pa.



Beatrice Kay

*CBS's Gay Nineties left the air in 1942 when Beatrice Kay went to Hollywood to star in motion pictures. But, for old times' sake, here is a picture of Beatrice as she appeared on that popular Saturday night program.*

## FORTY FLYING FINGERS

Dear Editor:

Please tell me something about the members of the First Piano Quartet, heard Thursdays on NBC.

Mrs. M. M.

New York, N. Y.

*Each of the four artists who constitute NBC's First Piano Quartet is an accomplished concert pianist and composer in his own right. Adam Garner, born in Poland, gave his first concert at the age of six. While still in his teens he played for Paderewski. Vee Padwa, born near Moscow, has toured extensively in Europe. Frank Mittler, at the age of nine, made his first public concert as a violinist in his native Vienna. At sixteen, his first compositions were performed. The only American-born member of the quartet is Edward Edson, born in Chicago twenty-six years ago.*



# Inside Radio

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIMES  
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

## SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	People's Church Tone Tapestries	White Rabbit Line	News Renfro Valley Folks  Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Bible Highlights Circle Arrow Show	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Voices Down the Wind News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform Church Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartette Hour of Faith	Negro College Choir Salt Lake Tabernacle

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	World Front News Eternal Light	Pilgrim Hour Lutheran Hour	Texas Jim Robertson World Security	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15	America United	William L. Shirer American Radio Warblers	Sam Pettengill Stewart Alsop, News	Doorway To Life
1:30 1:45	Chicago Round Table	Stan Lomax	Nat'l Vespers	Tell It Again
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Robert Merrill James Melton Frank Black	Flight Into the Past Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around the World Mr. President, Drama	CBS Is There Joseph C. Harsch
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Eddy Howard One Man's Family	Ernie Lee's Omega Show Juvenile Jury	Lassie Drama Johnny Thompson Sammy Kaye	N. Y. Philharmonic
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids Musicana	House of Mystery True Detective	Sound Off Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air	Eileen Farrell
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Ford Show	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Treasury Agent David Harding	Janette Davis Here's to You Hour of Charm

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Hollywood Star Preview	Those Websters Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Greatest Story Ever Told	Family Hour Percy Faith
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Jack Benny Band Wagon	Sherlock Holmes Behind the Front Page	Child's World Exploring the Un- Known	Gene Autry Blondie
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Bergen-McCarthy Show Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Jimmie Fidler Billy Rose		Sam Spade Man Called X
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry- Go-Round American Album	Meet Me at Parky's Jim Backus Show	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Theatre Guild	Meet Corliss Archer Star Theater with Gordon MacRae
10:00 10:15 10:30	Take It or Leave It Horace Heidt	Voice of Strings Latin American Serenade	Jimmie Fidler	Christopher Wells Strike It Rich



**HARLAN STONE, JR.**, the Jughead who adventures with Archie Andrews on NBC's Saturday A. M. program.

**RADIE HARRIS** crosses Broadway with Vine and gets a 3:55, EST, program for her CBS audience, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. She's New York born and educated and was editing the movie department of a local paper before she was 17. Guests on her program have ranged from the Joans, Blondell, Caulfield and Fontaine, alphabet-wise to George Raft, Keenan Wynn, Loretta Young and Zachary (that's Scott).



## MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	News Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Listening Post	Music For You Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This is Nora Drake Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Bands	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30	U. S. Navy Band Robert McCormick	Cedric Foster Red Hook 31 Quaker City Sere- nade	Baukhage News Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Robert Ripley	Checkerboard Jamboree		The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White The Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggie McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Marriage For Two Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Harold Turner Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Liberty Road Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid In My Opinion The Chicagoans Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	The Falcon Charlie Chan Billy Rose	Point Sublime Opie Cates	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories High Adventure	On Stage America Sammy Kaye	Lux Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program Fred Waring	Fishing and Hunting Club Dance Orch.	This Is Adventure Earl Godwin	My Friend Irma Screen Guild Players





**HARRY HAGAN** is an M. D. whose first radio appearance, in 1933, was on a series of health talks, over WOR. He began his True or False program five years later. After thirteen weeks on WOR it went to the Blue Network, taking Harry along, and was there for 5½ years. It is now heard over MBS, Saturdays, 5:30 P.M., EST. The Hagan home is in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Harry has a wife and six children.

## TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaire Nelson Olmsted	News Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This is Nora Drake Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Service Bands	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook 31 Quaker City Sere- nade Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day Martin Block Show	Maggie McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Marriage For Two Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson The Johnson Family Harold Turner Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Tales of Adventure Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Frontiers of Science Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Newscape Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Green Hornet Drama	Beulah Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Milton Berle A Date With Judy	Mysterious Traveler Official Detective Billy Rose	Youth Asks the Government Edwin D. Canham America's Town Meeting of the Air	Big Town Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Amos 'n' Andy Fibber McGee and Molly	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Zane Grey Show	Boston Symphony	We, The People Studio One
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hope Red Skelton	American Forum Dance Orch.	It's Your Business It's In The Family	Open Hearing

## WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps To Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaire Nelson Olmsted	News Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say it With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine Of The Air Listening Post	Music For You Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake Kate's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Marine Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	NBC Concert Orch. Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Sere- nade Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen For A Day The Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Marriage For Two Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double Or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson The Johnson Family Harold Turner Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	March of Science Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Talks The Chicagoans Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Arthur Gaeth Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Morrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Dennis Day The Great Gildersleeve	Scotland Yard Quiet Please Billy Rose	Mayor of The Town Vox Pop	American Melody Hour Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Racket Smashers	Abbott and Costello Groucho Marx Show	Mark Warnow Sweeney and March
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Jimmy Durante	California Melodies Dance Orch.	Bing Crosby Tony Martin Show	The Whistler Escape



**HATTIE MCDANIEL** — Heard over CBS, weekdays at 7:00 P.M., EST, as happy-go-lucky Beulah, brought a real background of experience to the part, from earlier years when she drifted easily from stage to dishpan on more than one occasion during one-night-stands. Her first screen assignment was "Queenie," with Paul Robeson in "Show Boat." She's been seen recently in "Janie," "Margarie" and "The Great Lie."



# T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	News Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music for You Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake Katie's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes from Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr U. S. Service Band	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Sere-nade Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen for a Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Marriage for Two Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Harold Turner Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When a Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Gateways to Music Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid Of Men and Books The Chicagoans Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Guy Lombardo	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Newscope Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Henry Morgan Show	Beulah Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45 8:55	Aldrich Family Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen	Jan August Show Alan Dale Show Mutual Block Party Billy Rose	Ellery Queen The Clock	The F.B.I. in Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Al Jolson Jack Carson and Eve Arden	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories RFD America	Willie Piper Candid Microphone	Dick Haymes Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Bob Hawk Show Eddie Cantor	Family Theatre	Lee Sweetland Lenny Herman Quintet	Reader's Digest Radio Edition The First Nighter

FRAN CARLON—the Lorelei Kilbourne on CBS's Big Town, has been helping her crusading Managing Editor for four years on CBS, Tuesdays at 8:00 P.M., EST. She's a native of Indianapolis who came to New York from Chicago in 1933 and lives happily in Greenwich Village, which she says is "just like a small town—neighborly." Fran had wide experience in the theater before she turned to radio work.



CY HOWARD—from whose show-business-wise brain sprang My Friend Irma, heard over CBS, Mondays at 10:00 P.M., EST. While at the University of Wisconsin, Cy wrote plays which were produced by various dramatic groups. He came to New York and tried acting; went to Texas and into radio via KTRH; next became Jack Benny's head writer in Hollywood; returned to New York to play in "Storm Operation", then back to radio.



# F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			The Trumpeteers Three Steps to Rhythm
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaires Nelson Olmsted	News Editor's Diary Ozark Valley Folks	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Oklahoma Roundup
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air The Listening Post	Music for You Evelyn Winters David Harum
10:45	Joyce Jordan			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake Katie's Daughter Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Bill Harrington Tell Your Neighbor Heart's Desire	Tom Breneman Galen Drake Ted Malone	Arthur Godfrey Grand Slam Rosemary

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes from Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Victor H. Lindlahr Campus Salute	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Robert Ripley	Cedric Foster Red Hook, 31 Quaker City Sere-nade Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Today's Children Woman in White Story of Holly Sloan Light of the World	Queen for a Day Martin Block Show	Maggi McNellis Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason Marriage for Two Rose of My Dreams
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Song of the Stranger	Ladies Be Seated Paul Whiteman Club	Double or Nothing House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Erskine Johnson Johnson Family Harold Turner Adventure Parade	Treasury Band Show	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When a Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Hop Harrigan Superman Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Dick Tracy Terry and Pirates Jack Armstrong	Opinion Please Treasury Bandstand Lum 'n' Abner

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid Report from the United Nations The Chicagoans Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Manor House Party H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Alvin Helfer Henry J. Taylor Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Bob Crosby Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Highways in Melody Can You Top This	Burl Ives Alan Dale Show Leave It to the Girls Billy Rose	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Baby Snooks Danny Thomas
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	People Are Funny Waltz Time	Gabriel Heatter Real Stories Information Please	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Morgan, Ameche, Langford Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet
10:00 10:15 10:30	Mystery Theater Sports	Meet the Press Date Night	Boxing Bouts	It Pays to Be Ignorant Spotlight Revue



# S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story Shop Coffee With Congress Bill Herson	Robert Hurleigh Helen Hall	Tommy Bartlett Time	CBS News of America Songs for You Saturday's Rhythm
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Frank Merriwell Archie Andrews	Dixie Four Quartet Ozark Valley Folks	U. S. Navy Band Piano Playhouse	The Garden Gate Johnson Family Mary Lee Taylor
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Meet the Meeks Smilin' Ed McConnell	Bill Harrington Say It With Music	Abbott and Costello Land of The Lost	Let's Pretend Escape

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Arthur Barriault Public Affairs	Pan Americana This Week in Wash- ington	Junior Junction	Theatre of Today
12:30 12:45	Home Is What You Make It	Pro Arte Quartet	American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Nat'l Farm Home Report From Europe	Luncheon at Sardi's Symphonies for Youth	Maggi McNellis, Herb Sheldon Our Town Speaks	Grand Central Sta. County Fair
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Veterans' Journal			Give and Take Country Journal
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Orchestra of the Nation			Report from Overseas Adventures of Science Cross-Section U.S.A.
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Doctors Today First Piano Quartet	Sports Parade Hospitality Club		Treasury Bandstand Saturday at the Chase
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Edward Tomlinson Swanee River Boys King Cole Trio	Dance Orchestra True or False	Tea and Crumpets	The Philadelphia Orch.

## EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Peter Roberts Religion in the News NBC Symphony	Dance Orchestra	Vagabonds' Quartet Adlam's Orchestra Harry Wismer Jack Beall	News from Wash- ington In My Opinion Red Barber Sports Show Larry Lesueur
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Curtain Time	Hawaii Calls Newscope Twin Views of the News	Quisdom Class Challenge of the Yukon	Hawk Larabee Abe Burrows Hoagy Carmichael
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Life of Riley Truth or Conse- quences	Twenty Questions Keeping Up With the Kids	Ross Dolan, Detective Famous Jury Trials	Robert Montgomery, Suspense
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Your Hit Parade Judy Canova Show	Stop Me If You Have Heard This What's the Name of That Song	Gangbusters Murder and Mr. Malone	Joan Davis Time Vaughn Monroe
10:00 10:15 10:30	Kay Kyser Grand Ole Opry	Theater of the Air	Professor Quiz Hayloft Hoedown	Saturday Night Serenade Dance Orch.

**BENAY VENUTA**—who is Keeping Up With The Kids on MBS, Saturday evenings at 8:30, speaks with the voice of experience. She has two daughters, Patricia and Deborah. Benay, a native Californian, appeared in a series of Broadway hits, including "Anything Goes", "By Jupiter", "Kiss the Boys Goodbye", "Boys from Syracuse" and "Nellie Blye". Radio audiences heard her for two years on Duffy's Tavern.



# It's Here!

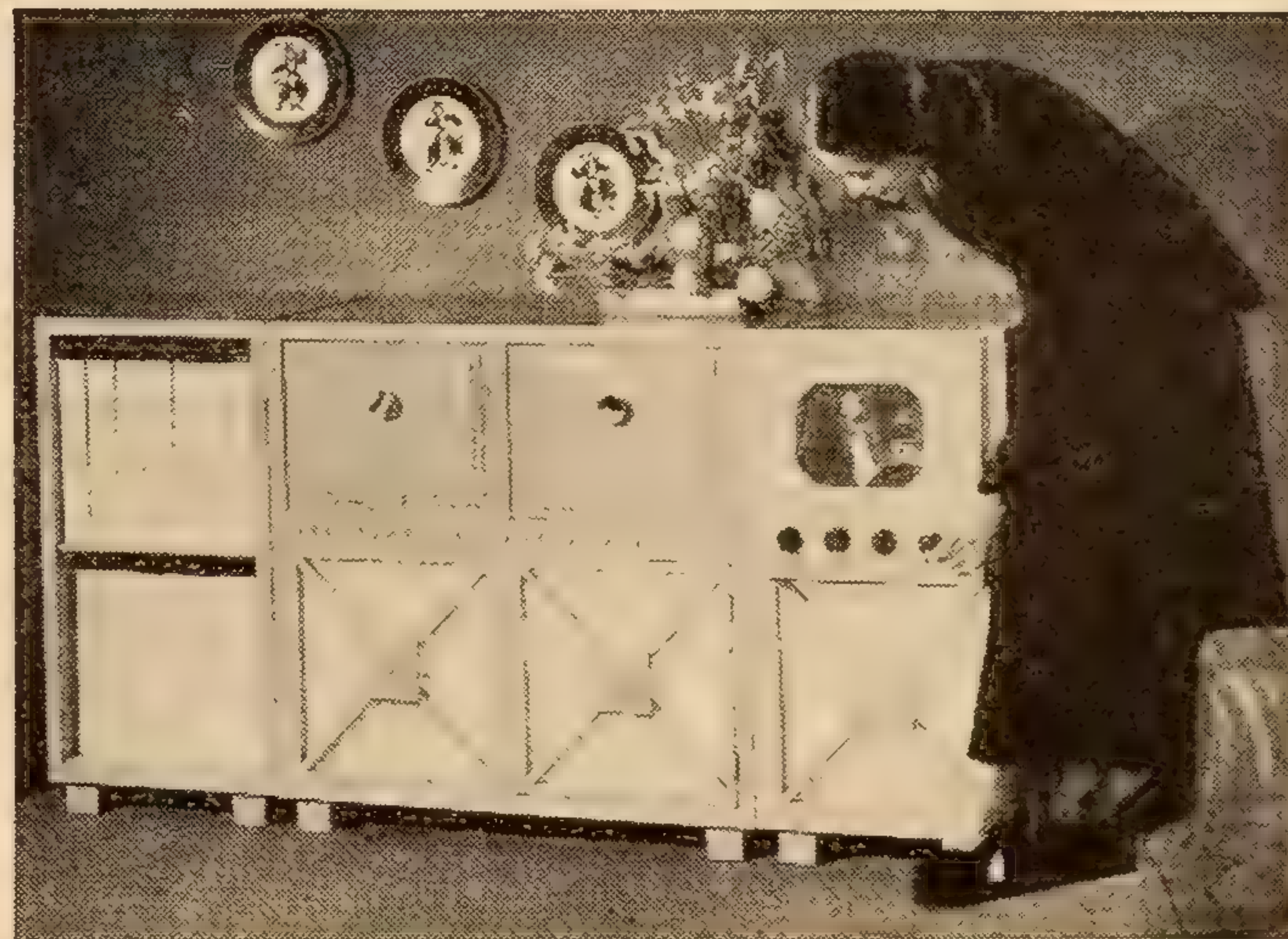


Stewart-Warner's "Santa Fe"—for moderns.

If you've been having difficulty in finding that radio set that truly fits in with your furnishings, then you'll be appreciative of the new "blush" finish on the Stewart-Warner model called the Santa Fe. This finish actually retains the natural color of the genuine mahogany. For a little over \$300 you can have this new AM, FM, radio-phonograph console.

An entirely new phonograph needle is now being sold that will make many a parent happy. Fact is, if you ever rough-handle your phonograph tone-arm, then you'll just have to look at and listen to the Duotone shockproof nylon needle. It's being demonstrated by actually dropping the arm onto the record. The steel spring shaft absorbs the shock and the needle bounces to a stop without breaking or destroying the record. The manufacturer promises no needle noise or scratch. It sells for \$2.50.

Most interesting innovation in the radio and television console fields is Admiral's 3-way "television optional." Tying in with sectional trend in furniture, the manufacturer is offering a matching television console, regular radio-phonograph combination and a record cabinet. Any one of the three can be bought separately and matched at any time. Distinct advantage is being able to use the three pieces as a single unit or as individual pieces, even in different rooms. The radio-phonograph and the television set have separate speakers. Prices are proof that the trend is also to "more-for-less-money" in the video market. You can buy the television unit for about \$300 and the radio-phonograph for the same.



Triple life; usable separately or together.





Wes Fesler discusses football's future in Pittsburgh with Johnny.

Whirl Around Sports is the program Johnny Boyer airs thrice weekly.



# Johnny Boyer

## CALLS 'EM AS HE SEES 'EM

**E**VERY evening at 11:15, Monday through Saturday, Johnny Boyer winds up on KDKA and delivers himself of a rapid-fire Whirl Around the World of Sports—a necessary radio nightcap to allay the sports hunger of the thousands of fans who make up one of the greatest sports centers of America.

In ten minutes, this veteran KDKA sportscaster runs the whole gamut of athletic events—late scores, timely news and comment on local and national events, human interest and background stories, forecasts on events to come.

An old hand at every game, Boyer joined the staff of KDKA in April, 1941, after serving for 16 years with other stations throughout the country. A native of Detroit, he showed an early liking for the stage and appeared as a singer at the age of five. He made his radio debut when he was 16 over WCX, later WJR. After graduating from high school he free-lanced as a singer, announcer and master-of-ceremonies. He also traveled the vaudeville circuits throughout Michigan.

In 1929 he began his career as a sportscaster, bringing to the air boxing contests, wrestling matches, football and baseball games. He has interviewed practically every sports celebrity who has come up in the last 20 years and because of his interest in sports as a spectator, competitor and reporter, he has a splendid background for his KDKA duties.

Favorite radio reporter of the Steel City's newspaper sportswriters, Boyer has worked closely with them in covering baseball and football games, and he was selected to journey to Philadelphia to broadcast both of

the basketball finals in the state high school contests. He has also been chosen to broadcast games for out-of-town stations when their teams played in Pittsburgh.

In spite of all his sports shows, however, Boyer likes to recall two stints which had nothing to do with the athletic world—Meet the Missus, which he conducted for four years before Tom Breneman got started (the only difference, he said, "was that we didn't give out orchids"); and a six-hour disc jockey show he did, six days a week, during the war.

During his spare time he's active as toastmaster and speaker at various sports banquets and meetings. Boyer keeps in trim on the handball courts at the Pittsburgh "Y."

He's a real family man, too, with three sons and two daughters of his own, and two young nieces whom he took into his home when they lost both parents four years ago.

"In fact," Boyer says, "that's why I've got to be kept busy. When you buy shoes for an outfit like that you'll see what I mean."

As an added service for his listeners, Boyer has prepared a baseball book containing rules, regulations and playing tips for sandlotters. In a test to learn the size of his listening audience among the younger generation, he conducted a poll to determine the most valuable players in district schools. Over 20,000 votes for players poured in from 143 high schools!

His is a diversified audience—basketball, football, baseball, golf, hockey, the fights, races—each finds its place in the Whirl Around the World of Sports.



# Here it is! Your new spring complexion!

## **ACCEPT**

Pond's wonderful lanolin-rich  
Dry Skin Cream

## **GIVEN TO YOU**

with purchase of 69¢ jar of Pond's  
beautiful, snowy Cold Cream



**For the first time in 6 years**  
**Pond's special cream bonus thousands**  
**of women used to look forward to**

Just in time for Spring. Just in time for you to do *something quick* about that tired-of-everything look faces get at the end of winter . . . Pond's brings you this spring bonus. You get *two* Pond's Creams—no finer anywhere at any price. And you get *both* for only 69¢.

But you must *hurry!* The supply of this Pond's 2-Cream special is limited. Don't wait until tomorrow to get yours. Your face needs pampering with these two beautiful creams smoothed and stroked and patted on it right *now*—today!

"This is a wonderful opportunity," says Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, "to get these two creams at a real saving. I've never found anything quite like Pond's Dry Skin Cream. And Pond's Cold Cream is a treasure. I'm never without it."



*The you that others see first  
is in your Face*

It is not vanity to care for this face of yours beautifully, so that it is a charming reflector of the real, lovable *inner self* that is you.

**New—"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment** with Pond's Cold Cream acts on both sides of your skin.

**Hot Water Stimulation**  
press hot, wet face cloth against face—to stimulate blood to skin.

**Two Creamings—to "condition" skin**

- 1) **Cleanse.** Briskly work Pond's Cold Cream on warm, damp skin to sweep away dirt. Tissue off.
- 2) **Rinse.** With more Pond's massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

**Cold Freshener Stimulation**  
a cold water splash, then pat on the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

**Special—2-Point Softening Care** with Pond's Dry Skin Cream brings your skin extra softening help. It is lanolin-rich and homogenized to soak in better. Use it like this:

**Lanolin-Soft by Night**  
after your "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream, work lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream over face and throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or all night.

**Lanolin-Protect by Day**  
smooth on just a very little Pond's Dry Skin Cream before make-up to give skin a protective soft screen against dryness all day. Holds powder amazingly.

*Remember*

you get both these Pond's Creams for the price of the Cold Cream alone—but for a short time only. **GET THEM NOW!**



# At the first blush of Womanhood



by  
**VALDA SHERMAN**

**Many mysterious** changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

**No need for alarm**—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

**Two dangers to overcome**—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

**All deodorants not alike**—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

**How to protect yourself**—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

**Don't be half-safe**—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

(Advertisement)

## Bride and Groom

(Continued from page 42)

For instance, there was the night that he asked her to drive out with him to "a place I've always loved because my parents always liked me to drive them there." Vickie, touched by what she interpreted as his genuine filial sentiment, agreed. Remembering that night, she said, "I didn't notice where we were going until the car stopped. Then I looked around. We were on a hill high above Hollywood, famous as a romantic parking spot!"

But even in that setting, Martin kept his courtship on a light-hearted basis. "I was trying to work up courage to ask her to marry me. But then I'd remember the fellow she'd gone with for a year; and I'd ask myself: 'What's so special about you that will take the place of a fellow who's not only a swell guy, but who's also got a million dollars cold cash?'"

**T**HERE had to be a quick answer to this argument, for Martin knew that he would soon be under Army orders to travel to Washington, D. C., and that from there he might be transferred to any corner of the world.

Then came the evening at the seance. "That was part of Martin's campaign," said Vickie. "Instead of trying to outdo the millionaire by planning expensive evenings, he did something a lot more interesting—trying always to plan some unique sort of evening. This time, he took me to a seance, the first one either of us had ever attended."

It was a wonderful setting for a couple in love, for the weird surroundings and odd noises in the half-darkened room gave a perfect excuse for sitting close together and holding hands. There was the usual mystifying performance—mysterious lights, tinkling bells, a table that moved in response to questions, and all the rest.

Finally the woman conducting the seance asked Martin if he had any questions. It was too perfect a chance to pass up, so Martin leaned forward and said, "When I marry, I want it to be for keeps, and I want it to mean happiness for both of us. Is there any girl who could make this come true for both herself and me?"

For a moment there was silence in the shadowed room, except for a nervous giggle from one of the women who was in the group. Then the table gave two distinct thumps, which the medium had assured them meant "Yes."

"I don't know what caused the thumps," said Martin, "but it was the answer I wanted, so I didn't quibble. Instead, I leaned forward and asked another question: 'What girl?'"

Vickie leaned close to him and started to whisper, "The table can't answer that. It has to be something that can be answered 'yes' or 'no.'"

But her whisper broke off with a surprised gasp—for the table was suddenly sliding across the floor, directly toward her!

That was all that the Major wanted. Tossing the cooperative medium a tip that would have done even the millionaire proud, he rushed the surprised Vickie outside to where his car was parked.

Suddenly his arms were around her and, though his words were still carefully on the kidding side, something in his voice betrayed how important this moment was. "Well, Vickie, millionaire or no millionaire, don't tell me

you're going to defy the order we just received from Luke the Spook!"

"I started to laugh," Vickie said, "for it was about the craziest proposal a girl had ever had. But suddenly I wasn't laughing, I was crying. But the tears meant more happiness than any laughter had ever meant. The only answer I could make was to say shakily, 'I'm scared of ghosts, so let's obey Luke the Spook.'"

Shortly thereafter, Martin and Vickie visited us at the Bride and Groom studio, and their application was forwarded to the board of judges, who were evidently as intrigued as the rest of us by the Major's desire to "tell the world about it," and by the story of Luke the Spook playing Cupid. Their wedding date was set, thus very definitely answering the question: "The Major or the millionaire?"

The tiny blue-eyed Vickie and the handsome Martin made so attractive a pair, and were so obviously in love, that we on the Bride and Groom staff discovered ourselves being as excited about the wedding plans as though it were to be the first marriage of a Bride and Groom couple, instead of almost the six-hundredth. It seemed as though we were honoring personal friends (and Vickie and Martin soon became just that with all of us) when we took every possible care to insure that their wedding day would be memorable.

It was even more fun than usual, talking with them during the "on air" interview before the wedding, watching the faces of the radiant Vickie and her handsome fiancé as the gifts piled up—furniture, vacuum cleaner, electric appliances, radio-phonograph, wedding-picture album, reservation for their honeymoon at the beautiful Carmel Valley Inn, and all the other things to bid them "bon voyage" on their start of life together.

**T**HE studio-audience took them to heart, too—how everyone enjoyed the "Major vs. millionaire" romance; and the hilarious tale of "Luke the Spook's" part in the proposal!

But the gifts and the laughter are only a part of each Bride and Groom appearance. A special hush seemed to fall over the studio as we spoke of the wedding ceremony, to be conducted privately in the chapel adjoining the broadcast-room. The white-haired Reverend Alden Hill, the minister of their choice, was waiting there to say the words that would make Martin and Vickie man and wife.

Many couples have gone down the tree-lined path that leads to the chapel and a waiting minister, but surely no couple has ever been more attractive than Vickie Lang and Major Martin Kadetz—and surely no couple has ever carried with them more sincere wishes for a life-time of true happiness as Bride and Groom.

Watch for

**RADIO MIRROR'S  
READER BONUS**

In May (on Sale April 9th)

*It's Something Special!*



# Meet the Mayor

(Continued from page 51)

Vague's high, shrill giggles. She takes seriously her many jobs as actress, wife, rancher and honorary Mayor.

Barbara Jo is a lady without trying. And Vera Vague is her idea of a good joke on all the pretensions and affectations and shortcomings of would-be ladies.

Not that her creator doesn't love Vera just as much as the fans do. Barbara Jo has a very fond spot in her heart for the giddy antics of Vera and a sympathy for her weaknesses.

"But once in a while," Barbara Jo says ruefully, "I would like to forget her except that she comes in handy every now and then."

Once, when Barbara Jo was campaigning for the new postoffice, going door to door, petition in hand for signatures to present to the Los Angeles Railway Commission, she knocked on the door of a busy and suspicious householder. Sign a petition?—not he! He had no time for such things and anyway he didn't approve of women in politics. He didn't care if she was the Mayor of Woodland Hills.

**H**ALF out the door, Barbara Jo managed to bring Vera Vague into the conversation. The scene changed. Whisking her past a living room full of guests and into his kitchen, he folded his arms and leaned back against the wall. "Okay," he said. "You're Vera Vague. Go on and convince me."

Before his startled eyes he saw an odd change come over the face of his visitor. Up, up went her voice an octave higher. . . .

"You dear boy!" gushed that well-known radio simper. "Women are such bargain hunters—but I wonder what ever made your mother think you were worth it . . ."

There was more, before Barbara Jo stopped, out of breath. A lot more—enough to set the suspicious neighbor helplessly laughing. And absolutely convinced that she was Vera Vague, he reached for the petition.

When Barbara Jo was approached to become the Honorary Mayor of Woodland Hills, she was doubtful. Though assured that the job was entirely a nominal one—a prestige-created office with no actual functions beyond that of gracing an occasional luncheon and permitting her name to be used in publicity for the community—still she was doubtful. Born of Scotch mother who was of the famous Campbell clan, Barbara Jo had serious conceptions of honor and responsibility, and she felt the title of Mayor might entail plenty of the latter.

But this was not Scotland, she was told. This was the San Fernando Valley, a huge suburb of Los Angeles, and divided in itself into a number of small communities where glamorous Hollywood figures lived and for that reason were expected by their neighbors to shed some of that glamor upon them. This was the San Fernando Valley where Arthur Treacher reigned as Mayor of the community of Sherman Oaks and Andy Devine was Mayor of Van Nuys and Bob Hope of North Hollywood—all neighborhoods within the valley confines. Now Woodland Hills, more rural, less grown-up than the other communities, wanted an illustrious mayor to boost its stock and lure forth new immigrants.

## How to brighten your kitchen for only 8¢



Scatter cheerful, "singing" color around your kitchen like twinkling stars brightening the sky! First, decorate shelves with sparkling Royledge Shelving in merry patterns, in vivid reds, greens, blues. Then use "leftover" scraps on open shelves, for curtain tie-backs, etc.

"Refresh" your kitchen with a new color scheme monthly! Costs less than a penny a day to re-decorate shelves with Royledge every month or so. Fresh, gay Royledge patterns perk up your spirits. So easy to use—Royledge is shelving paper and edging all-in-one—just place on shelf and fold down the long-lasting, patented double-edge.

See gorgeous new Royledge patterns now at 5-and-10's, neighborhood, hardware, dept. stores. You'll be proud of your bright, colorful Royledged kitchen!

CLIP ON DOTTED LINE BELOW—Try this decorative pattern on closet-shelf. (Shows color only—you must see & feel actual Royledge double-thick quality.)



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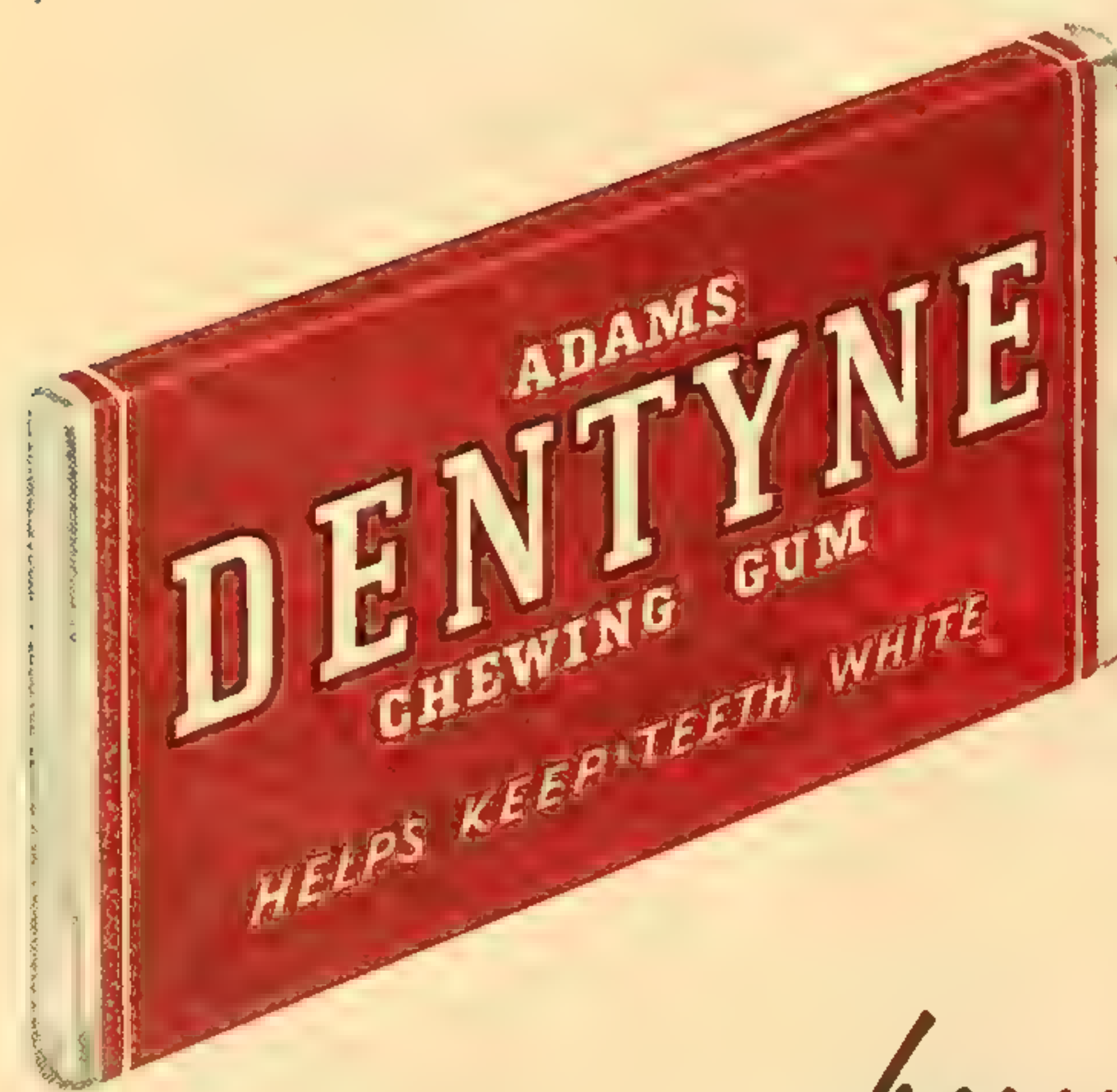
*"You get the tickets—  
I've got the Dentyne"*

You're all set for real flavor enjoyment with a pack of Dentyne—it's *keen chewing gum!*

And Dentyne is not only refreshingly different and long-lasting in flavor—it has an *added* advantage. You'll like the way its pleasantly chewy texture helps keep teeth sparkling!

Enjoy Dentyne often. For variety, try the other tempting Adams quality gums, too. Always—

*buy gum by Adams*



Reg. Trade Marks

They wanted Vera Vague to fill this role. It would look awfully good in the newspapers.

"So I said yes," Barbara Jo says. "Then I went to a Chamber of Commerce luncheon. And was I surprised."

It turned out that these Woodland Hills neighbors had problems she had never been conscious of before. She saw them in a new light; from the friendly men who had kidded her into taking office she saw them transformed into solid citizens, concerned over community affairs. Woodland Hills had no adequate bus service, either for adults or for children going to school. There was no post office of their own; they were served by a neighboring town. There was a Red Cross drive coming up.

That did it. No one was more surprised than Barbara Jo, herself, when she found herself diving head first into these problems. The least surprised of all was her husband. Norman Morrell knew that that troublesome conscience of his wife's would not let her rest with a masquerade-job.

So Woodland Hills found it had a Mayor who was a *real* First Lady. The community may still enjoy its own private joke and insist on having her talk and act like Vera Vague but it is growing steadily more proud of Barbara Jo Morrell who campaigns right alongside of them for the betterment of its public life.

She was a novice when she started, but she's a seasoned campaigner now. That shrinking butterflies-in-the-stomach feeling when knocking on people's doors to talk to them about a new bus line or get them to sign a petition or donate money for the Red Cross—it's all gone now and she makes her rounds knowing there will be a welcome wherever she goes.

**S**HE got the bus line. Her house-to-house canvassing for the Red Cross, which had been her first job, had led her into long conversations and put her so close to the needs of her constituents that when she went, in official capacity, to testify before the Los Angeles Railway Commission she really knew what the people of Woodland Hills wanted and needed. And her testimony was impressive. She could give facts and figures of people isolated in her hills because of lack of good transportation. It was a proud day for her and for Woodland Hills when the first new bus rolled through its hilly streets.

The post office was a tougher plum to pick. The mail *had* been delivered. Many of the residents couldn't understand what all the pother was about. Why a new one when the larger town nearby had been doing the work? But Barbara Jo had learned that the community must have a post office of its own in order to be eligible for FHA housing loans, working a hardship on many who needed financing for their homes. So out she went again, petition in hand. Signatures came in, to her and the other willing workers and now an American flag flies its official protection before the door of Woodland Hills' own post office.

It's not only in big projects that Her Honor is fulfilling her job. Her door must be open at all times to visitors who want to complain or who want help or who just want to talk.

Recently she had a frantic call from a neighbor woman. When Barbara Jo arrived at the woman's turkey farm she found a man and wife, itinerant workers, had moved themselves, bag



and baggage, into the woman's guest house, unasked and unwanted. They had come in response to an ad for helpers on the turkey farm, but they had proved, during the interview, to be unsuitable and had been asked to leave. Instead, they had taken the guest house over for their own. It took Barbara Jo and her neighbor three months of legal difficulties to dislodge the unwelcome squatters.

As Mayor she has a pet project. She is working, every moment she can spare from her home and her radio broadcasts, to get a community center—a club house and playground—for Woodland Hills. Bob Hope has promised to do a benefit show for them in the school auditorium which should raise a good share of the money needed for the Center. Who in the whole San Fernando Valley wouldn't turn out to see these two Honorary Mayors have at each other . . . to hear Bob call Vera a 'rickety Rita Hayworth' and a 'hydro-matic Hedy' and hear her tartly reply that 'people with stones in their heads shouldn't throw them'!

Many a full-time city official can't claim the fine record in community-building that Barbara Jo has produced in so short a time. And she has a career, a home, and a walnut ranch to help manage, besides.

When Mr. and Mrs. Morrell moved to their eight acres—calling it a ranch is no affectation, since any plot of ground over an acre in the San Fernando Valley is dignified by the name of ranch—they thought it would be a cinch to be farmers. In the first flush of enthusiasm they ordered a couple of cows, horses, a flock of turkeys and chickens, all to be delivered that same week. Barbara Jo shudders to look back on that crazy, frantic week as she and Norman worked day and night to get the animals and poultry settled. They had no idea so many things could go wrong. The few hours of sleep she managed to snatch were crowded with troubled dreams—where was she to get the hay for the cows—mash for the chickens—where were they to get help—and she found that, asleep or awake, she couldn't close her ears to the unhappy lowing and mooing and neighing and cackling of the farm life she had so blithely acquired.

**J**UST to make it perfect, in the midst of all this, they were informed by an experienced neighbor that their walnut trees must be *immediately* sprayed and pruned.

Somehow they survived and so did the farm. Amateurs that they were, they made up for their lack of knowledge by the knowledge of others and by sheer back-breaking work. Instead of becoming discouraged they found they actually enjoyed the life and were eager to learn.

Another rancher nearby made what Barbara Jo considers a profound statement. "Farmers," he declared, "are divided into two kinds of people. You're either plant people or you're animal people."

If this is so, the Morrells are plant people. They have more of an affinity with their trees and gardens than they have with their animals around the house. Perhaps this was decided for them when they discovered that having their own cow and paying for its feed and a man to care for it and milk it was bringing the cost of their own butter up to sixteen dollars and fifty cents a pound! And their own eggs averaged them somewhere around six

dollars a dozen! Even now that's *high*.

Even these stupendous costs might have been offset somewhat if Barbara Jo could ever have worked up an affection for cow or chicken . . . but she found the hens to be silly creatures who didn't care what hand fed them, and the cow to be subject to all kinds of moods and contrariness. Docile beast, indeed!

There are two exceptions to the plant vs. animal decision—the dogs and Elmer.

Elmer is three pounds of ring-tailed monkey and is the pride and joy and despair of the household. His mistress claims he is the smartest of all animals, but she also acknowledges that his superiority is of a demoniacal bent. Behind his tiny bright eyes and his constant chatter there lurk devilish plots to tease and harass every animal and human on the place. He loves to hide in corners and pounce on the unwary. He delights in scaring the chickens. His favorite trick is to hop on the backs of dogs or horses, pinching them, screeching at them, tormenting them beyond endurance.

**T**HE Morrells believe they have, through Elmer, made a scientific discovery. An onion to the monkey is not something to eat—in his tiny grasping hands it takes the place of soap and sponge. He rubs it all over his fur! The only possible explanation seems to be that the oil of the onion is of some benefit to the fur—and Barbara Jo passes this information on, here, to the furriers for whatever use they wish to make of it.

As she more and more becomes a plant person, Barbara Jo's reading habits have changed, too. From best-sellers and old classics to scientific treatises on mulches and composts and soil improvement. Though she is still one of the best-dressed, most glamorous figures of Hollywood's radio world, she seldom even peeks into a fashion magazine now. Her subscriptions have veered to farm journals and agriculture magazines.

It is quite possible that retreating to a ranch may, unconsciously, be Barbara Jo's last attempt to flee from her other-self, her creation—Vera Vague. Not without good reason, she would like to see her on-stage character separated from her private-life real self. She has only partly succeeded: though as Mrs. Norman Morrell her neighbors respect and like her, still it is Vera Vague whom they love.

She was not always identified with this one character. After finishing her schooling in the University of California, at Stanford University, and, lastly, in the famous Sorbonne of Paris—Barbara Jo became a serious dramatic actress. In stock companies she played such artistic hits as "The Shanghai Gesture" and the "Trial of Mary Dugan."

She soon—because of her natural, rich low voice and her acting ability—came into demand for radio parts. As a straight dramatic artist she was heard in Death Valley Days, as Beth Holly in One Man's Family, in Hawthorne House and many others.

The fateful change came into her life purely by accident. "Vera Vague" was not intentional.

At a Talent Parade party—a purely private staff party for NBC artists in San Francisco—all the guests were asked to come and do something just the *opposite*, in the line of acting or music, from their usual roles.

Have you heard?  
Skin-smoothing discovery called  
finer than Lanolin itself  
by skin scientists

Vitone  
now in  
Jergens  
Face Cream



Now...it's for you! A softer skin...a smoother skin...Yours with Vitone-enriched Jergens Face Cream...the most amazing smooth-skin discovery. See...feel the way it helps smooth your skin to romantic beauty.

Like four beauty aids in one jar: Jergens is all-purpose. Use it to cleanse, soften, help smooth dry-skin lines...as your powder base. Enriched with Vitone, yet costs no more than ordinary creams.

A CLEANSER.....  
A SOFTENER.....  
A DRY-SKIN CREAM..  
A POWDER BASE....



Doctors' tests show 8 out of 10 complexions beautifully improved. "Softer, Smoother," with Jergens Face Cream now better-than-ever with Vitone.

R  
M



**NEW!**  
a liquid 'LIPSTICK'  
can't smear!  
won't rub off!  
gives exotic color!



ADA LEONARD, famous stage beauty

**Instantly . . .  
make YOUR lips more thrilling!**

Here's the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A 'lipstick,' at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. You can use it to make your cream lipstick smearproof, too. Just brush on a coat of Liquid Liptone over your lipstick. You'll love it.



And CHEEKTONE . . .  
Roses in your cheeks  
without rouge! A "miracle"  
preparation. The effect is  
absolutely natural and  
lovely. Lasts all day.

LIQUID LIPTONE AND CHEEKTONE—newest exciting creations of Princess Pat—each \$1 plus tax. At all better stores.

**SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes**

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 8144  
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Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. tax) for each.

Please check:

- ☐ **Medium**—Natural true red—very flattering.
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- ☐ **Regal**—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- ☐ **Scarlet**—Flaming Red—definitely tempting.
- ☐ **Orchid**—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- ☐ **English Tint**—Inviting coral-pink.
- ☐ **CHEEKTONE**—"Magic" natural color.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

*liquid liptone*

Barbara Jo didn't have to think twice. She knew immediately what her character would be. She had recently attended a woman's club meeting and had been greatly amused at the efforts of a would-be lady lecturer attempting to give forth with a learned discourse on world literature. The speaker had floundered miserably, her fluttering gestures adding to the general confusion, and had finally wound up in a complete morass of nervous nonsense and hapless mistakes. It was on this type of woman that Barbara Jo modeled her new creation. The skit as she delivered it at the party was such a howling success that NBC executives who heard it insisted Vera Vague be put on the air. She was immediately incorporated, twice a week, into the Woman's Magazine of the Air.

In spite of Vera's success, Barbara Jo couldn't take her seriously. She made try after try to give her up and get back into her former dramatic roles. But Vera Vague grew in popularity in spite of her and soon became a featured part of a big-time radio program. In 1942 she became a member of the Bob Hope show.

In motion pictures Barbara Jo has sometimes been able to avoid her nemesis, but not often. Though she has played some serious dramatic roles, more and more the parts she is offered

are Vera Vagueish in character, if not actually in name. She played in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; "Swing Your Partner"; "The Night Before Christmas" and a long string of other hits. Right now Columbia Pictures have just completed a series of ten comedy shorts starring—who else?—our Miss Vera Vague.

Though it may seem a shame that such fine dramatic talent as hers should be wasted on a comedy-spinster type, and that the tall, gracious loveliness of Barbara Jo should be obliterated for the imaginary ungainliness of a Vera Vague in the minds of her fans—still it is possible that those same fans, like all her neighbors of Woodland Hills, feel themselves the richer for having such a wonderful, absurd creature to laugh with and at. Maybe they, too, have a secret sympathy and weakness for the trials of Vera Vague. Maybe laughter, after all, is as important as tragedy.

Whatever it is, Barbara Jo knows there is a welcome out for her—whether, as Mayor, she is knocking on the doors of a Woodland Hills home, or whether, on Tuesday night, she is bouncing onto the stage of the Bob Hope show and millions of listeners are tuning their radio dials to hear once more that famous salutation—

"Yoo hoo! It's me! You dear, dear people!"

## What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 13)

Talking about song plugging, there are more than 300 song pluggers in New York and Hollywood. It's their job to exploit songs for their bosses, the publishers. A recent poll among them revealed that their No. 1 "plug" on the West Coast is Bing Crosby, in the East, Guy Lombardo. They say these two can do more to boost a song into hit class than any other performers.

One of the liveliest feuds in New York is between Superman scripter Ben Freeman's three-year-old daughter and Mr. D.A. director Ed Byron's three-and-half-year-old son. The two children go to the same nursery school and when they get to an impasse in out-bragging one another about their respective fathers, they stop talking to each other. That's the mildest form of it. Sometimes they end a session with blows. That their parents remain on friendly terms is incomprehensible to the little people.

All kinds of things can happen. Recently, Ralph Edwards received a bill from a Shreveport, La., hotel which came as a surprise. Inquiries revealed that during the latest "Miss Hush" stunt, a woman registered at the hotel under the name of Miss Hush and gave instructions that the bill be sent to Edwards. The gullible manager believed her story that she had been doing her clue broadcasts from a farmhouse which had just burned down and that she was making the hotel her new hideout. The phony Miss Hush was given every possible consideration, including a suite, room service and all the trimmings. She stayed two weeks in this luxury and then checked out. She hasn't been traced yet.

Did you know that Jack Benny's orchestra is never allowed to hear the rehearsals of his show? Jack insists on this because he wants his programs to sound as spontaneous as possible and he thinks this way the orchestra's guffaws, when they come, are more natural and unforced.

One of our sports enthusiast friends who always remembers everything about every sport tells us that Ilene Woods, who's a permanent fixture on the Jack Carson show these days, was runner-up for the New Hampshire women's golf title when she was 16. From that to singing is a long swing, but on her we think it looks fine.

Sam Moore and John Whedon, who formerly wrote The Great Gildersleeve, have written the musical comedy, "Hell Bent For Election." The score is by Robert Emmett Dolan and the lyrics by Johnny Mercer. Should be a hit with all that talent put into it.

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . The big trade unions are all setting aside hefty budgets for radio time this election year . . . Percy Faith has been asked to do the score for a Broadway musical which Fletcher Markle, radio-producer of Studio One, is producing on the Gay White Way . . . Pat O'Brien has already been signed as Jimmy Durante's summer replacement . . . Looks like Sam Spade will get film treatment via Universal pix and Howard Duff is part of the deal . . . Dave Willock has a fat supporting role in Ray Milland's new Paramount flicker, "Sealed Verdict" . . . It is estimated that Professor Quiz has given away close to \$200,000 in his eleven years in radio . . . Ted Malone is busy setting up a cross-country FM network. Wonder when he sleeps? . . .



# The Life of Jack Benny

(Continued from page 61)

him) to "go into radio."

"I had no more radio job than a rabbit," he says now. "But I said it loud enough so that nobody asked any questions."

Burns and Allen made it before he did. So did Eddie Cantor. The early sponsors shied clear of anything as subtle and "Broadway" as the Benny school of humor.

When Jack finally did make his radio debut, it was for free—as a guest interviewee with columnist Ed Sullivan.

That fifteen-minute sustaining show was to launch the most fabulous radio career of them all, so for the record, here is the way it began.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Jack replied to Sullivan's introduction, "this is Jack Benny talking. There will be a slight pause while you say 'Who cares?'"

A lot of people cared, most importantly the manufacturers of a now Benny-famous gingerale, who promptly signed him up.

And the process of Benny-izing radio began. After fifteen years, it has come full circle. "Situation comedy," Benny style, generally has replaced jokey routines on the air; getting laughs with character rather than with gags—another Benny innovation—is the aspiration of every top notch performer.

And the legend about a man who is so stingy, so stupid, so grudging and sourpussed, such a smart guy with no brains to back it up has so convinced the American public that every Sunday 25,000,000 roar with laughter when that smart guy falls on his face.

THE laugh is really on them. For Jack Benny is none of those things.

On the air, Jack Benny is a miserly man—a penny-pinching fellow who tips with nickels, who pays Rochester \$25 a week, who requires of Dennis Day that for his meager salary he sing and mow the lawn.

Actually, Benny shops for the best performers in the business—pays the highest salaries in the business to his writers and actors, both the regulars on his program, and the extra people who come and go. Even the AFRA actors who come on to say "Telegram for Jack Benny" go off to collect an over-scale check.

In the face of suspicious waiters the country over who have heard tales about this guy, he tips with a lavish hand. When he leaves a hotel not only the maids and the waiters are richer, but the telephone girls, mail clerks, and bellhops. At Christmas time, at NBC, when Benny's secretary, Bert Scott, heaves into view with bulging pockets the cry goes up that Santa Claus has come at last. There are money gifts for everybody — parking lot attendants, pages, thirty-five girls in the mimeograph department, the maintenance crew, the works.

The Benny family lives in luxury in one of the most beautiful homes in Beverly Hills, run with a lavish hand by Mary and a staff of eight professional, fabulously paid, domestics.

Mary is gowned by the best designers, drives the most luxurious cars, not a Maxwell in the lot. Joan, the Bennys' fourteen-year-old adopted daughter, goes to the very best schools. His family and his friends can have anything Jack Benny has.

On the air, Benny cowers before the

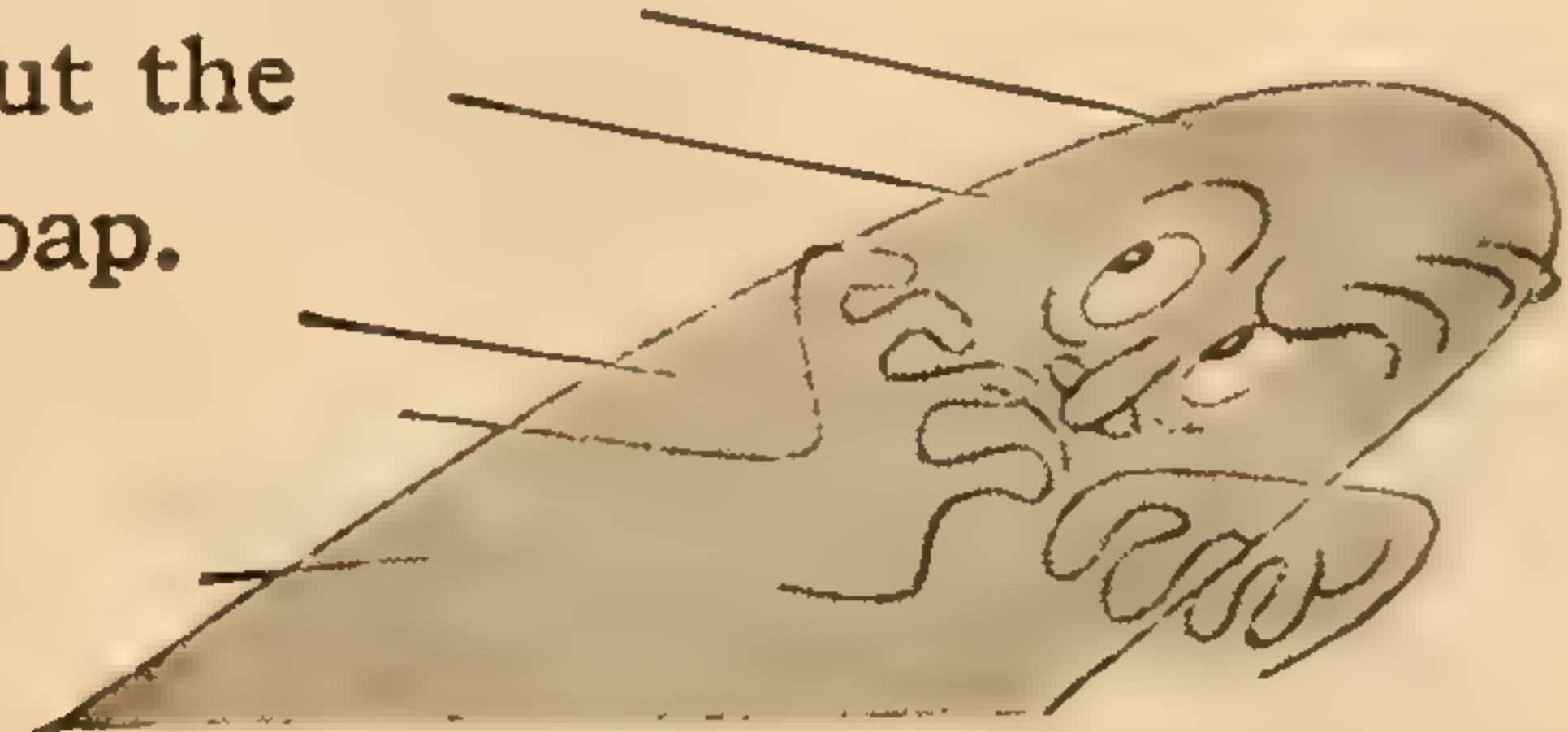


"We'll wash him with  
Mama's Fels-Naptha!"

A great many "Mamas" will understand this picture without a word of explanation. They'll be reminded of clothes that are cleaner and whiter; of 'shorter' washdays; less washing 'wear and tear.' Because *they* use Fels-Naptha Soap.

You may want to try golden Fels-Naptha, too, when you know why it removes dirt and stains that other laundry soaps can't budge. This mild, golden soap brings *extra* help to every washing job. The *extra* help of naptha. Gentle, active Fels naptha that loosens stubborn dirt—deep down in the fabric—so it can be 'floated' away without harmful rubbing.

Once you see a sparkling, fragrant Fels-Naptha wash on your line, you'll never want to start another washday without the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha Soap.



Golden bar or Golden chips... **FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





What a feeling of confidence and self-assurance this Tampax gives to a woman on those bad days of the month. She goes about absolutely free from the worries connected with the external type of sanitary protection. Her Tampax is an *internal* absorbent. It can neither be seen nor felt when in place!

Dressing in the morning, she dons no harness of belt-pin-pad. Therefore she carries no bulk to act as a reminder. No ridges will show nor edges chafe. No odor to be feared because odor cannot form with Tampax. Then how can she help feeling more like her usual self—daintier, more relaxed, more active?

An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton firmly stitched—and it's encased in applicators for easy insertion. Quick to change. No trouble to dispose of. . . . Join the millions now using Tampax. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply fits into your purse; the economy box holds 4 months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising  
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

**Big Name.** The real Benny has respect only for what a man or a woman can do. Several years ago when he was kept waiting for an hour by a Governor of an eastern state he walked out. Over horrified protests of the receptionist, he made his position clear. He had work to do. The Governor's contract had four years to run—his had only thirteen weeks.

He is credited by the people who know him best—the people who work for him—with a kind of democracy rare among the "Big Boys."

In his weekly all-Friday writing sessions with the writing staff, he is just another writer, easily overruled on any point of disagreement.

Although it has been said that any writer who works for Benny for a week is a Benny writer for life—because the man's influence on the script is so definitive—the result is gained without Jack's ever resorting to the phrase which echoes down most radio halls, "It's going to be this way, because *I want it this way.*"

"We have to keep reminding him that he is a big star," one of the writers jokes.

**AT** the Saturday read-through—first rehearsal of the Sunday script—Benny is equally off-hand with the twenty-five or so actors, sound men and musicians on hand.

He gets the reading he wants without raising his voice. If he suggests a change in interpretation, it is so tactfully done that no one, least of all the old hands, takes offense.

Rochester has told friends that his relationship with his boss is rare and wonderful because "Jack never holds back, just because I'm a Negro, when he wants to bawl me out." This is more than racial tolerance; it is acceptance of a man as a man, which is something on a higher level.

Never a soap-boxer on any sort of controversial issue, Benny has nevertheless carried over to radio all of the best parts of the old trouper-democracy, the philosophy that nothing about you matters but what you can do. He doesn't compromise. Hotels which won't accept Rochester's registration lose the whole troupe; this goes for restaurants as well.

*On the air, Benny is the "Big I."* Off mike, he is self-effacing, eager always to give the other guy the credit. Mary, he says, is a great critic. "She can tell whether a script is a dog or a sensation just from reading it. She knows exactly when a line is right, and if it is wrong she knows exactly why." It doesn't occur to him that Mary acquired this faculty—which she unquestionably has—from him.

Daughter Joan, who wraps him daily around her little finger, is in her father's words "good at everything—everything she does, whether it's playing the piano, riding, swimming, or tennis, she does expertly." It doesn't occur to him that he was the first perfectionist in the family, that Joannie by precept and example must "get it right."

The other fellow's joke is always the funniest joke Benny ever heard. He is a great laughter, the world's greatest living room audience.

And not just jokes. The new sports shoes someone is wearing are the best-looking shoes he ever saw in his life and he is going out right now and buy some.

His golf pro is the greatest golf pro in the world and Jack is so awestruck at his skill that he writes him into the radio script for next Sunday.

He can show enthusiasm for *anything*. The malted milk he had at the corner drugstore at lunch was the greatest

malted milk he ever had in his life.

His intimates have come to accept Jack's modesty as normal. Bert Scott, for years secretary to Jack L. Warner, no longer gasps when his present employer—who pays him a handsome salary to be around when he's needed—prefaces a request that he drop around at the house for a conference with "if it's convenient."

Irving Fein, who handles press relations for Benny, was only mildly shocked when Benny came to *his* house for a meeting one time when he had a cold in the head.

In New York, San Francisco, Hollywood—the cities where a celebrity must know hundreds of all kinds of people, it is not surprising to see Jack Benny striding down the street, hello-ing everyone. Everyone hellos him. After all, he's a regular caller at the house on Sunday evening; when you see the guy you speak to him.

Scott recalls a walk with Benny down Market Street in San Francisco when Jack spoke to forty people in a block, including one man, an ex-baseball player turned restaurateur, whom he used actually to know. Jack had walked on for a block when it hit him that the fellow was an old friend. He hurried back to find him and explain.

"I didn't mean to say 'hello'," he said, grinning. "I meant to say 'hello'."

Strangers, full of the Benny legend, approach him with some temerity when they want something.

Once last summer when Jack was on a cross-country driving trip, he stopped overnight in a little Kansas town where obviously no celebrity had ever been seen before. The night clerk at the hotel took his registration with shaking fingers.

"I'll want to be called early," Jack said, "I'm tired now, I'm going straight to bed."

"Yes, sir," the man said with an "I'll protect you" inflection.

**A** FEW minutes later when a reporter from the local paper rushed in breathless, hoping for an interview, he was told that Mr. Benny had retired. He did not wish to be disturbed.

The reporter sat in the lobby all night. After all, this was his big chance.

When Benny appeared, at six a.m., he stammered out his request.

"Sure," said Jack, who wanted to be nice but also wanted to get started early, "but can't we do it over breakfast?"

Nothing in the town was open that early for breakfast, but, the reporter suggested tentatively, "we could go to my house."

It was quite a breakfast—hot corn meal, ham and eggs, pancakes—"the best breakfast I've ever had in my life!"

The rigorous work schedule he must keep up—constant personal appearances, benefits, in addition to the weekly radio show and the motion pictures he continues to make at intervals—would excuse Jack Benny from many of the obligations of an ordinary fellow.

But he doesn't want to be let off—he is unhappy if his work robs him of any of the pleasure of being a husband, father, or friend.

When he toured the battlefronts during the war he wrote daily to Mary, giving her every detail of his experiences. If he was homesick, he drew a sad Benny face for a signature; if he was heading for home, a Benny with a big smile.

He was in Paris on V-E day and appeared on the broadcast which made the news official. He fretted that he was not



allowed to advise Mary that the broadcast was going to take place, but then relaxed.

"Bill Goetz will be listening—he'll tell her," he told his troupe. Goetz is a friend who is an insatiable radio fan. Jack thought he would be listening, even if the broadcast did come at four a. m.

When he landed in New York the next day he called Mary. "Did you hear the broadcast, doll?" he inquired eagerly.

"Of course," she said, "Bill Goetz called me."

When he is away from home, he telephones daily; when it is impossible—although he loves New York and the people of the show world—he hungers for his easy, early to bed life, his golf, his quiet times with the family.

With Joan, he admits that he is a push-over. "If I had to be the disciplinarian," he told her once, "you'd just have to run wild."

"Oh, no," Joannie replied with an adolescent's wisdom, "if mother weren't strict with me you'd have to be."

Joan is now away from home at boarding school, and Jack says the big house rattles. Mondays are visiting days at the school, and Jack and Mary turn up every Monday. It is the thrill of the week.

**JACK'S** father died a year ago at eighty. He had been spry and happy, was planning as usual to spend the winter in Florida. Jack sensed, however, psychically, he says, for the old man was very close to his son, that his father's heart was wearing out. He made two special trips to Chicago that summer to see him. He felt older himself, and bereft, when he came back home from his father's funeral.

On the air, of course, Jack is played as a vain and conceited man who won't admit that he is balding, bulging and no longer a Don Juan.

Actually, although his hair is thinning, he does not own a toupee. If he has moments of vainness, he isn't allowed to cherish them. The Mary-laugh can still be depended upon to pull his feet back down to the ground.

A new batch of photograph proofs came in from the NBC gallery the other day and Jack was visibly disappointed.

"They're not very good," he complained, "I don't know why it is, but I haven't had *any* good pictures lately."

"You haven't had a good picture since you were a juvenile at M G M," Mary quipped, adding, "and that was twenty years ago."

But Jack is lean and fit. His expensive, casually cut clothes show off a middle that is not bulging, and since he does the work of ten men and a team of horses every week he cannot be considered a physical wreck.

His friends have their little jokes about his physical prowess.

During the shooting of "George Washington Slept Here," Jack was called upon to play a fight scene in which he was knocked backwards down a hill and then rolled over and over. When the director sent for a stunt man, Jack was offended.

"Do you think I'm a weakling?" he wanted to know. The director compromised. The stunt man could do the fall and most of the roll. When the camera moved in for the close-up—Jack could roll over—once.

Jack rolled, and sprained his back. He was taped up for three weeks.

His normal routine—which most men would find arduous — seems to be a

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breeze for Jack, who finds plenty of time for his daily golf, and for a pleasant, unhurried, suburban kind of life with his family and close friends, the Joel Pressmans (Claudette Colbert), Burns and Allen, the Myrt Blums. (Mrs. Blum is the former Babe Marks.) Jack is relaxed, and his writers and staff insist that they, too, are free of pressure.

When the schedule is complicated, as it was last spring and summer, by a rigorous personal appearance tour, things toughen up for everybody.

Jack played to record audiences—and for a record box-office take—for one week at the Chicago Theater in Chicago, and two weeks at the Roxy in New York. (And took a train out of New York one hour after his final New York show to appear at a testimonial dinner in Kansas for General Eisenhower.)

The radio show, of course, went merrily along through all this. Bert Scott recalls that on the last day of the Chicago run he dropped by Jack's hotel as usual to drive with him to the theater. It was 8:30 A.M., the first show of the five-a-day didn't go on until 10 o'clock. There was plenty of time for breakfast, but Jack—who is always first to arrive anywhere (and who goes crazy, incidentally, at Rochester's roguish insistence upon hopping onto every train they take just as the porter is pulling up the steps)—wanted to get on downtown. They stopped at a drugstore for a cup of coffee.

They were in the theater at 9:30. Not even the janitor had arrived. Jack turned on the lights in his dressing room. Warily, he removed his coat.

"Would you mind, Bert," he said, "hanging up my coat?"

Scott put the coat on a hanger. Jack had dropped into the chair at the make-up table, his head in his hands.

He had a headache, he said. Would Bert hand him his glasses, they were in the inside right pocket...

"But," Bert remonstrated gently, "you're wearing them, Jack."

It was the first time he had seen his boss fagged, really fagged.

And what does he get for taking this punishment? The old joke-line again, "a lousy fortune."

Only on the air is Benny a man who is a sucker for a bad deal. In business, his decisions have been masterful. He holds low score for mistakes as an artist—and his selections of personnel and material have been brilliant. What is rarer in his business, is that he has been equally sagacious as a business man.

His salary in radio is the highest there is. He owns outright his Sunday half hour on NBC, the only such arrangement in radio.

He is the country's top draw in personal appearances. His pictures have all made money—not just the three Jack liked, "George Washington Slept Here," "Charley's Aunt" and "To Be or Not To Be," but all of them, even "The Meanest Man in the World."

In the last two years, he has become an investor in show business. In addition to other interests he is a stockholder in Amusement Enterprises, Inc., which produces not only Jack's own radio show, but several aspiring beginners. The organization plans also to produce legitimate shows for Broadway, and next summer will film a Dorothy Lamour starring picture from Craig Rice's "The Lucky Stiff."

The little boy with the fiddle from Waukegan has kept that date with somebody at the top. But there is still a lot of the Waukegan kid in him.

"Isn't it wonderful," he asked Mary the other day, "I can afford two sets of golf clubs—one to keep at Hillcrest, the other to leave at Palm Springs."

"You kill me," Mary said. "Don't you know that you could buy a new Cadillac if the old one got dirty?"

Not Jack. His father, who scraped and saved to buy those first violin lessons for his talented six-year-old son, would turn over in his grave.

As for his mother—even now Jack thinks of her uneasily.

"You know," he says sometimes, "I wish I hadn't quit school. I wish I'd had an education." (He buys books voraciously which he *intends* to read.)

"Then," Mary objects, "you would have been a different guy. You get laughs because you're a schmoe." She knows that his comedy is down to earth, real to millions of people, because Jack is close to the people and the roots of America.

When, as sometimes happens, a really big time violinist—a Heifetz or a Menuhin—appears on Jack's show and is amazed that the great comedian actually can, if he wants to, get a good tone out of his own fiddle—Jack worries about *that*.

"I wonder," he'll say, "if I should have kept up with the violin."

"And lose all those laughs because you're a lousy violinist," Mary tells him. "You're better off doing what you're doing now."

Some ghost of his mother's voice makes him protest.

"I want to be doing what I'm doing now, and be a great violinist," he compromises.

"Sure," Mary comes back, "and you want it should not rain this afternoon and spoil the ball game."

And they laugh.



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## "Hello, Sweetie!"

(Continued from page 31)

Esther glanced at the newcomer, thought idly, "Why, that boy looks like Ben." Then she did a double-take.

"Ben!" she screamed, as his arms gathered her in. "Oh, you big moose, you've done it again!" She was crying and laughing, pummeling his chest. "Why didn't I guess you were calling from the lobby? When will I ever get wise to you?"

He grinned down at her. "Never—I hope!"

The married life of Ben and Esther, a marriage of radio and screen stars, is like that. Full of surprises, fun, more fun—and other things, including large quantities of devotion, mutual admiration and down-to-earth plain good sense.

Three other times during the four weeks Esther was on tour, Ben finished his announcing-singing stint on Joan Davis Time (CBS), hopped a plane, and turned up unexpectedly where Esther was.

Once, in New Haven, Conn., he was the "boy" who presented her the customary bouquet on stage after her performance, his appearance almost fracturing her poise but not quite.

Again, when her tour was over and she was proceeding home by train, she received a wire at Winslow, Ariz. "Hello, sweetie," it read, "meet me in the club car. I'm lonesome." He had flown from Hollywood to meet her, sent the telegram from the station.

THEIR romance started this way: they "met cute," as the script-writers term it. Esther was a rising movie starlet, helping out at a big benefit show at Earl Carroll's by peddling cigarettes. She was beautiful, moving among the customers and smiling, but her mood was deep indigo. Her teenage marriage had just ended, she was there alone, and she felt lost. Bunny Waters (Mrs. Johnny Green) said, "Hi, Esther, I want you to meet Ben Gage—Sergeant Ben Gage."

Esther looked up, up, and up, into the blue eyes of a guy who admits to six-feet-five and 220 pounds. Now she remembers thinking: "I've seen big guys before, but here's the biggest." The impact, on each of them, was total. Esther went on peddling cigarettes but—as she knows now—her life was changed. She worked late, got her wrap, and went to get her car.

The parking lot attendants were all gone. It was raining, the parking area a black lake. She stood there, feeling very sorry for herself.

"May I help?" said Ben Gage behind her. "Getting a car here is a job for GI boots, not for your sandals."

He brought the car around, stepped out, and observed hesitantly: "I was watching you all evening. You didn't eat anything. Aren't you hungry? A sandwich, maybe?"

A girl has to be careful in Hollywood, but Esther could tell this big lug in uniform wasn't "fresh." They went to a little spaghetti place, ate, drank coffee, danced to juke-box music, talked, and talked some more. It must have been love even then, because the place seemed wonderful. It was, as they found out on a later visit, actually a greasy little joint.

She did not see him again for three months. They next met at the wedding of Vicky Lane and Tom Neal, and then they began dating. Esther was making

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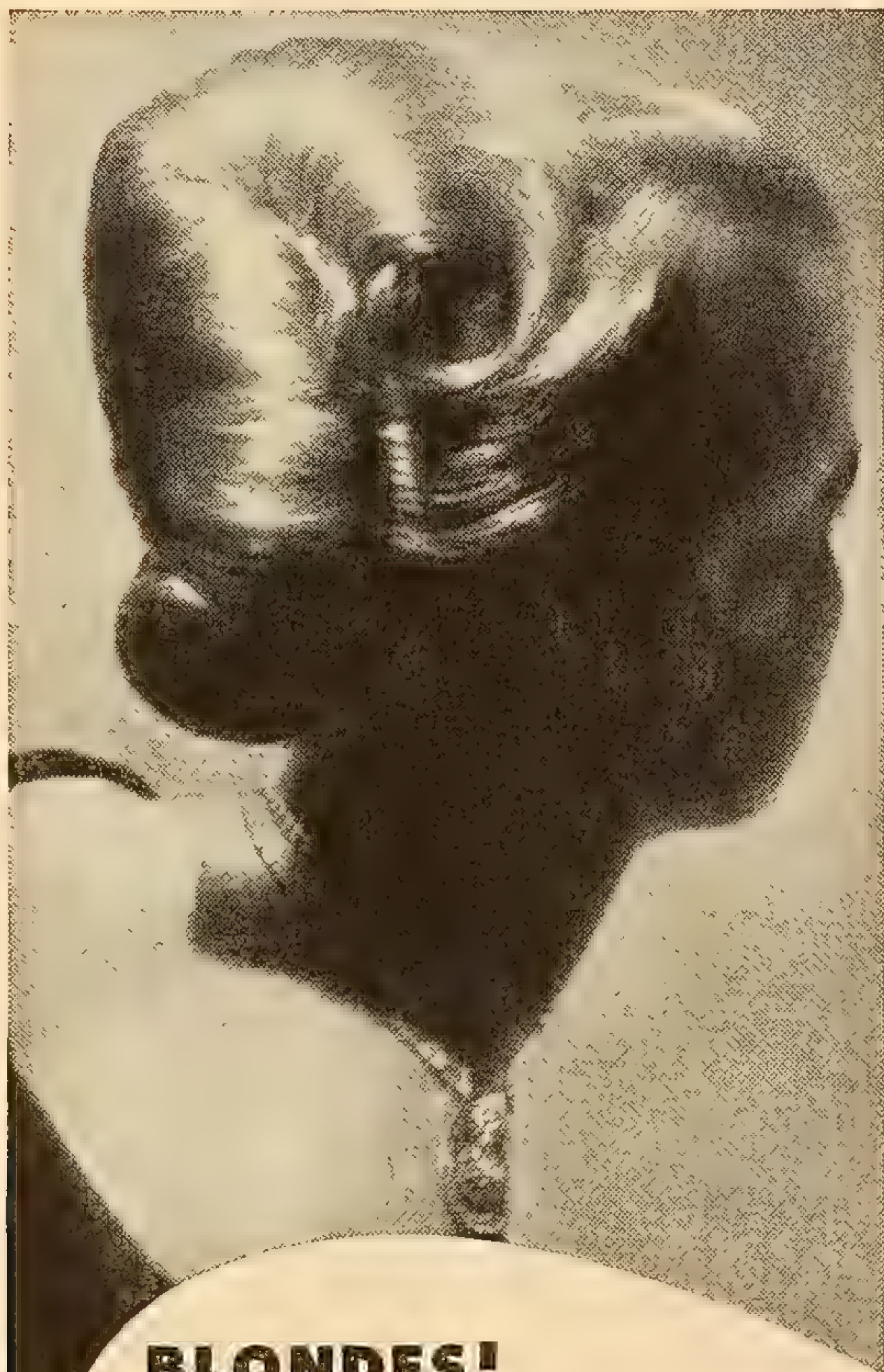
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"Thrill of a Romance," one of her first hits, and Ben was busy on air force radio at Santa Ana.

"I must have been a trial to him," says Esther now, "being all involved in a picture and everything."

"I was a test to her, too, being a sergeant in the army!" says Ben. "Couldn't be sure about leaves, or anything. Things were so bad they could only get better."

A year and a half later, November 25, 1945, they were married. It was a candlelit wedding, in a little Westwood church, and all their families were there—mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts, even Ben's eightyish grandma who flew merrily in from his home town, Evanston, Ill.

"And since then," as Esther tells it, "nothing's ever been dull in our lives. . . ."

Dull? These two can unstuff a stuffed-shirt atmosphere merely by walking through it, Ben with a grin, tall and tawny Esther with that twinkling smile that says, "Come off it, Butch, and be yourself!"

You've seen homes where "informal living" is planned, self-conscious, even painful. At the Gage house, things are informal because formality wouldn't have a chance—they'd kid it into a nervous breakdown.

Their small redwood house hugs a Pacific Palisades hillside and overlooks a lot of land and seascape. You enter at street level, in the upstairs hall, and if you're not careful you fall down the stairway into the wood-paneled living room.

The decor is strictly Esther-Ben. Comfort, bright colors, gadgets, antiques, lamps made from antiques. There's a brass cuspidor Ben made into a lamp, with shade by Esther. An old coffee-grinder likewise sports a lampshade. Stone fireplace, cozily smoke-blackened. A flock of Toby mugs, bought for gifts—that they found they couldn't part with. A neat bar Ben made from the lumber in a wall they tore out to run living and dining rooms together. Big couches—and books. A piano which neither of them plays but which is pounded frequently by friends. A fiddle—Ben's—which he says he "plays not quite as well as Jack Benny when he's kidding." A record-player, which sits on the floor beside the radio console. And Angie, an alert little cocker who is underfoot wherever Ben and Esther are, and who wags her tail and looks wise whenever she hears a Ben Gage recording.

The living room opens on a flagstone porch leading to the small backyard

and pool. The pool is a tip-off on life at the Gages'. It's where the swim-queen and her equally aquatic mate take their favorite sport, but it's still the smallest in town—35 by 15 feet—and is fed by a garden hose. Ben and Esther painted it themselves, and Ben, quite a handy man around a house, installed the filter system. The tiny combination guest house-dressing room beside the pool is of redwood, built by Ben and Esther with a little professional help, wallpapered and painted by them on their own.

They're always planting, building, or painting something. Sometimes, when they paint, they'll miss a spot or two—and leave it that way.

"For sentiment," explains Esther, "or maybe laziness."

They kid each other, with fond mercilessness, and kid themselves. Like the time Esther, who does the cooking, came in from a day at MGM all aglow with some nice things she'd heard about her work. She was spilling them all to Ben, chattering a mile a minute, until with a deadpan expression he halted her:

"That's wonderful, Glamor Girl, but now it's time to get the beans on the stove!"

Esther, laughing with him, came down to earth and went to the kitchen. Nobody makes like a star around the Gage place, at least not for long.

Esther too can dish it out. You are there for lunch by the pool, and Ben is a few minutes late joining the party. When he appears, casually sportsuited, and starts down the flagstone steps, Esther accompanies his approach with a whispered-out-loud account of his progress: "Here comes my handsome husband. . . . Today he is making a *casual* entrance. . . . But how casual can you be. . . ?" Here Ben trips on a loose flagstone, almost plunges headlong into the pool. "Oh, honey," laments Esther, howling hysterically. "Your beautiful entrance all spoiled!" Ben is doubled up laughing, too.

They live what they like to call "flexible" lives. Aside from working time, about which they're as conscientious as a couple of ambitious beavers, they share a dislike of excessive planning for day-to-day living. They like to drop in on friends, and to have their friends drop in—for meals or otherwise.

One of their favorite tales concerns the time Esther planned a small dinner party, and spent a busy housewifely day in the kitchen making ready, cooking, and tidying up. The appointed hour came and went, and still no guests.



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9:30 CST

11:30 MST

ABC STATIONS

10:30 PST



"Oh," cried Esther finally, light dawning. "Oh, I forgot to invite them!"

Another time, she invited Ricardo Montalban, her leading man in "Fiesta," and his wife Georgianna to dinner—and forgot about it.

"Wasn't that terrible?" she moans. "Fortunately, they *know* me and could forgive."

But don't get it wrong. Despite all this, theirs is not one of those too, too cute and too, too madcap menages you hear about. Their gift for laughter does not preclude a healthy interest in other things—including, notably, the prospect of rearing a family. They lost their first baby, but this heartbreak did not embitter them. The nursery they built is still waiting.

About their two careers, Esther leaves no doubt that Ben's, to her way of thinking, is the important one. They have not worked together, either in films or radio, but that may come. When people ask Ben why he doesn't make pictures, he says: "Radio is what I like, and I'll stick to it. If I can make a name there, then maybe pictures will follow and I can do both." Esther is hoping to get a leave of absence from films so she and Ben can co-star in a Broadway musical. There's already a deal cooking, and—"he'd be grand," she predicts confidently.

**B**EN, who is 33 now, has been working toward his radio goal ever since he sang on station WHBY in Appleton, Wis., where he attended Lawrence College. He left school after two years to sing with Anson Weeks' band for a season, left the band in Chicago to go into radio, and in 1937 headed for Hollywood.

The splash he made in the Hollywood radio pond was inaudible. He lived for a while on movie vocal work, plus a small night-club singing job, plus one dollar a program for some local thing called "Listen, Ladies." From this he forged ahead (if you could call it forging) to another local show (five dollars a show, six nights a week) as "The Hollywood Troubadour."

With all his odd jobs the struggle was so tough, the hours so long, that he finally took a staff job announcing at NBC. He was announcing the Bob Hope show, and doing well, when the war took him into the army for four years. Along with Sergeant Lou Bush, who now conducts and arranges radio music, and Sergeant William Tracy, now in radio and pictures, Ben did air force radio work, sometimes singing, usually announcing. The Tracys and the Bushes (she is the screen's Janet Blair) are still among the Gages' best friends.

It was Meredith Willson who "rediscovered" Ben as a singer, and on the Willson show the Gage baritone, deep and rich, began winning devoted listeners. He's going places, and the girl who is cheering the strongest is Mrs. Ben Gage.

Ben manages the family affairs, pays the bills, and "handles the loose change." As flash goes in Hollywood, they aren't having any, unless you count that new Cadillac—blue-grey, with red leather upholstery—that Ben tried to surprise Esther with.

"But they delivered it while I was home, so I surprised *him*," gloats Esther. "Whoever has to make an impression drives the Cad, the other takes the old Ford."

They own a tiny island in a Wisconsin lake, and recently they've built a small house at Acapulco, Mexico, for an investment.



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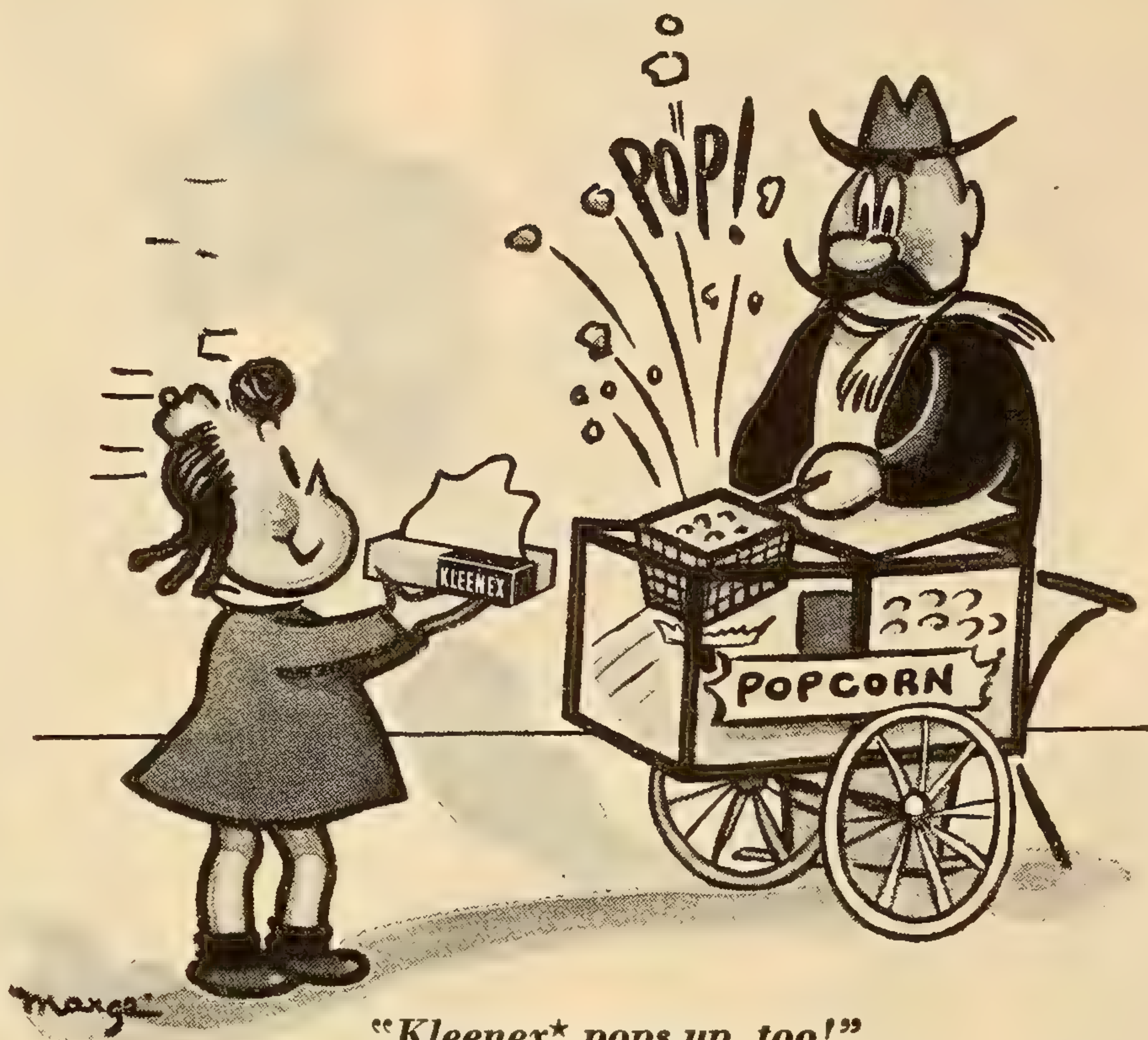
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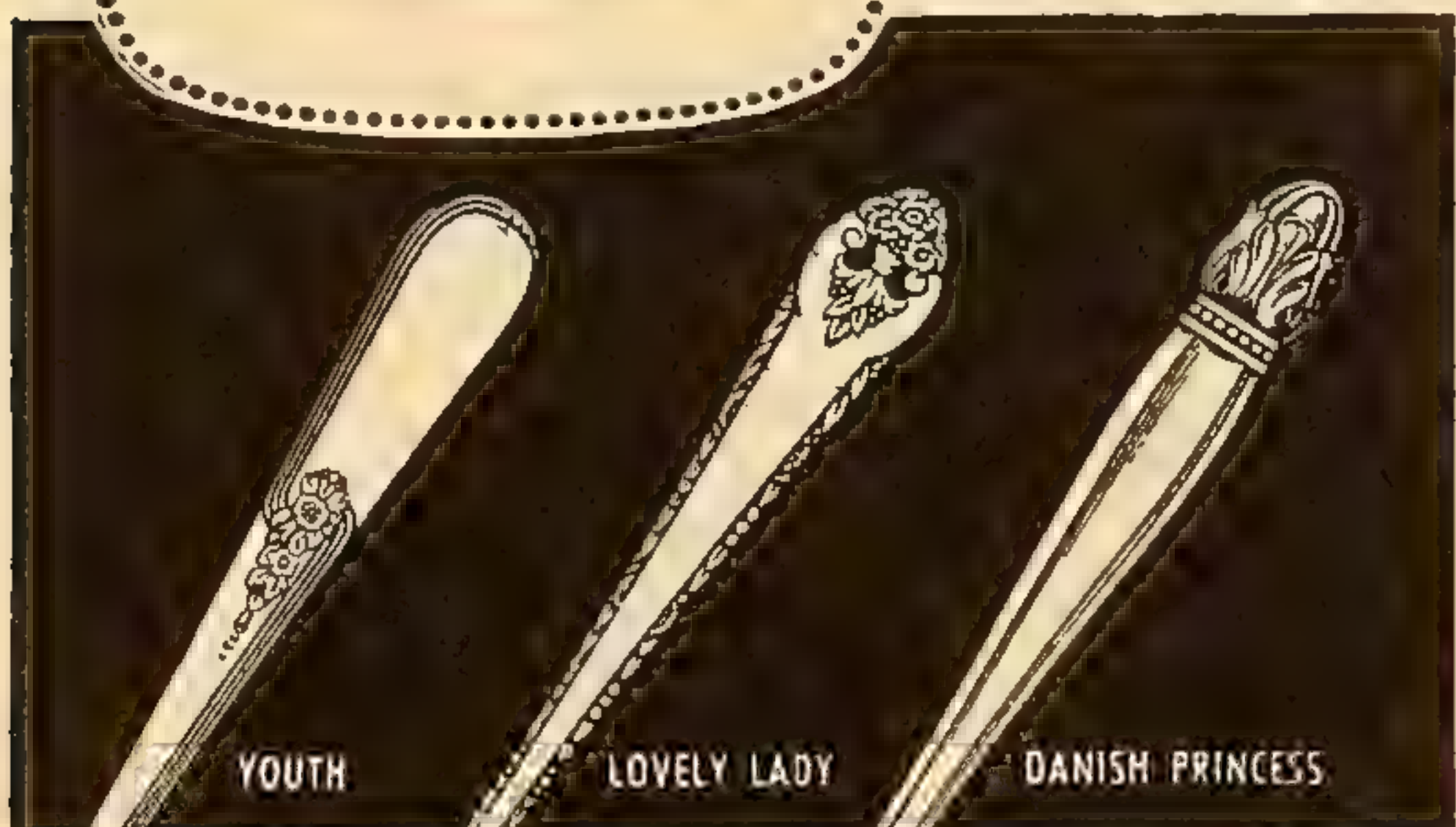
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"Just two bedrooms and a kitchenette overlooking a tarantula," Ben describes it. But two bedrooms at Acapulco, tarantula or no, are worth having.

Their extravagance, aside from long distance calls and airplane trips when they're separated by work, is antiques. They pride themselves on bargains, and price is definitely an object. Antique-hunting together is a very favorite pastime.

"In fact," says Esther, "doing anything or going anywhere with Ben is my favorite pastime. I'll tell you this while he's out of the room—don't want to make him swell-headed!—but I don't know anybody who is more genuine fun. We can go into a restaurant for a sandwich and before we leave he knows everybody in the place, how many kids each has, and everything about them.

"Until I met Ben I never knew how much fun it was to go to the same places over and over, where he knows the waiters and waitresses and they know him. In Chicago he took me to some tiny hole-in-the-wall spots where he hadn't been for a dozen years—and they all greeted him like a long-lost brother! He has a way.

"And then, as you may have gathered, life with Ben is full of surprises. Always good surprises, always funny. They never miss—and I'll never get wise."

SHE'LL never forget that birthday of hers when Ben seemed to have overlooked the occasion entirely. He took her to the Brown Derby for dinner, and Esther, already tired from a hard day at the studio was feeling lower and more neglected by the minute. The last straw came, it seemed to her, when their waiter brought word that Robert, the chef, insisted on seeing her in the kitchen.

"I thought the least Ben could do was to make excuses for me, but no, he urged me to go," she recalls. "I went, and next thing I knew Robert was insisting that I see the new decorations in the American Room. I peeked in there, and I still didn't get wise—not until the whole crowd started singing Happy Birthday. Then, and only then, it sank in. I never learn!"

The "whole crowd" includes, usually, such Gage friends as Eddie Polo, Esther's make-up man, the Bushes, Jim and Henny Backus from radio, the Will Tracys, Ben's brother Charles and wife Ann, Dick Fitzpatrick of American Airlines, Melvina and Kenny McEldowney, Myron Dutton, producer of the Meredith Willson show, and Helen Young, Esther's hairdresser.

Most of these were on hand the day that Esther, for a change, surprised Ben. For their second wedding anniversary, Ben was led to expect a quiet dinner at the McEldowneys'. But Esther fixed it so that Backus, Bush and Dutton would require Ben for a foursome at the Brentwood golf club. As Ben was putting for the 18th hole, the gang marched from the nearby clubhouse, bearing signs proclaiming "Happy Anniversary!" "Go Ahead and Putt!" and similar foolishness. Wagons loaded with flowers and champagne and trimmings followed.

Ben was surprised, all right. He looked up, gaping, but only for a moment. Quietly, then, he turned his back, finished his putt, replaced his club in the bag—and then took Esther in his arms.

"When," he asked, "will I get wise to you?"

To herself, Esther winked.



## Quick and Easy

(Continued from page 55)

### Chocolate Fudge Cake

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 cups sifted enriched all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 3 squares bitter chocolate, melted

Place shortening in mixing bowl and cream until soft. Add flour, soda, salt, sugar and milk combined with vanilla. Mix until flour is dampened, then beat 2 minutes (allow 150 strokes per minute). Add eggs and chocolate and beat 1 minute. Pour into two prepared 8-inch layer cake pans. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) for 25 minutes. Makes two 8-inch layers.

### Lemon Layer Cake

- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup milk
- 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
- 2 eggs, unbeaten

Combine flour, baking powder, salt, sugar and shortening. Add 3/4 cup milk and grated lemon rind. Mix until all flour is dampened. Then beat 2 minutes or 300 strokes. Add eggs and remaining milk and beat 1 minute longer or 150 strokes. Makes 2 (8-inch) layers.

### Nutty Square Cake

- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup biscuit mix
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

In a mixing bowl combine egg, fat, sugar and vanilla. Beat one minute (allow 150 strokes per minute). Add biscuit mix and milk. Again beat for one minute. Add chopped nuts, stir once and pour into a prepared 8-inch square cake pan. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) for 25 minutes. Makes 1 (8-inch) square cake.

### Light Gingerbread Cake

- 1 1/4 cups sifted enriched all-purpose flour
- 1/4 teaspoon soda
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon ginger
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 cup fat
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1 egg

Combine all ingredients in a bowl except the egg. Beat for 2 minutes (allowing 150 strokes per minute). Add egg and beat until it just disappears. Pour into prepared 8-inch round cake pan. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) for 25 minutes. Makes 1 (8-inch) layer.

Something to keep in mind, when you're trying out one of these recipes which employ a technique possibly new to you, is this: it's of particular importance with this method to follow the recipe and directions exactly.

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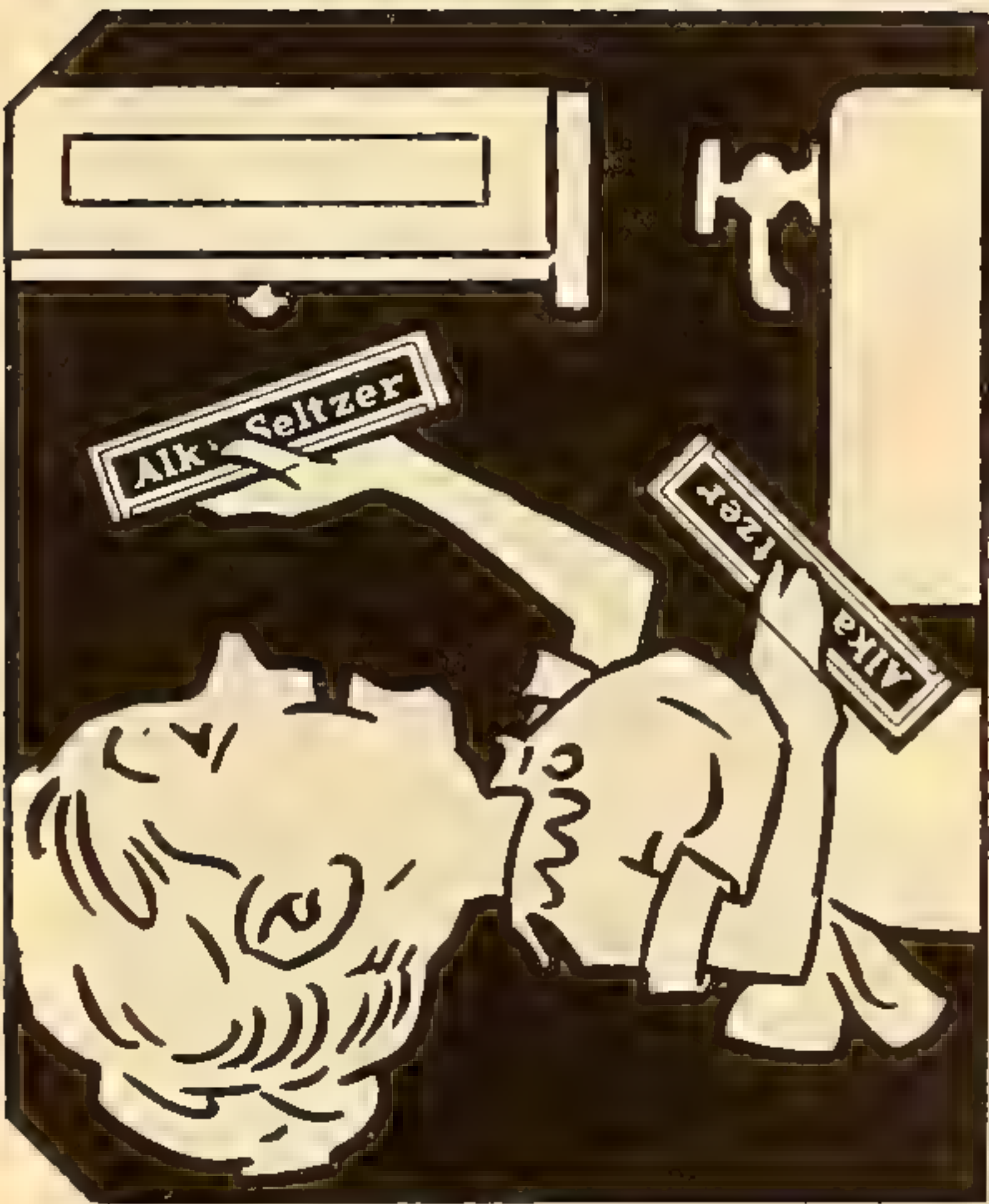
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For HEADACHES  
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DISCOMFORT OF COLDS  
MUSCULAR ACHES and PAINS

## —And a Little Child

(Continued from page 49)

newsreel cameramen lined us all up for pictures—the Ambassadors from Belgium, England, the Netherlands, and Italy, the five "adopted" children, and those of us meeting them. Just before they started taking pictures, one shoe fell off the doll's foot. Screaming to wait (in Dutch), Johanna ducked down to the ground and retrieved it—and only when it was back in place was she ready to have her picture taken!

She was that way for her entire visit—a very definite and wholly delightful personality. Looking back on it, I don't see how she could have been so vibrant on that first bewildering day. We went in a caravan of cars from the airport to the City Hall to see Mayor O'Dwyer—and then had to wait an exhausting two hours. Since none of the children had eaten in several hours, that was nerve-racking; and finally one of them got sick out the window of the City Hall! "Wait—I'll use my first aid kit!" shrieked one of the British girls instantly—and tore open her first aid kit (a present to her on arrival) to apply all its medicines!

WE were finally ushered in to see the Mayor, only to find him in a strangely belligerent mood. A photographer said, "Mayor O'Dwyer, let us get a picture of you with the little Dutch girl on your knee." The Mayor snapped at him, "Don't tell me what to do. I'm not having any Dutch girls sitting on my knee at all."

At which difficult moment, my little Johanna—who, of course, didn't understand a word of this—leaned placidly against the Mayor's knee and smiled up at him in warm friendship. Instantly his whole mood changed. He swept her up on his lap, said, "Okay, boys, go ahead," and all was well. Johanna, as I said, was a very definite personality right from the start.

My wife, Vicki, and I, have no children of our own, and we couldn't see enough of Johanna during her nine-day stay—although part of our welcome to her was spoiled by two severe colds, one suffered by Johanna, and the other by me. Also, the "Foster Parents Plan for War Children, Inc.," which had brought over the five children from Europe to make their organization better known, insisted that they all stay together at a New York hotel. This meant that Johanna couldn't be an overnight guest at our apartment. But we saw plenty of her anyway. And one visit Vicki paid her when I was home with my cold will go down in our personal history.

"Why don't you try on some of your new clothes for me?" asked Vicki, in Johanna's hotel room. (We had bought Johanna eight new dresses, patent-leather shoes, a dozen toys.) Then Vicki acted out changing clothes—and Johanna's face beamed. Happily, preening in each outfit, she tried on different dresses. Meanwhile Vicki caught sight of Johanna's underwear—also a present from us—and it had a decided layer of New York soot on it. So she suggested something else.

"Now why don't you change your underwear? Then I can have the underwear you're wearing laundered," said Vicki. Johanna stared at her, puzzled, so Vicki began acting it out—pointing at Johanna's underwear, acting out taking it off, finally acting out washing it in soap and water. To her astonishment, Johanna's face set in firm refusal.

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"Nein," said she flatly.

Vicki began pleading with her, again acting out everything. Two more times Johanna simply said, "Nein." Then, reluctantly, she nodded acquiescence. Looking reproachfully back at Vicki, she picked up the new underwear in one hand and retreated into the bathroom to change—and seemed to have vanished forever. Vicki waited and waited for her reappearance; and finally got worried enough to open the bathroom door to see what had happened.

What she saw brought tears to her eyes. There stood Johanna, stark naked, on the toilet seat—carefully scrubbing out her soiled underclothes in the wash basin! No wonder the little girl hadn't wanted her underthings changed for washing—to her that had always meant washing her own clothes. And she didn't want mundane interruptions to her great American adventure.

Later that evening Vicki learned something else from Johanna about the lives of European war-children. The other four children came back from some outing, and while Vicki and their nurse watched, they all wolfed down a huge dinner and got ready for bed. Getting ready for bed was simple—they simply put their new nightgowns on right over their clothes and crawled under the blankets!

AS the nurse and Vicki showed them how to go to bed in America, the British girls told them that the poorer children all over Europe had gone to bed that way throughout the war. It meant faster rising in case of air raids, and in the ice-cold houses of six war years, it was much warmer.

"Jack, do you realize that Johanna was born two years after Holland was conquered by the Germans? She's never known anything but war," Vicki reminded me when she came home that evening. We recalled how Johanna's father had been killed in a bombardment, and how her mother had disappeared soon afterward—and how Johanna had lived for two hungry winters on sugar beet and tulip bulbs. For many months of her life she had been unable to leave her house because she had no clothes to wear.

But now her cheerfulness was as continual as a river. We flew her to Washington—and she loved it. We took her through the bustle of New York stores, to restaurants, to visit our apartment, and she loved everything. Including the newsreel we took her to see of her own arrival in America. When she saw me on the screen she shrieked "Mein pappia Yak Smeeth" like a banshee—and when she saw herself she stood up in mad excitement and shouted, "Me, me, me!" Somehow everyone in the audience understood and smiled.

It was amazing how well she made herself known, anyway. One day when she was spending the whole day at our apartment, we had a big salad for lunch. Johanna made a face over it. Then she looked me right in the eye and said, "No goot," gesturing with her hands to show a big paunch sticking before her. "It is good," I said, and I gestured that salad made one tall.

"No goot," said she, grinning, but she ate it all the same. Salad was the only American food she didn't like. Grapes sent her solid—she had never tasted them before, and couldn't eat enough of them. As for oranges, when she first saw them she thought they were balls and tried to bounce them on the floor. And when she tasted them, she was deliriously happy.



## How many smiles in a spoonful?

### Clue No. 1



No book on baby-feeding gives you the number of smiles per spoonful of cereal. But thousands of mothers find that even baby's first spoonful of "solid food" (usually cereal) is well-seasoned with smiles—if it's creamy-smooth and has that just-right-with-baby flavor.

### Clue No. 2



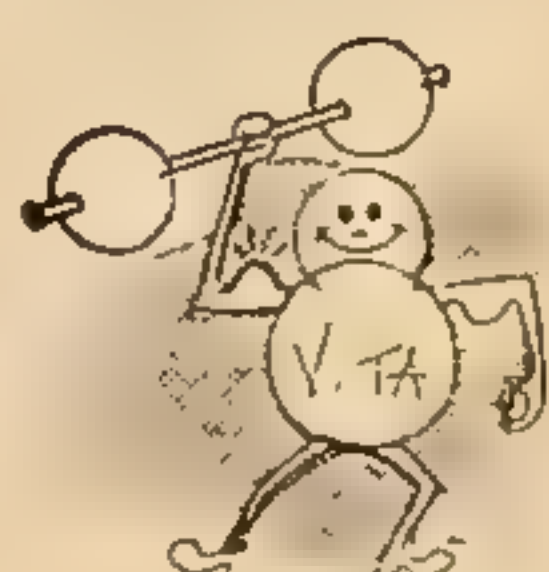
So when the doctor says baby's ready—you're ready for . . . Gerber's—the easy-to-digest Cereals that taste so



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### Clue No. 3



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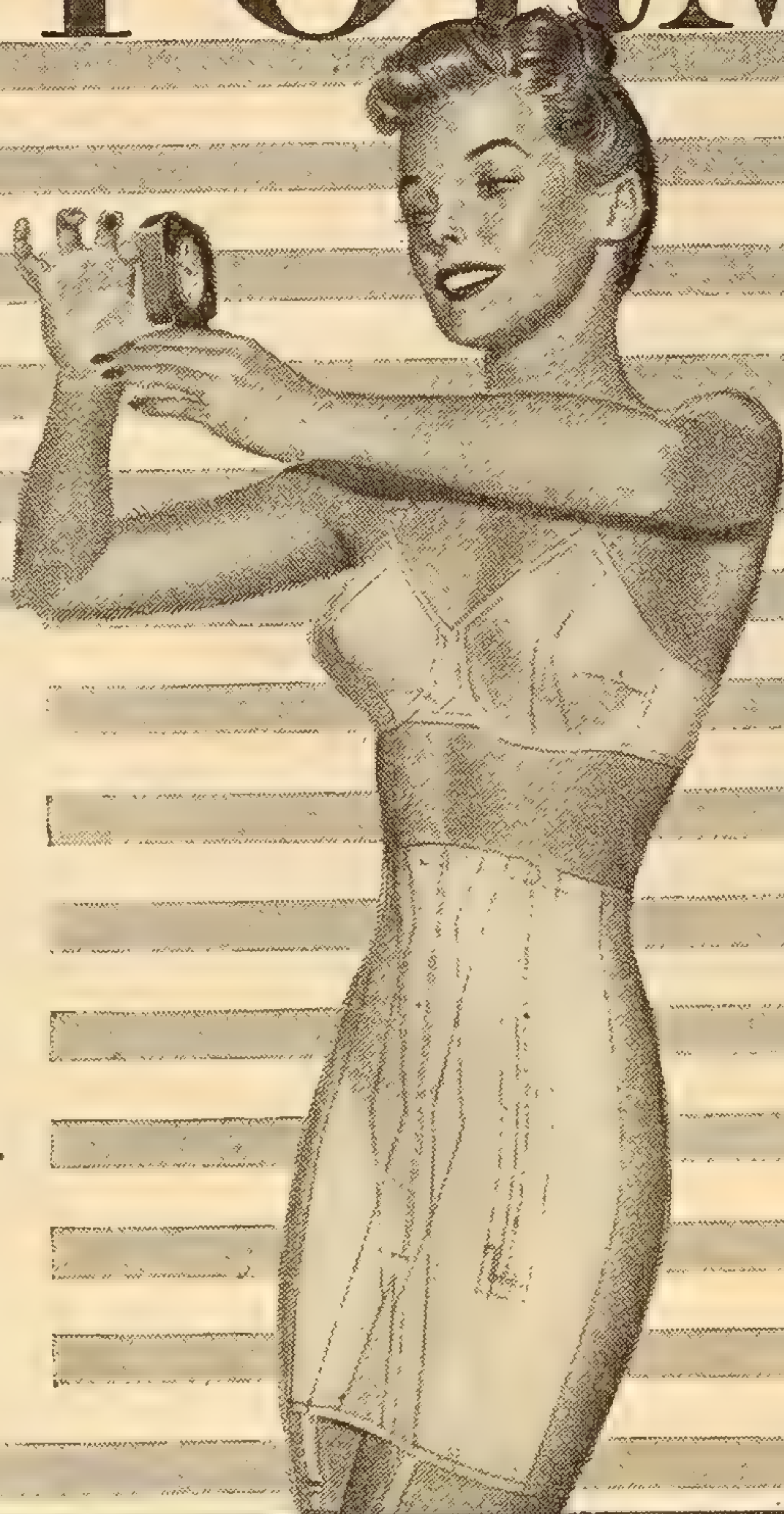
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with hair neat  
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Her passion for clothes was delightful to me—even though it caused me some nerve-strain once. That was the first evening she was in this new country of America. I had lined her up for my radio program, hoping that in introducing her on the air I could interest more people in sending fifteen dollars a month toward supporting some poor child in Europe. But Johanna, unfortunately for my program, proved that she was a miniature woman first—and a war-child second!

My wife and I had presented her with her first new dress, you see, just before the program. It was pale pink, and once she was in it, she kept stroking it and smoothing it with her hands, looking down at herself in a trance of wonderment. She didn't even hear when we spoke to her. Finally the folks on my show began helping me try to distract her—after all, the show would be on the air in a few minutes, and we wanted her to say two lines: "Mein pappia Yak Smeeth," and "Okay." This last was in answer to a question I was going to ask her about how she liked America; she had quickly learned the word "Okay" when we taught it to her.

**I**T was finally the control room man who brought her back to earth. He took off his hat, waved it in front of her, and instantly Johanna was acting like a puppy. She grabbed the hat and ran up and down the aisle with it—completely a child again.

We were all relieved that she'd come out of her coma over the pink dress, and got comfortably set to start the show. But at the last minute disaster struck us, and presto! Johanna changed back into a six-year-old woman!

The disaster was a drop of water that somebody spilled on her dress just as the program went on the air. That did it. Johanna stared grief-stricken down at her dress for the entire program, patting away at the drop of water, oblivious of anything. I asked my question about America, and had to answer it myself! Johanna was lost in a woman-world of clothes.

But it was her intense interest in everything that made her such fun. Vicki and I were worried because she almost wore out the eight dresses we'd given her while she was still in America—but we loved her for it. Her favorite was a little black velvet. That she kept for her best. She wore that whenever I took her out to dinner, which I did on several occasions. But again, her unpredictable personality always caused me some surprise. The night I took her to the Automat, for instance, thinking she'd be fascinated by the little glass windows with food behind them, she waited until I was fascinated by a chicken pie behind a window—and then she ran off and out the door, and right down Sixth Avenue! Luckily I caught sight of her flying form as she went through the door. I raced after her and caught her a block away. She was laughing uproariously—to her it was some kind of Dutch cops-and-robbers game, and after I'd won it she came happily back to eat six different dishes!

She was never homesick, for one moment. That astounded Vicki and me. We'd been afraid such a small girl would be overcome by nostalgia for her home. But the only time she wanted to go home was in rage, not nostalgia! She and the other four kids got into a fight, and by the time I called to take her to dinner that evening she was angrily packing her bags, with a face covered by battle-scratches!



Often I wondered what she really thought of America in that quick Dutch brain of hers, and finally I asked a member of the Netherlands Embassy to find out for me. Johanna's opinions were all written down, thus:

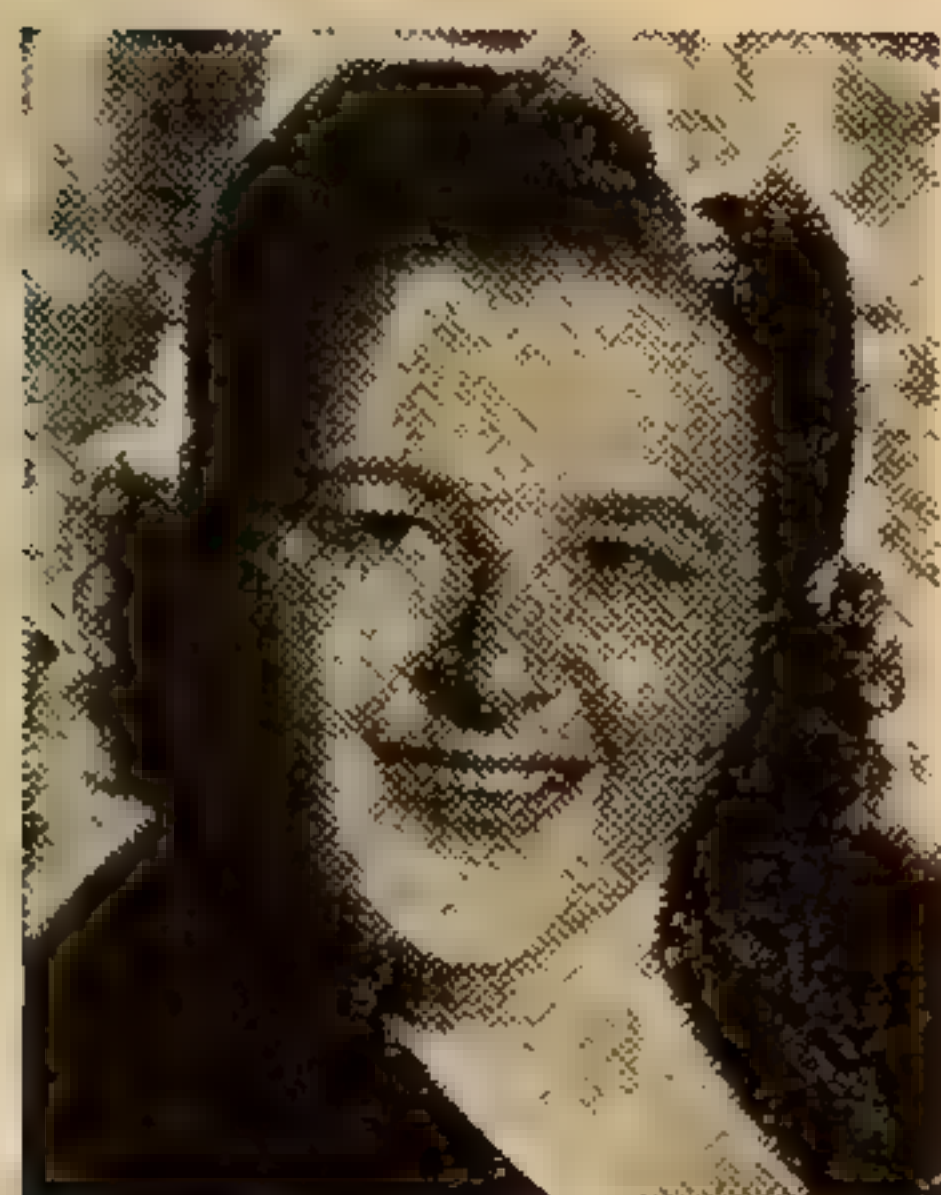
"I loved the Smith house, and my Smith parents, and my new clothes, especially my patent-leather shoes. I also loved all things plastic in America—*everything* plastic, the baskets for waste paper, the combs and brushes, everything. What I hate is red nail polish, and don't see why women wear it. I also hate the long skirts the women wear here. Best of everything in America I liked the shops. I liked grapes and oranges. And I liked the funny trains that run underground with all the people standing up on them. But you know, I think secretly that traffic in New York looks funny, because it has no bicycles in it."

Bicycles, of course, make up the bulk of traffic in Holland. We found out that it was the dream of Johanna's heart (after clothes, clothes, clothes!) to own a bicycle—so we sent her one, with the special gears that European bicycles have for hill-climbing. We also sent her Uncle Joe a pipe, since she told us he had broken his. When we saw her last, she was wearing American clothes from head to foot — and nine extra American pounds gained in her nine-day stay! She was also wearing a wistful smile, and she kissed me warmly. It was almost as if she knew that Vicki and I plan to send for her in two years to come over here for her schooling.

Meanwhile we are having her 19-year-old neighbor in Holland, who speaks and writes English, teach it to her. If I know Johanna, she'll be teaching him in the end! In her nine days here, she picked up one hundred English words.

Seeing her re-convicted me that everyone should consider sending fifteen dollars a month to support a child in Europe. Fifty of my fan clubs have contributed enough to support fourteen kids—and I'm so proud of them I could shout it from the housetops. And five secretaries (one my own) banded together so as to support one child among them. That's what really pleases me—that and the fact that in a short trip right after Johanna went back to Holland, I managed to raise \$360,000, or enough to support 2,000 children. I wish everyone would give even fifty cents to the "Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc."—right now!

There's another change Johanna may bring. My name has always been the bane of my existence. Jack Smith is the essence of mediocrity, if you ask me; so if I legally adopt Johanna Hendrika Leijdekkers—I think I'll change my name to hers. Not bad, I think: Jack Leijdekkers, father of Johanna!



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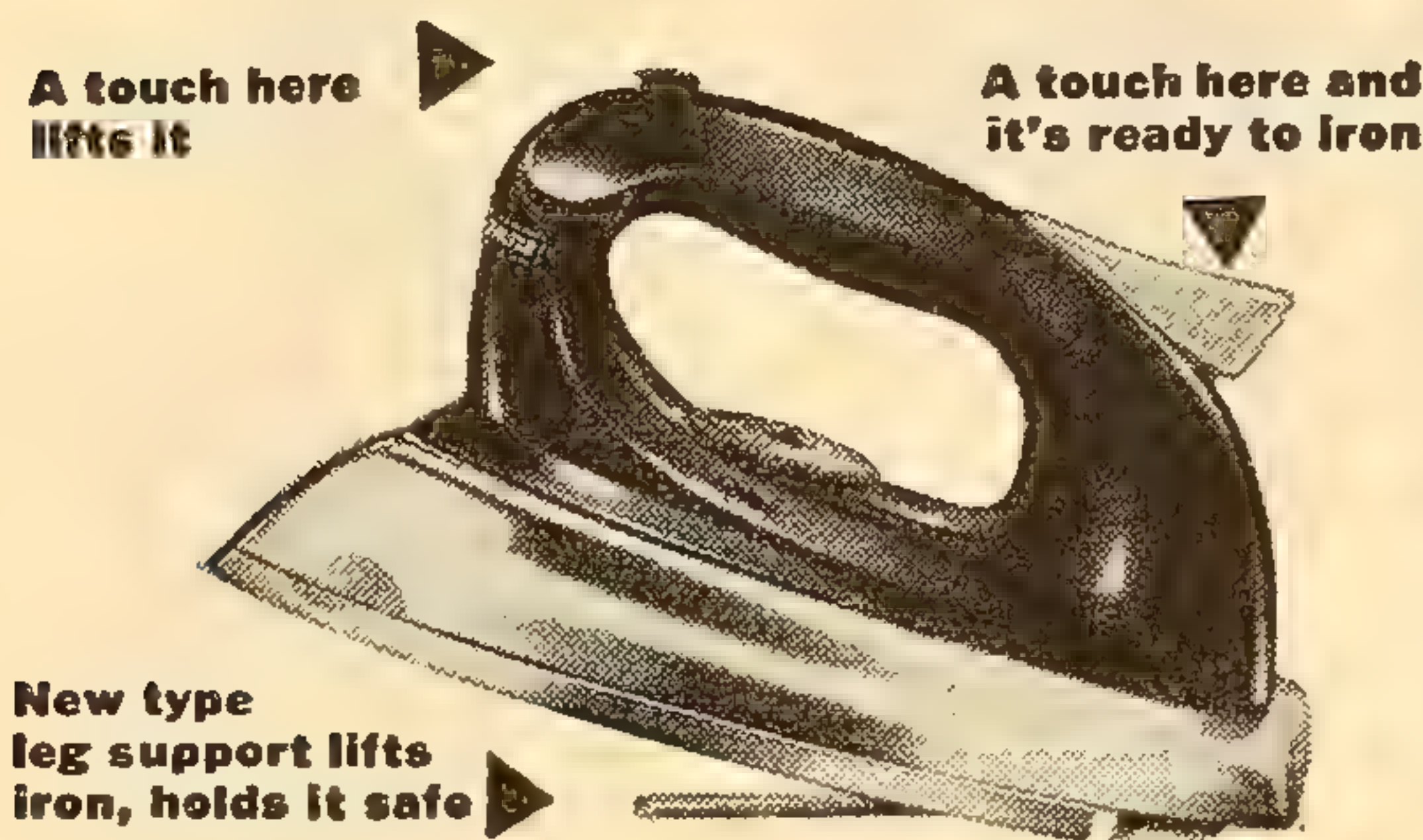
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# PROCTOR

PROCTOR ELECTRIC CO., PHILADELPHIA 40, PA.

## Coast To Coast In Television

(Continued from page 47)

good old stimulant—the money of the sponsor. Could it be by way of giving the advertising boys a little hint that NBC presented a large screen television receiving set to the Advertising Club of New York recently? Well, maybe it wasn't exactly that, but it wouldn't be a bad idea for the fellows who govern the handing around of advertising money to study this new medium and give it plenty of thought. It's the thing of the future and it needs as many smart heads as it can get. Maybe the advertising boys could help with improving video fare.

Get ready—John Loveton, who produces Mr. and Mrs. North on that old fashioned gadget, the radio, is working on methods of adapting crime shows for television. So far, there have been few whodunits on video screens, except a number of beat-up British oldies that are run when other material can't be got. Loveton's got a problem here, because there's a difference between telling about a gory crime and showing it.

Ballantine & Sons—the beer and ale people—have signed to sponsor the television broadcasts of the home games of the World Champion New York Yankees during the 1948 season, over WABD, the DuMont outlet in New York.

The first—and probably the only—false teeth ever to be fitted by television belong to Ollie, the dragon, puppet star of WBKB's "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," in Chicago.

The horrific dentures, gleaming white and set in flaming red hinged plates, arrived in the mail one day with a note from two little girls in Glencoe, Illinois.

They worried, their letter explained, because Ollie's flapping mouth sports only one tired fang. They were sure he was unable to chew his food well enough to stay healthy. Guarding his welfare, they had prevailed upon their grandfather to carve the new set of teeth. Although Ollie and Grandpa had met only via the television screen, the plates fitted perfectly. Kukla proved it by inserting them in Ollie's mouth during the next show, and Ollie promptly took a bite out of the birthday cake.

That incident explains graphically how real cotton-headed Kukla, fumbling Ollie, imperious Mme Oglepuss and their pals have become to Chicago kids, aged six to sixty. From four p.m. to five each day, they're alive on at least fifty-eight per cent of the television receivers which can be reached by the Balaban & Katz transmitter, and every set turned on has at least four children or adults clustered around watching it.

The puppets are the creation of Burr Tillstrom, a lad still in his twenties. The show itself was dreamed up in its present form by Capt. William Crawford Eddy, director of WBKB, and one of television's working geniuses. Himself the father of three youngsters, it was characteristic that when he scheduled a children's show on WBKB, he should make it the station's highest budget studio production.

Into it, he put all those things which can make a child incandescent with

## THOUSANDS AGREE IT'S "BC" FOR HEADACHES

**Tablet or Powder  
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The wonderful combination of fast-acting ingredients in the "BC" formula quickly soothes headaches, neuralgic pains and minor muscular aches. Two tablets equal one powder. Use only as directed. Always keep a package handy!



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delight: Burr's puppets to play make-believe; Fran Allison (who is Aunt Fanny of radio's Breakfast Club) as a stand-in for the lady next door who takes time to listen to young, bright dreams; a cartoonist to draw pictures; movie cartoons; child's music albums; a library story teller; youngsters in pint-sized school plays; high school heroes; a contest to win a dog, and finally, a birthday party.

But to the kids, it's Kukla's show. Compared to him, Charlie McCarthy rates an A in deportment, for sparse-haired Kukla is the imp without inhibitions. Ollie, whose hand-sized red velvet mouth flaps most efficiently to blow out the candles of the birthday cake, is Kukla's fall guy. Burr gave him the single tooth and a benign expression with the intent to create so gentle a dragon that it would not scare even the most timid child.

Just how popular he has become was measured the week that Kukla invented an ingenious permanent wave machine, tried it out on Ollie's lush thatch, and scalped him, clean as an egg. Their young fans burdened the mailmen with wigs, advice, grass seed and recipes for hair restorer.

Also in Kukla's world are Mme. Oglepuss, the hook-nosed and bedraggled ex-opera singer; Mercedes, the smarty Miss Coo-Coo, glamor personified; Fletcher Rabbitt, a dumb bunny, and Beulah Witch, who gives Kukla the inside information on everything.

To Burr, each is an individual. Because of this, he uses no script. Burr, Fran, Beulah Zachary the producer, and Lewis D. Gomavitz, the director, huddle briefly before each show to decide the plot for the day. After that, the puppets take over, and it's every ad-libber for himself.

Both Burr and Fran started their preparation for Junior Jamboree during childhood.

When other youngsters played cow-boys and Indians, Burr constructed toy theaters, started taking dolls apart and making them over to suit the characters for his make-believe plays. Kukla was the first hand puppet he created.

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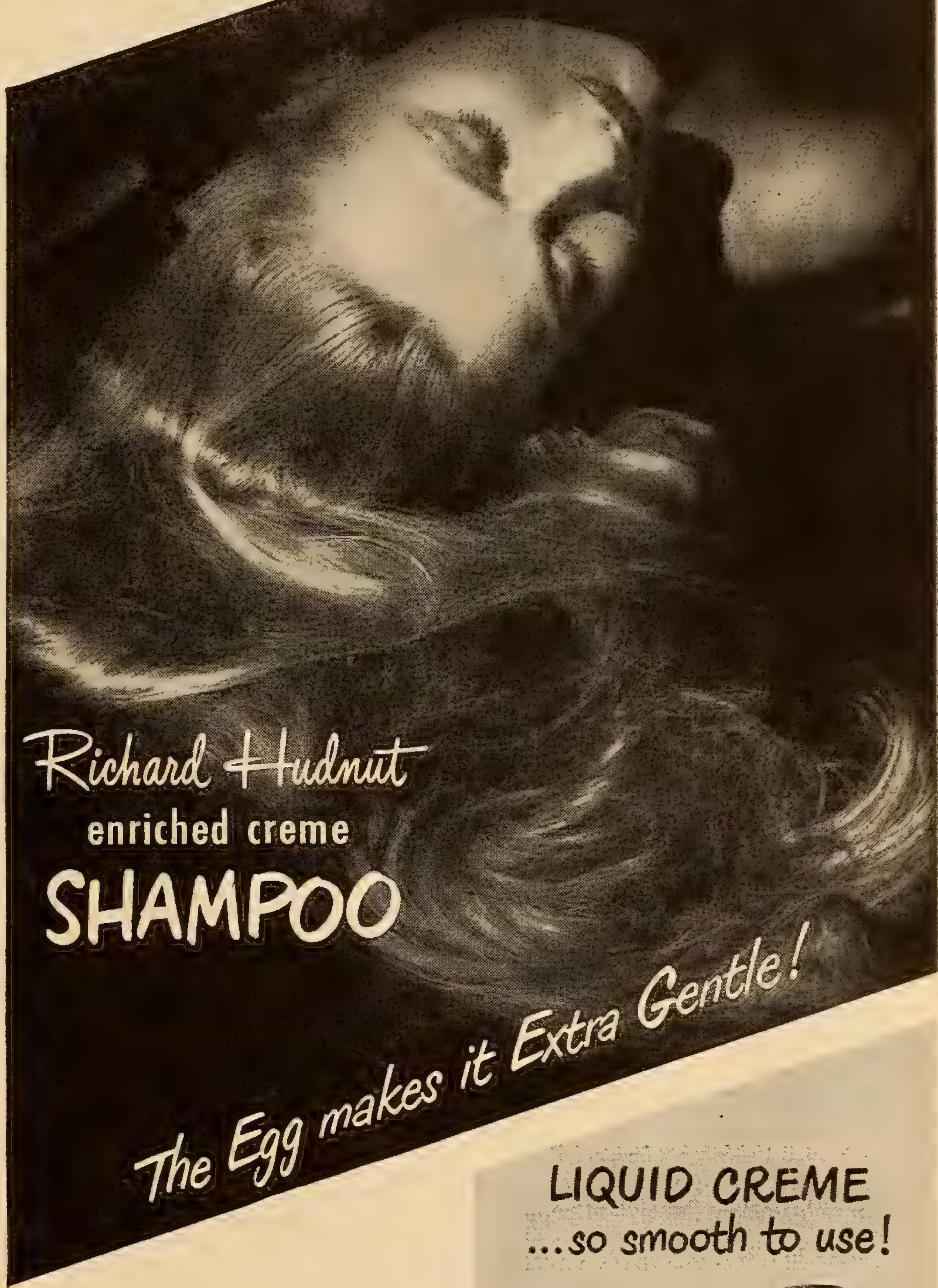
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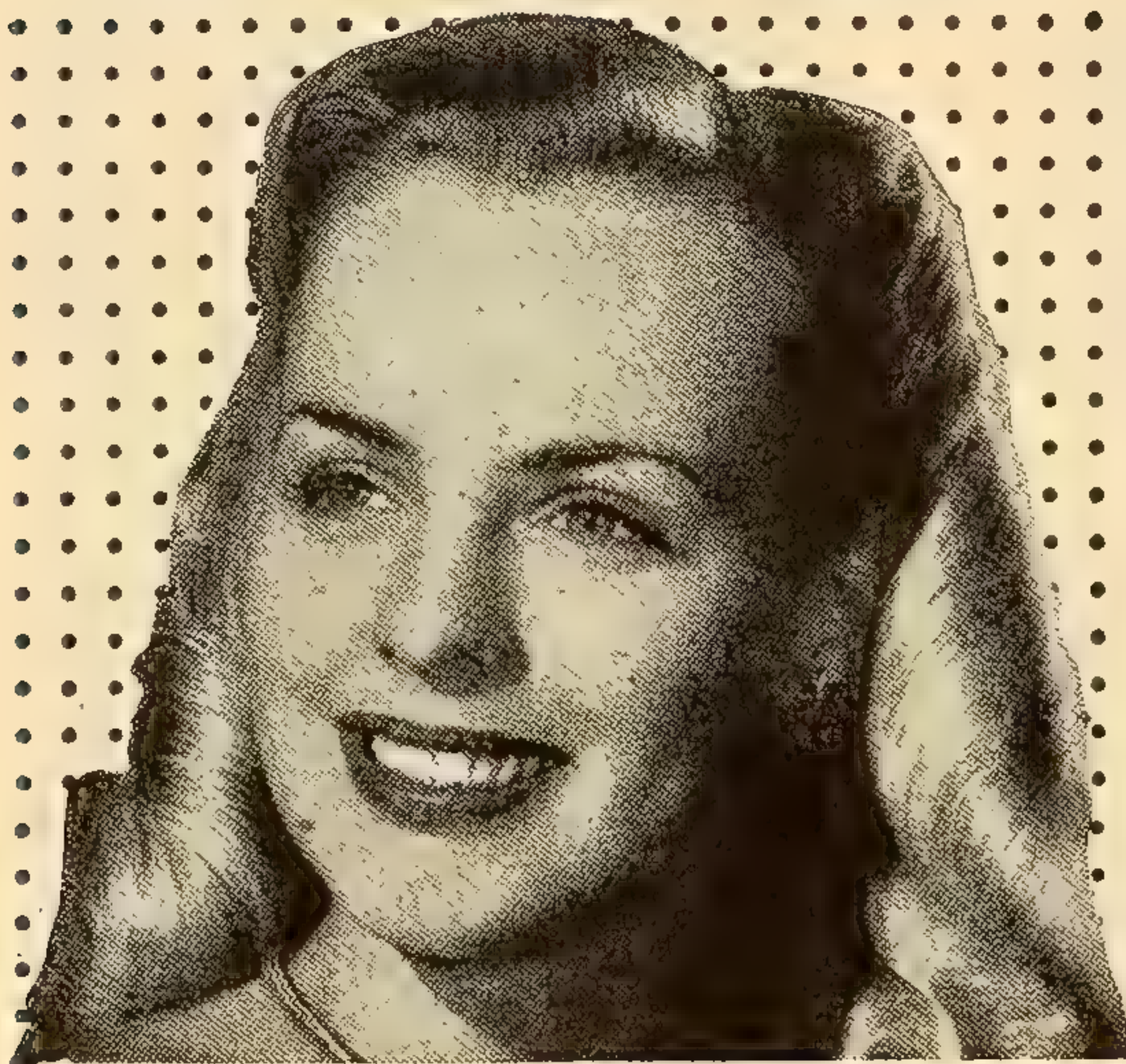




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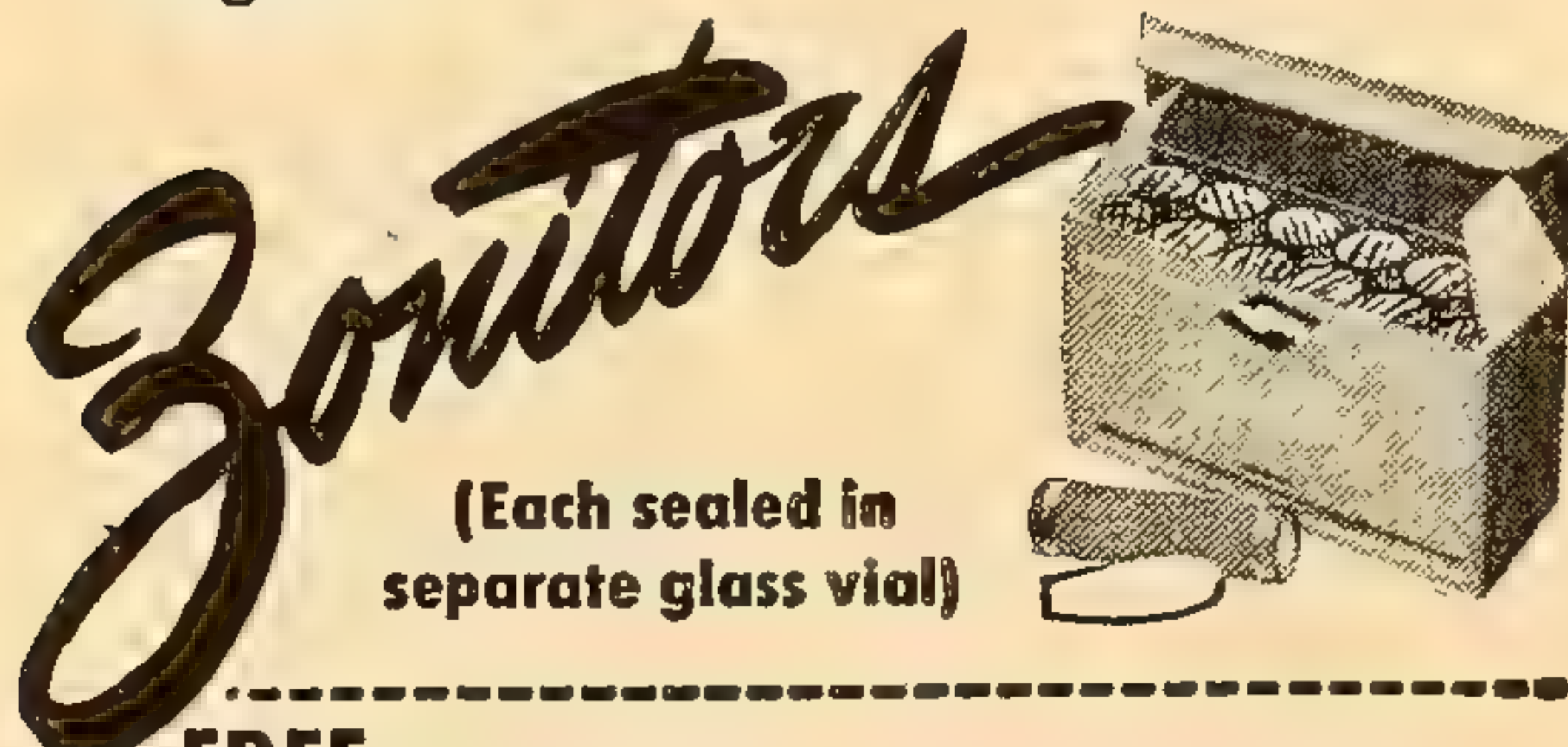
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Burr made him as a gift for a friend, found at the last minute he could not bear to give him away, and brought him down to show Tamara Toumanova, ballerina of the Ballet Russe.

Delighted, she exclaimed, "Kukla!"—the Russian word for "doll," and the puppet had his name.

Burr tried to lock Kukla and his pals in the trunk when he won a scholarship to the University of Chicago, but he found he couldn't live happily without them. They made their first television appearance during the New York World's Fair, traveled later with an RCA jeep show, and when the Army objected to Burr's flat feet, became Red Cross volunteers.

Fran's husband insists that the reason she has so much fun working on the program is because she is at heart the little girl who never grew up. She isn't pretending when she plays records for youngsters who visit the WBKB Jamboree room. She's having just as much fun as they are when she presents a puppy to the week's contest winner, or tells Kukla about the kids who have invited him to parties.

Radio listeners who know her as Aunt Fanny have also heard her voice on many network shows originating in Chicago. Her radio prep school was WMT, now located at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. She made her Chicago bow as a vocalist on NBC, later worked for Columbia.

The illusion of the puppets' reality is so strong with Fran that she has become superstitious about ever seeing them off stage. She vanishes before Burr stores them away for the night. Kukla, Ollie, Mme. Oglepuss and the others live during the hour a day they play the show with her, and seeing them inanimate becomes akin to seeing a friend ill and unconscious.

With Chicago mothers, Kukla and Ollie have become official baby sitters. They count on them to bring the kids straight home from school in the afternoon, to keep them quiet for an hour.

Since Universal Pictures hit on the idea of creating a film trailer especially for television use, when it presented a five minute short to advertise "The Senator Was Indiscreet," other movie companies have been taking up the notion. Watch for more trailers in the near future.

Several New Jersey movie houses in the Walter Reade chain have equipped their lounges with DuMont custom-installed telesets. Managers report that the patrons are "nuts about television." Bills on the outside of the movie houses now list television schedules as well as film fare. The Reade chain plans to install sets in all its theaters.

Here's a listing of new television stations which are due to go into operation within this year. *Early or late Spring:* WPIX, New York; WOR-TV, New York; WOIC, Washington; WTVT, Toledo; WTTV, Bloomington, Ind.; KSTP-TV, St. Paul, Minn. *Late Spring or Summer:* WNAC-TV, Boston; KNBH, Los Angeles; WWHB, Indianapolis; WAAM, Baltimore; WBAP-TV, Fort Worth. *During Summer:* WJZ-TV, New York; WNBZ, Chicago; WENR-TV, Chicago; KSFO-TV, San Francisco; WTCN-TV, Minneapolis; KARO-TV, Riverside, Calif. *Next Fall or Winter:* WHAS-TV, Louisville, Ky.; KECA-TV, Los Angeles; WDLT, Detroit; WTVJ, Miami; KCPH, San Francisco and WJAC-TV, Johnstown, Pa.

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# Charlie's Ghost

(Continued from page 27)

Bergen. I'll yell and moan somethin' fierce and Mister Smarty McCarthy'll think I'm a real ghostie 'n' he'll shoo and shiver—I mean, he'll shake and shooover—I mean—

"Mortimer, sometimes I think you haven't a brain in your head."

"Aww—you've been peekin'!"

Bergen sighed. Then he heard the front door bang open. Quickly he whispered to Mortimer—

"Hurry upstairs so Charlie won't see you—" Edgar Bergen also had his doubts as to whether Mortimer could be trusted to keep their secret and not give it away to Charlie—"go upstairs and practice being a ghost in front of your mirror—put the sheet on over your head—quick!"

Mortimer had barely stumbled out before Charlie came in. Swaggered in, would be more like it. To say that Charlie McCarthy was feeling pretty cocksure and on top of the world would be stating it mildly.

"Charlie," Bergen was being stern, "come here. I want to talk to you. The trouble you've been causing!"

"Hmmm." Charlie studied Bergen's face. "Let's see—Bergen—uh, let's just say I'm a normal kid, huh?"

Bergen just looked at Charlie, one eyebrow raised.

"Okay—I'll try again, then. Come, Bergen, you were a boy once yourself, you know."

"I was, indeed. A nice, well-mannered boy—not a hoodlum, frightening people out of their wits. There's old Mr. Campion—has to get a nurse to look after him—"

Charlie whistled. "Some nurse! She could almost convince me there's something in this Good Neighbor stuff."

"There is, Charlie. There is. There have been boys who have become heroes because they were thoughtful of the well-being of their fellow man. Did you ever hear the story of the little Dutch boy who protected all his neighbors from being drowned by the sea?"

CHARLIE shook his head in despair. "Bergen, if I had heard the story and you didn't get the chance to tell it to me, your day would be ruined. Go ahead. Keep me up all hours of the night! Burn the candle at both ends—make me an old man like yourself. Go ahead!"

Edgar ignored him. "Well, this little Dutch boy and a little Dutch girl were out walking the dikes one day—"

Charlie leered. "Hmm. You sure this story is fit for my youthful ears?"

"Please be quiet. These two children were walking along, when suddenly the little Dutch boy saw a trickle of water seeping out of a small crack in the dike. Now you know, Charlie, that these dikes were built in Holland to keep back the ocean and make the land habitable for the people to live in. If this crack should become wider—more water would pour out—the force of it would break and crumble the dike—the ocean would flood in—"

"Quit hammin' it up. Let's get back to that boy-meets-girl part."

"So the little Dutch boy sees this trickle of water and what do you suppose he did?"

"Somebody shoulda warned me before this started."

"He sent the little girl running back

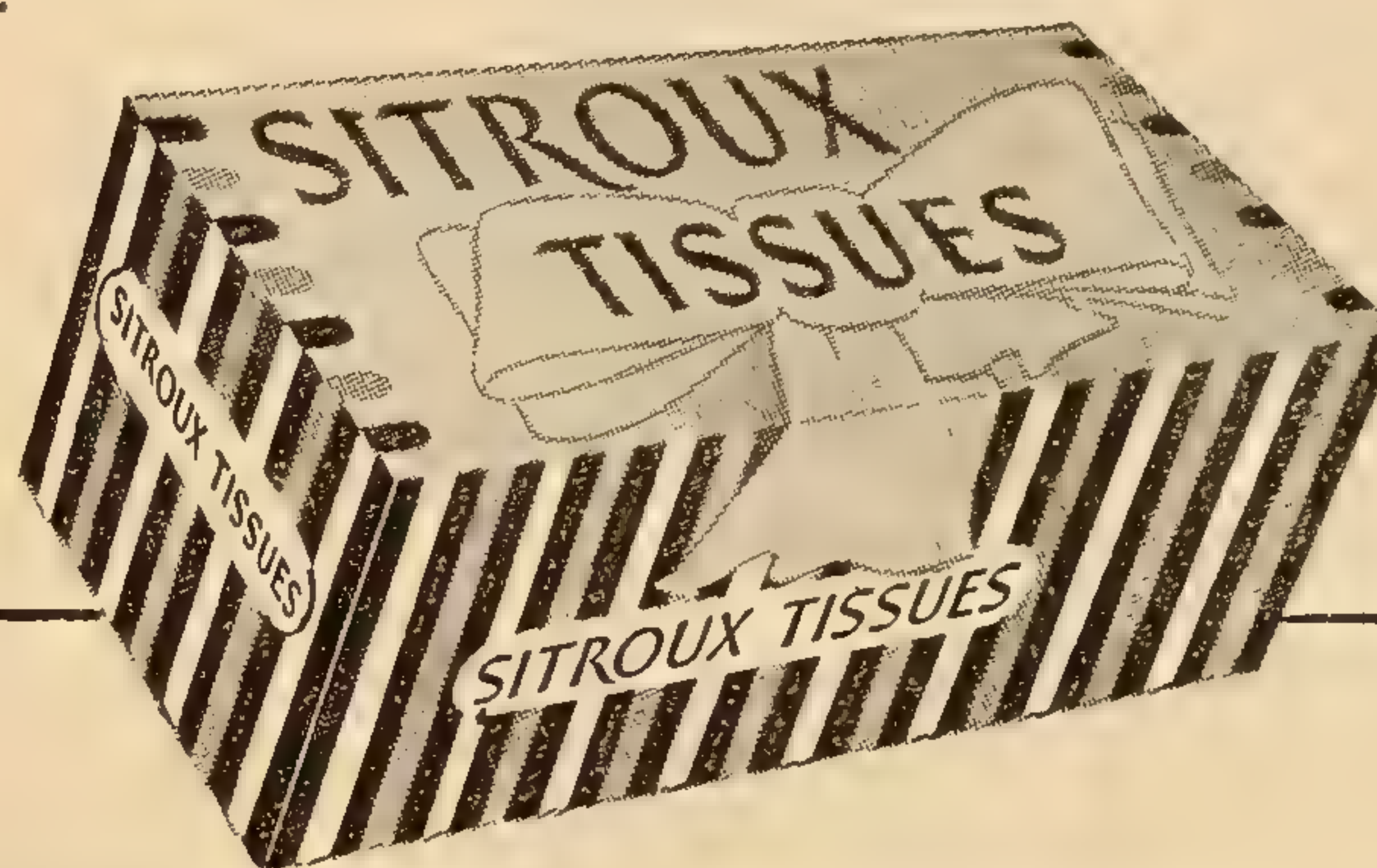


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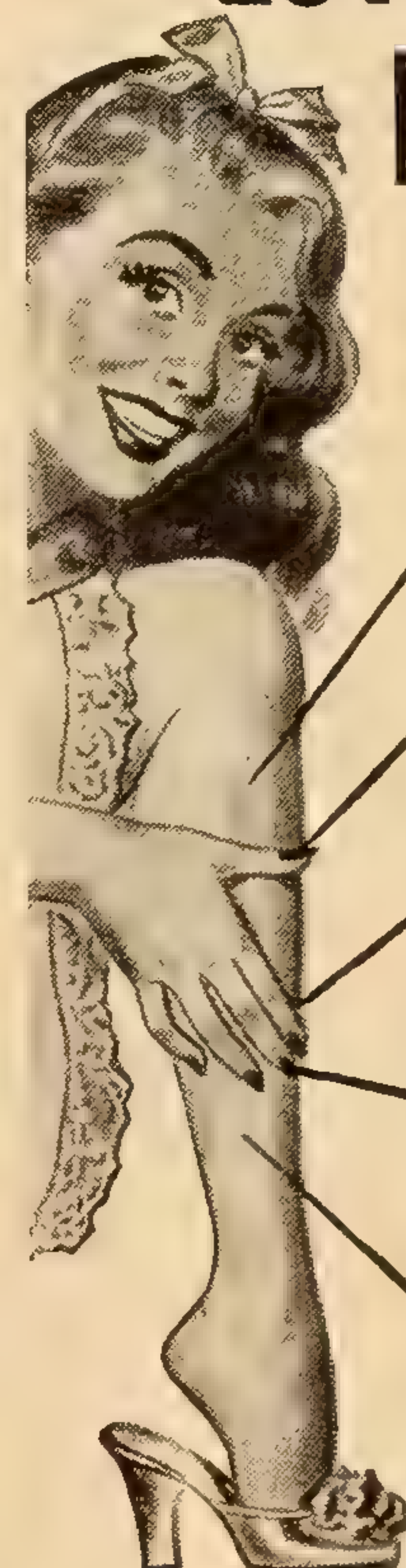
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to warn the town, and he stayed there and put his finger in the hole to keep the water back. It was bitterly cold, that water, and his hand became numb. He was uncomfortable, miserable, and still he stayed.

"Just like me, listening to you."

"The little girl couldn't make anyone believe her. Hours went by—"

"It's ten o'clock now, Bergen."

"—and still he stayed. The force of the water was so great that, in spite of all he could do, the hole widened. So what do you suppose he did?"

"Who's telling this story? Maybe he stuck up the hole with gum?"

"No. Without flinching, without regard for the fact that he was in danger of being crushed to death if the dike should give way, he plunged his whole arm into the hole. Just think... that little arm of his was all that stood between his country and destruction."

"That big mouth of yours is all that stands between me and my bed. Look, doesn't this story have an end? What's that little girl doing? She must be grown-up and married by this time."

"SHE finally convinced some of the townspeople to come with her to the dike, Charlie. And they got there just in time to save the dike and save Holland. And the boy became the talk of the whole countryside."

"Just like me. Ain't we the ones?"

Bergen sighed. "I can see there's no use talking to you, Charlie. It's time for both of us to be going to bed. Maybe during the night something will happen to give you a change of heart." He got up and stretched, yawned. "Goodnight, Charlie. Turn out all the lights when you come up."

Left to himself, Charlie chuckled. "About time he toddled off," he said to himself. "I thought he'd never leave off yapping. But that's the way he is—get something in that square little head of his and it'll rattle around forever. Let's see—I've got work to do. April Fool's Day tomorrow and me not even started. Oh, Bergen, Bergen... you'll wish you stood in bed tomorrow. Let's see—all those pots and pans down the staircase and in the hall—here's a roller skate in a nice strategic spot—I'll just hoist these pans of water over this doorway so when Bergen opens the door they'll come—no! I can't bear to think about it. A string across this doorway right where he'll trip over—Whoops! what I almost said! So he wants me to reform, does he. Well, he made me what I am... I'll just fix this electric buzzer in his favorite chair... good, clean fun, that's all it is. Whoever started all this talk about me being a juvenile delinquent? Just rumor, nothing else. Boy, did Skinny and I have fun, changing all those house numbers tonight! Wait till old man Campion finds our house number on his front door and all our bill collectors marching in there tomorrow—though I'm sure I don't want any of his friends coming in here by mistake. Oh well, what's done is done. We got Campion's number on our house and he's got ours—boy, this whole place is a booby trap!"

And so Charlie, yawning with the satisfaction of a good evening well-spent, went off to bed, flicking off the lights behind him.

Silence fell on the Bergen household. Behind closed doors of bedrooms there could be heard only the peaceful sounds of slumber. Downstairs, in the darkened house only a few, glowing coals in the fireplace gave any semblance of life, and they were fast

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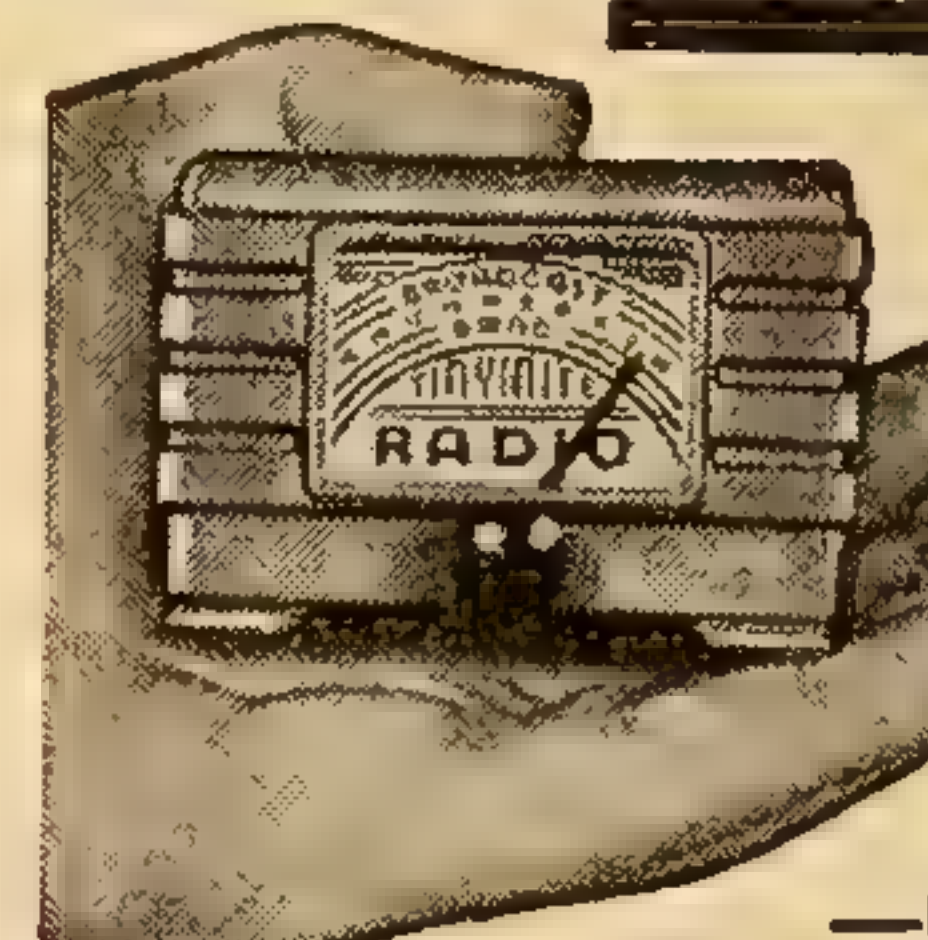
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dwindling into smoky ashes. The hands of the big clock marched on.

In his own room Charlie slept and dreamed. Dreamed of pleasant things—of the way that little nurse of Cam-pion's had patted him on the head when she had said he was a 'nice little boy'. Hmmmph. She'd learn. She'd—"Yeeow!" Charlie jumped straight out of bed. "What was that? Bergen—wake up!" He rushed out in panic.

Edgar joined him in the hall.

"Whatever is the matter, Charlie?"

"Don't tell me you didn't hear it! Listen—there it is again—it's horrible!"

Then it came again—that low, moan-ing cry from the dark well of the liv-ing room below. A moan that was followed by an ominous clanking—

Bergen suppressed a smile. Good for Mortimer!—he was on the job. Doubtless he was there below in the living room, dressed up like a ghost, making all that hideous racket.

"Come, Charlie." He turned to the quaking McCarthy. "Pull yourself to-gether. Be brave. Let's go down and face this together."

"That's f-f-fine. You're a big help with your gruesome monsters! Go down yourself, Bergen. I'm just a puny little kid. Besides, I just remem-bered something . . . I forgot to brush my teeth. Excuse me."

But Edgar seized him by the arm. "You mustn't run away like that. Don't show the white feather!"

"I'm not going to show at all. I'm going back to bed. There—there it is again!"

This time the noise below had risen to a long, frantic scream and there was a thud, as of a body falling.

"We're going down there," Bergen told Charlie. "What will everyone think of you when I tell them you were scared of a noise? What will Skinny think? What will the neighbors say? Think of how they'll laugh when they hear you were a coward!"

"And you're just the one that'll tell them, aren't you, Bergen? Okay, lead

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on. Tell them I went bravely, with a smile on my lips—Yeeow! Bergen—look!"

A white figure had drifted into sight at the bottom of the steps, as the two started down. For a second the ghost seemed to hover there, before it turned again and vanished into the dining room.

"Bergen, it's a ghost!"

"Of course it's a ghost," Edgar reassured him. "But ghosts won't hurt you, if you don't have a bad conscience. Ghosts are friendly to good little boys." Inwardly, he exulted. Mortimer was doing a much better job of acting than Bergen had supposed him capable of. Below them, as the two crept cautiously a few steps more, they could catch glimpses of the "ghost" flitting madly through the rooms—yelling and moaning, crashing and clanking as it went.

"They're friendly to good little boys? But what about no-good critters like me?" Charlie asked, in a wavering voice. "What's going to happen when that fugitive in a sheet sees me? Why doesn't he go back where he came from? Yeee! Maybe he means to take me with him! Bergen, save me! I'll be good—I'll never break another window, so help me. I'll stop pestering Mr. Champion—I won't wink at his nurse—I'll stop teasing girls—I won't play hookey—Bergen, don't make me go down there!"

BUT Edgar kept his hand tight on Charlie's arm. "Come on. There's nothing to be frightened of—look at me. Am I scared? Do you see my knees trembling?"

"I can hear them knocking! Or is that my teeth chattering?"

"Charlie, I'm ashamed of you. A great big boy like you—why, if Mortimer were here he wouldn't—"

"Somebuddy call me?"

Bergen stopped walking. A cold chill settled itself somewhere around his spine. He could have sworn he heard Mortimer's voice behind him!

"Did somebuddy call me, huh?"

There it was again. Sweat broke out on Bergen's forehead.

"Mortimer—" he gasped, the words strangling in his throat—"don't be silly. You're down there. You're down there in the dining room!"

"I am?"

Bergen slowly turned around; took one look at the sleepy face of Mortimer Snurd above him on the stairs. "But if that isn't you down there then it must be—oh-h . . ."

Bergen had fainted.

Charlie wasn't interested in this little by-play. His attention had been caught again by the ghost, who had suddenly bounded out behind a door with an unearthly yell.

"Move over, Bergen. Here I come."

And McCarthy, too, had fainted.

Someone was dribbling cold water into his face and down his neck, when he came to again. He heard voices from a far-off distance.

"Oh, I think he'll be all right now, Mr. Snurd. I just felt his pulse. And Mr. Bergen is recovering, too. Isn't it odd, finding them both like that—fainted on the steps? Oh—Mr. Snurd—I think you're so brave—so wonderful—to have rescued me. That was such a terrible experience, in this dark house, all by myself. I don't know how I came to walk into the wrong house like that!"

Charlie tentatively opened one eye. It was worse than he had feared. Not only was it the pretty nurse of Cam-

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pion's, in her all-white uniform and white cap—but he also saw her looking at Mortimer with eyes of admiration. Charlie groaned.

"The ghost!" He struggled awake. "Quick! Let's get out of this place. It's haunted!"

Beside him Bergen also struggled upright. "He's right . . . there's a being from the other world in here! I saw—"

"You saw me," the pretty nurse told him, indignantly. "I was on duty to-night and I stepped out of Mr. Cam-pion's house to get a breath of fresh air and a little walk and I must have walked into the wrong house. And then all sorts of things happened to me—pots and pans fell down and I tripped over some string—"

"Charlie!"  
"Oh, oh! I'm trapped. I did it. I was going to play April Fool jokes on you, Bergen."

"Like we wuz goin' to play on him—?"

"Never mind, Mortimer. Never mind." Bergen hurriedly shushed him. "Please accept our apologies, my dear. And may I escort you home?"

"No, let me." Charlie had recovered his debonair swagger—or, at least, part of it. "Let me sashay you home."

But she would have none of them. "Oh, I'd feel so much safer with Mr. Snerd. He saved me. He turned on the lights."

"Sure. Feller's gotta see, don't he?"

Bergen pulled Mortimer aside, as he started out the door. "But I don't understand," he whispered. "Why wasn't it you, down there in a sheet?"

Mortimer rolled his eyes in amazement. "Oh, no, Mister Bergen. When you told me to go up to my room and practice afore that mirror—I put a sheet over my head and I peeked into that mirror. And then I just jumped right under my bed and stayed there."

"But why, Mortimer? Why hide under the bed?"

"Mister Bergen—I was sceered! There wuz a ghost in that room—lookin' right back at me!"

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## Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 37)

### LIGHT A CANDLE

Dear Papa David:

On April 29, 1947, after two years of struggling with various jobs to help care for my two children, ages three-and-one-half and four-and-one-half, I was told I had a spot on my lung—tuberculosis. I believed this to be the climax to all the set-backs we had known; I also wondered what earthly good I could do for anyone.

Three months later, while I was having a minor lung operation, my younger sister died of the same disease—but in a far-distant sanatorium. My family didn't write me about it until three weeks later as they knew I would try to make the trip home.

My being away from my children and the shock of my sister's death made me bitter at first. But in the past month, I have done a lot of serious praying and thinking—I also had a talk with the Superintendent of Nurses here. In several months I will enter training here and graduate in two years as a tuberculosis nurse. My children are with my sister who is wonderful to them. I realize it is up to me to add my humble efforts in a great fight against this insidious, though quite curable disease. I will know how to take care of myself, how to help protect my children and my friends. To know that I can spend this time usefully has filled me with courage unlimited "to light a candle instead of cursing the darkness."

R. R. K.

### THE TRUE BEGINNING

Dear Papa David:

In '29, the world had been shattered into a million pieces for a million people. I was a child of thirteen then and money meant only pretty clothes and movies and candy. The Wall Street crash meant little to me until Mother and I were forced to go on relief and live in a shabby, furnished room. I didn't like that at all and I quickly let my mother know just what I thought. One day things came to a head, and mother sat down and began telling me a story. As my life's ambition at that time was to be a writer, I listened quietly.

She spoke about a mother who wanted a little girl and how she waited for years for her prayers to be answered. This mother finally adopted a child and grew to love it with all her heart and gave her the best there was. Then a day came when the mother could give the girl nothing but undying love and devotion. Was that enough? Or should she find the real mother and give the girl to her? My mother looked at me and said, "You want to be a writer someday; suppose you finish it."

Suddenly I realized what she was trying to tell me. I was that adopted child and I had to make the choice. I ran crying from the room and out of the house into the worst snowstorm of that winter. I walked until it was dark, and I grew hungry. I found myself in front of a store. The sign in the window said *Day-Old Bread*. There were quite a few people waiting so I stood by the stove to dry out my clothes and think. Each snow flake seemed to be one of my dreams, my ambitions falling, and melting at my feet in a pool of water. As my clothes dried, the ice in my heart melted and I knew I could go home now and finish the

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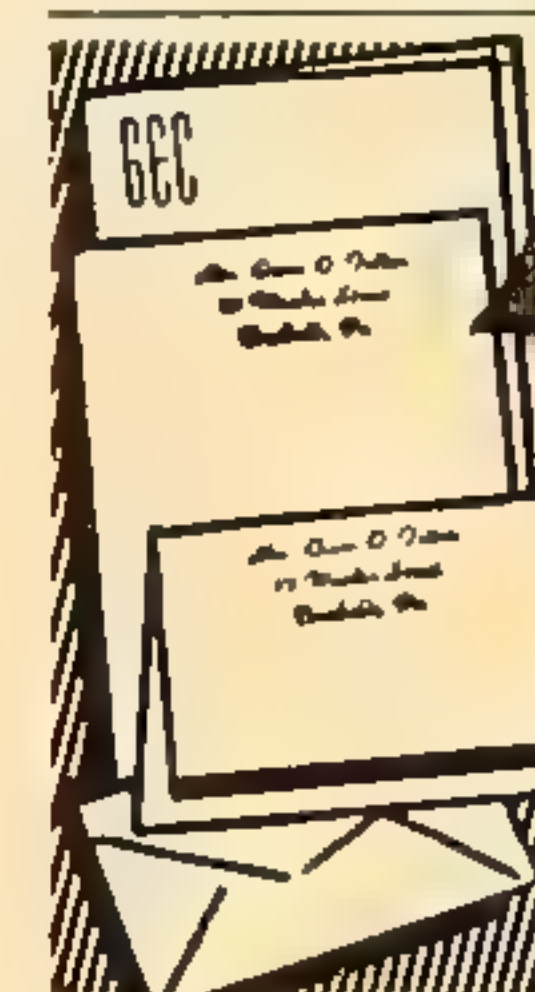


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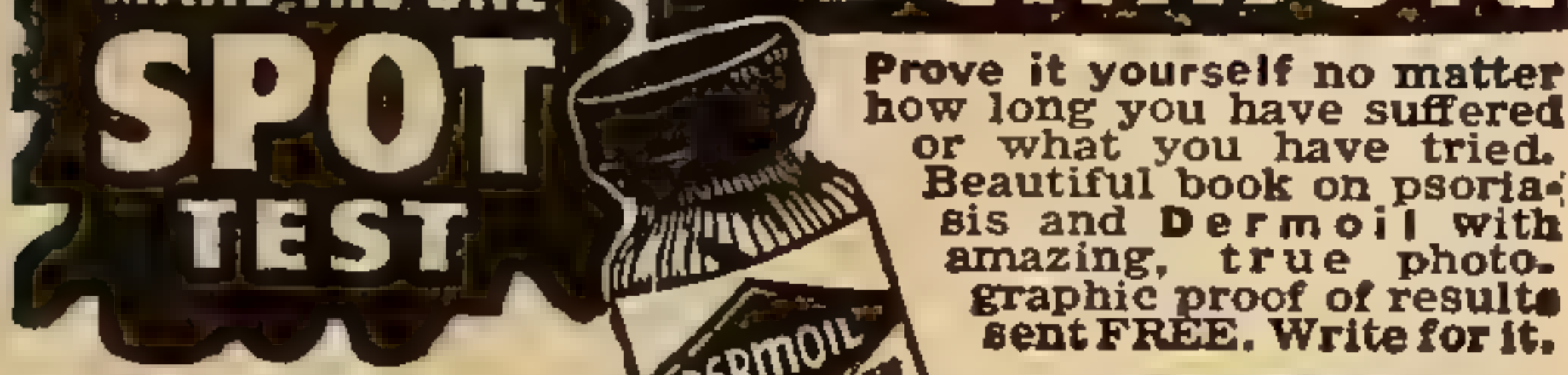
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story for my mother. I bought my bread, and with my last fifteen cents I bought a cake and headed for home with a song in my heart. This was the first unselfish thought I ever had. All the money I earned minding children evenings I had spent on myself for cokes and candy.

When I reached home I knew Mom had been crying, but I didn't say anything as I put the bread and cake on the table, except, "If you'll make a pot of tea, Mom, I'll finish your story for you."

I chose my words carefully as I said, "This girl grew up suddenly when she learned of her adoption, and began to realize there were more important things in life than pretty clothes and movies. The love and friendship that grows between a girl and her mother during the passing years is something like a tree. A bad storm can send it crashing down to the ground, but the root is still there to grow again after the storm is over. The girl stayed with the only mother she had ever known, and they were together; that was the most important thing. This was to be a new start, and this time the girl would stop being a spoiled brat and prove to her mother that in her choice of babies, she had picked the right one after all."

We drank our tea in complete silence, both knowing that life could be beautiful.

J. M.

### "I HEARD YOU SINGING"

Dear Papa David:

It was during the depression. My husband had no steady job. We had four small children. He was working wherever he could find work—for a day, a week, or even a few hours. He would go out before daylight, husk corn until sundown, and it would be dark when he reached home, tired, and often discouraged.

I will never forget one evening, for it taught me a great lesson. Things at home had gone rather well that day, and I was singing as I busied myself preparing supper. I didn't know that my husband was home until he came into the kitchen. When I looked at him he was smiling and looked happier than he had for a long time.

"Well," he said, "things can't be so awfully bad. I heard you singing as I came up on the porch."

It made me so happy that I decided to try to keep on making him feel that things were not so bad. There have been troubles and sorrows since then. Our oldest son was killed in action, we lost a daughter in an accident, and though my heart aches for them, I keep it to myself. Perhaps his is aching too and he is keeping it from me, doing what he can to make life beautiful for me as I am for him.

O. S. Q.

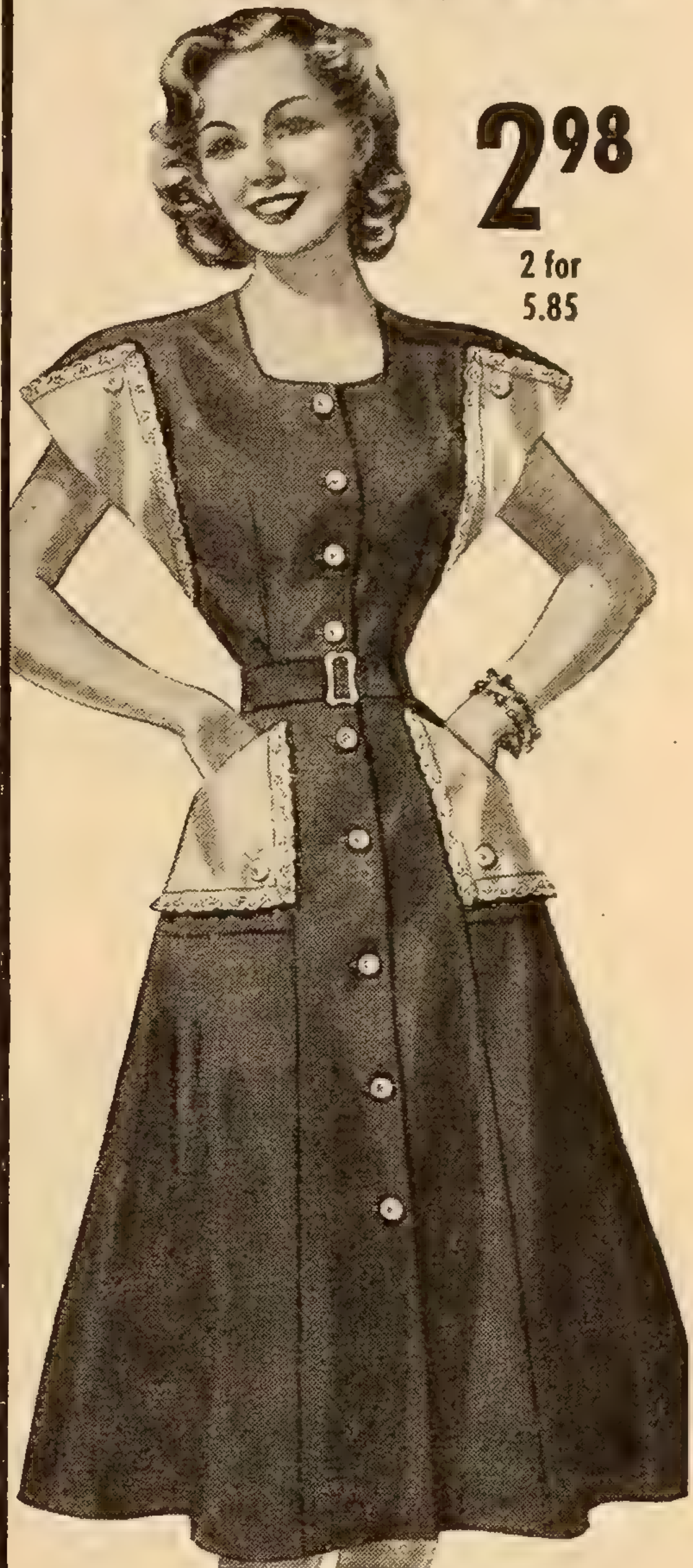
### MADONNA MARY

Dear Papa David:

The first time I saw her was eight years ago, when she was a patient in a state hospital for the mentally sick. I, also, was a patient, but a fortunate one, for I was on the road to complete recovery, while she had been one of those terrible victims of despair for several years. I was helping in the chorus for the Christmas Cantata which the patients give annually, and she was taking the part of Mary, which part she had been taking for several years because she was the perfect type—oriental, dusky beauty, with jet black

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hair and beautifully expressive dark eyes—and because she always responded so well and seemed to be living the part at all times.

Most of the music was taken from Handel's "Messiah," and I shall always remember the breathless scene as she took the pantomime part of Mary to the solo music of "My Soul Doth Magnify the Lord," in the Annunciation Scene. And then, the scene of the Nativity! The auditorium was crowded, and the complete and emotionally charged silence when the curtain was lowered sounded like the most thunderous applause.

Afterwards, I got her story from one of the other patients. They called her Madonna Mary. She had been a singer, but the trouble and stress of life had been more than she could bear, and had brought her to this heart-breaking place. The music director had been quick to realize her potentialities for the part of the Madonna, and she seemed pleased and anxious to do her part. Now, each year she waits patiently and eagerly to help bring some beauty into the lives of her fellow patients, and also the large audience of outsiders which listens to the cantata yearly. Then she goes back into the shadows to await another Christmas and another opportunity. And, my narrator told me, each year she seems a little better. That was eight years ago and, of course, I have lost track of her, but I trust she has earned her reward and is again mingling with the outside world.

B. M.

## A GREAT ADVENTURE

Dear Papa David:

Invalidism can prove to be an adventure. During the fourteen years I have been arthritic I have had time for resting and reading in peace as I've never had before. I am thrilled that I can have sixty minutes in every hour for my own—time to take excursions with my mind, time to enjoy visitors, and the miracle of the radio. I read to the blind and patients too ill to read for themselves, and I also handle their correspondence. Very rarely are my fingers too stiff, or my mind too dull to make something someone can enjoy. Of course, I do not deny I have days of monotony. But, pray tell, who escapes boredom?

I have a corner room on the second floor; I call it my "Haven of Rest." On the east there is the glorious vista of a beautiful park; on the west, the sky spreads out like a curtain before me. In the evening, the sky line is often decorated by gorgeous groups of castles on towering cliffs.

I am tempted to pity tired tourists, who, guide-book in hand, conscientiously plod from coast to coast searching for the show places of the world, while I, with my favorite books, tour the four corners of the globe. On bleak, rainy days when others hurry out to offices, bridge clubs, or shopping expeditions, I rejoice in blessed restfulness. On brilliant days when sky and earth are singing in beauty, I feel no special longing for new pastures. If I were dashing across the country, I would be very, very tired. Now I can rest.

I enjoy my correspondence. Often I am told my letters carry encouragement to those actively engaged in life's battles. Everyone is wonderful to me. Although I face a life of invalidism, I am constantly amazed my life is more beautiful than ever.

P. V. L.

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## ANOTHER ADVENTURER

Dear Papa David:

There isn't a human being anywhere that sometime or other doesn't have a sorrow, a trouble, or an affliction of some kind. This letter to you, I hope, won't give the impression that I seek sympathy. What I wish to tell you is what I do to make these last years of my life happy. I say last years for I'm at the age where the good Lord may send for me at any time.

For some time, I've been more or less a "shut-in." Arthritis has taken full possession of my feet, thus compelling me to stay home. Being thus situated, I needs must find a pastime. There is, of course, the time I spend reading, and most important, praying. I do not care to knit; fact is, I don't know how—I'm not especially fond of doing any fancy work. I spend hours testing my intelligence. How? By turning on educational programs on the radio . . . particularly quiz programs. To really make a happy time for myself I continually send in questions, biographies, names of objects (animal or mineral) and the like to the promoters of the programs who ask the listening audiences for them.

I realize it takes someone with a far better command of the English language to write the lines these radio people want, but that doesn't deter me. It's like writing a letter to an unknown person, and hoping there'll be an answer. Someday, who knows, I may send in just the thing that is wanted. Will I be happy? I cannot be much more so than I'm at present when I keep on filling sheets of paper with the bits of knowledge that I have gained during the last half century. Doing this, I forget I'm alone all day, and I forget to feel sorry for myself. The pain seems to disappear.

Young people have their dreams. Why shouldn't I find contentment dreaming that someday I may be a "lucky old lady" and receive honorable mention for some effort of mine in sending a few lines to a radio program? In the meantime the pleasure I have keeps me from becoming sour and morose. I laugh at my own silly writings and, laughing, I feel that life is still very beautiful.

Mrs. N. B.

## SINCE ANNA CAME

Dear Papa David:

I come from a small family. There were only three children. We all grew up together, and there never was a baby in the family. Mom would get very angry at me as I would bring all the kids in the neighborhood into the house to play. I always loved babies, and I loved to bathe and take care of them. I vowed I would have a whole flock of kids. Mom used to laugh and tell me I'd change my mind after I had a couple.

I was married young, and when I learned I was going to have a baby, I was the happiest person on earth. I was nineteen then, three long years ago. The time came at long last. The baby was born in August of 1944, and when Mom told me the baby was dead, I didn't cry or scream, for I tried to believe something Mom had always taught me: everything happens for the best, no matter how bad it hurts or what you think should have happened. When I was well again my doctor told me I'd never have another child. That did it; I felt cheated, and I hated the whole world.

In March of 1946 when I started back

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to work, I met a girl named Josephine whom I liked very much. She had a little girl the same age Danny would have been had he lived. So in my own way I found a place to put some of the love I had stored in my heart. Soon after, I learned Josephine was going to have another child. She asked me, one day, if I'd take her home with me, that she had something to tell me.

When we'd settled down with a cup of hot coffee, she began, "Mary," she said, "I don't want this baby. Will you adopt it?"

Just like that! I was so surprised I didn't know what to say. She went on to explain that she had never been married.

"I know," she continued, "the baby will have a good home, and what can I give it? I can barely take care of the one I have."

She began to cry. I asked her to stay until Bill got home from work. We three talked it over, and I was happy when Bill said, "Okay."

Anna was born in August of last year, and we picked up the torn ends of the plans that had been made two years before. The crib was still right where it had been. The toys and baby clothes which we had thought we'd never use were washed and aired.

We had a tree last Christmas. I think it was the most beautiful tree in the world, for three hearts hung on that tree. You will never know how happy we have been since Anna came to us.

Mrs. W. F.

### PINK DRESSES

Dear Papa David:

I think the happiest moment of my life was when I was six years old. My father and mother parted when I was a small baby. I lived with my grandparents and was pretty lonesome at times, as they lived on a small farm three miles from town. My mother was a nurse and I did not see her very often, but she had just been to see me and while home had made me a pink percale dress with slit pockets. You know, the kind that do not show. But I thought they looked nicer sticking out so I pulled them out so that they would show.

One day, a beautiful carriage pulled by a pair of black horses came up the driveway. The driver had black eyes and a big Irish smile. He asked me my name and a few other questions, and then about my new dress with the funny pockets. I told them they were not supposed to be that way, but I thought they looked better that way.

He just laughed and said, "Well, honey, you just wear them that way if that's the way you like them." Then he said he would come the next day and take me for a ride. I was so happy I could not sleep that night.

I never went for that ride as my grandparents took me to my aunt's so that I wouldn't be home. They told me the stranger was my father. So I hope you'll print this letter and that he will see it and come again for I think I would like my Irish Daddy and I know I like pink dresses.

B. W.

### TO HELP OUR BROTHERS

Dear Papa David:

It was during the last depression, in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. There was very little activity in the steel mills and practically no smoke could be seen coming from their stacks.

Every day sad stories appeared in the newspapers. I was at the impressionable age of fourteen. I had always been taught that it was far greater to give than to receive. One evening my mother was reading the evening paper and suddenly she called me over to her and showed me a picture of a family of fourteen; a mother, father and their twelve children. The story accompanying the picture told how they were all living in a one-room shack with practically no heat, furniture or food. The story went on to say that the father had been walking miles every day through snow and blizzards endeavoring to obtain employment, but to no avail.

I could not sleep that night; I lay in bed visualizing the horror of this family's predicament. The next morning at school, I asked several of my girl friends if they would assist me in making a canvass of the neighborhood to collect clothing, food or whatever we could obtain for this family. Several volunteered, and in one evening we had collected a truck-load of food, clothing and furniture. The next day being Saturday, and no school, we loaded my father's truck and delivered the things.

The story in the paper was certainly not exaggerated, and when I walked into that poverty-stricken little shack, which looked more like an orphanage with that sea of little haggard faces looking up at me, my heart ached. When we started to bring in the things, the mother and father put their arms around each other, and with tears in their eyes, said, "Thank God, He has answered our prayers."

Mrs. L. W.

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